THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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by Ben anklin

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Norman Rockwell

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In This Number

GEORGE PATTULLO – DANA BURNET – MARGUERITE CURTIS
RICHARD CONNELL – EVERETT RHODES CASTLE – JULIAN STREET

Young growing bodies need fruit every day

You can't serve it too often to children—especially at this season of the year.

After the long winter months, when heavy energy-creating foods are so likely to have usurped first place in the diet, young and old alike need fruit more than at any other time. Its tempting flavor—its natural sugar and tonic mineral salts are just the elements needed to sharpen the appetite and keep the body fit and ready for strenuous work or play.

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Del Monte makes Summer last all year long

Barrett Specification Roofs

Bonded for 20 and 10 Years

Barrett Specification 20-year Bonded Roof on Corlett School, Cleveland, Ohio. Arch.: W. R. McCornack. Gen'l Cont.: C. N. Griffin Co. Roofer: The Rudolph & Son Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

Barrett Specification 20-year Bonded Roof on—Above: East Clark School, Cleveland, Ohio. Gen'l Cont.: Jas. H. Wells. Roofer: Norton Bros., Cleveland, Ohio.

Left: Addison School, Cleveland, Ohio. Arch.: W. R. McCornack. Gen'l Cont.: C. N. Griffin Co. Roofer: The Rudolph & Son Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

Right: Miles Standish School, Cleveland, Ohio. Arch.: W. R. McCornack. Gen'l Cont.: The Drummond-Miller Co. Roofer: The Dalzell Bros. Co., Youngstown, Ohio.

Barrett Specification 20-year Bonded Roof on Haaldel School, Cleveland, Ohio. Arch.: W. R. McCornack. Gen'l Cont.: Reaugh Construction Co. Roofer: The Rudolph & Son Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

Cleveland's New School Buildings

TO house its army of 122,000 public school pupils, the City of Cleveland has provided many splendid new buildings. Architecturally, they are masterpieces—models of convenience, comfort, safety. And in line with standard practice the country over, most of these schools are covered with Barrett Specification Bonded Roofs.

One reason for the popularity of these roofs is, of course, their unequalled economy—moderate cost, long service, and no upkeep. But another reason, and a very important one, is their high fire-resisting qualities.

When burning brands fall on the slag or gravel surface of a Barrett Specification Roof, they burn themselves out without doing serious damage. If a fire inside the building weakens the roof-deck, the Barrett Specification Roof has the necessary tensile strength to support itself over a large area, thus effectively blanketing the fire.

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Full details regarding these Bonded Roofs and copies of the Barrett Specifications sent free on request.

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Barrett Specification 20-year Bonded Roof on West Technical High School, Cleveland, Ohio. Gen'l Cont.: C. N. Griffin Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

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With P and G The White Naphtha Soap, you can remove the light surface soil from a white piqué collar *and* the playground grime from your children's clothes—with *equal* promptness and safety.

P and G The White Naphtha Soap is a complete soap for laundry, dishes, woodwork, floors and all other general household cleaning. It does so many things supremely well!

for speed and safety

Not merely a white laundry soap—
Not merely a naphtha soap—
But the best features of both, combined.

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George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

Churchill Williams, F. S. Bigelow,
A. W. Neall, Arthur McKeogh,
T. B. Costain, Associate Editors

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The Inside Story of the A. E. F.

By GEORGE PATTULLO

IN PRESENTING some unknown facts of what went on behind the scenes while the United States was joined with the Allies for the defeat of Germany I am actuated by more pressing considerations than any historical value such narration may possess. The governments with which we were so lately associated have not ceased their efforts to tie us by close alliance. Their campaigns to mold American opinion are still persistent and all pervasive. Under date of March fifth, newspaper dispatches from Washington announced that the extent and influence of foreign propaganda had grown so great since the war that the Federal Government planned an inquiry.

Every resource has been employed to entice America into participation in Europe's postwar troubles. All sorts of propositions, both economic and political, have been advanced, and usually in a guise that hid the real motive, making refusal hard and ungracious; month in and month out, since 1914, we have been carefully instructed in our duty by the mouthpieces of the Allied nations; and at this writing everybody is wondering with some uneasiness what new proposals to enlist American aid will come out of the next conference.

That the United States cannot hold aloof is accepted by every American citizen who views the situation free from blind adherence to the outworn policy of no association. Willy-nilly, this country must take its place at whatever council table disposes of world problems. Development made impossible and the war definitely ended our comfortable isolation. But in joining with other nations in such settlements the American people are entitled to know what sort of treatment they may expect from those with whom they will have to deal; they should be alive to the motives that may move those who would enlist their aid. For five years sentimentalism and a hysteria bred of war fervor have clouded their minds when considering our foreign problems, and it has become imperative that they should approach European contact with clear eyes.

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Clemenceau and Pershing

International Politics Based on Big Business

AND so I venture to write of a series of happenings whose recital may prove instructive and therefore assist in a return to that sanity and common sense which formerly distinguished our attitude toward foreign nations, but from which we have been stampeded by misdirected idealism and the propaganda of those who thought to profit from it.

Americans are generally given credit for shrewdness and hardheadedness in the conduct of their business affairs; yet they suddenly grow mushy and maudlin in their thought on international relations. Why? International politics is nothing but business on a colossal scale. No matter what floods of patriotism and sacrifice are let loose in the hot rush of war, behind the moves in the final settlements is the cool hand of selfish interest; even when the peoples are flaming with high resolve and forgetfulness of self, it is always seeking to direct their efforts. The first step in world politics is to learn to view dealings with other powers in the light of business transactions.

In every crisis and in every war the people concerned have seldom been really informed. They have learned only what the inner circles who controlled governments and national effort deemed fit to hand out to them—which information has been plentiful enough in the direction of stimulating united action, but has generally been meager of facts and, when not brazen distortions of truth, either lacking in any indication of motives or camouflaging them.

In the Dark

HAD history always told the whole truth, instead of being largely what Napoleon dubbed it—a fable agreed upon—the peoples of the earth might have attained by now to a knowledge of one another and an attitude toward international relations which would render military alliances unnecessary and warfare so abhorrent that no nations or combinations of them dare undertake it.

An extraordinary, sedulously nursed tradition has contributed to the successful effort to keep the peoples in the dark. This tradition imposes the idea that in any international undertaking it is highly improper to divulge a word of what transpires, beyond the formal communiqués. Should any government or diplomat do so, it or he is instantly held up to execration. Such conduct is shocking, rotten bad form; every gun of the old order's artillery is turned loose on the luckless offender. And in the smoke screens they create the important facts of such disclosures are blurred and public attention is diverted from the real issue and focused on this heinous offense against the fine traditions of diplomacy. As though any individual's conduct or fate weighed one iota against the terrible necessity of a people learning every fact of an effort which may demand from them thousands of lives and billions of treasure! The thought back of this tradition seems to me to be on a par with the recent plaint of some rascally oil promoters who, being thrown into sudden bankruptcy and jail, clamored that their nice business had been ruined by the publicity given it by the press.

From the day the outbreak of war, in 1914, rendered American support of vital importance to the combatants the American people were subjected to organized, unflagging campaigns by the European powers to secure their help. That was natural enough and only what we expected. Then in 1917 the United States declared a state of war with Germany, and the need for concerted effort to line us up with the Allies ended. From then on it became a silent struggle between Great Britain and France to bring the United States under tutelage.

As usual in the international game, the British were first with a concrete proposal for the employment of the American effort. The United States got into the war in April; the French Military Mission outlined a week later some general suggestions as to what form American participation ought to take, and on April twenty-seventh Marshal Joffre

PHOTO, BY INTERNATIONAL

Doughboys in Mass Formation at a Review Before Belgian Royalty, Chaumont, France

asked that one division be dispatched at once for the moral effect; but on May fifth Major General Bridges, of the British Mission to this country, wrote a letter to Major Gen. Hugh L. Scott, then chief of the General Staff of the United States Army, requesting that 500,000 untrained men be sent at once to England for training there, later to be drafted into the British armies in France.

"If you ask me how your force could most quickly make itself felt in Europe," wrote General Bridges, "I would say by sending 500,000 untrained men at once to our depots in England to be trained there, and drafted into our armies in France. This is the view alike of our Commander in Chief in France and the Chief of the Imperial General Staff—Sir Douglas Haig and Sir William Robertson—their reasons being that we are short of men, the war is at a critical stage when we may yet be able to turn the scale and force a decision during the summer, and EVERY DAY COUNTS. Our recruits are put into the field after 9 weeks' training in England and 9 days in France, and give a good account of themselves. With your intelligent men under our system and instructions this would be found ample. In no other way could those 500,000 men make their presence felt before what we call the fighting season is over for the year."

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General Tasker H. Bliss

British Arms Recommended

"BOTH Sir Douglas Haig and Sir William Robertson however recognize the difficulties attending such a course in view of the fact that you are engaged in raising a national army. However I put it forward for your consideration whether in view of your enormous man-power you cannot do both, in which case the drafts sent us could eventually be drafted back into the U. S. Army and would be a good leaven of seasoned men.

"The sight of the Stars and Stripes on this continent will make a great impression on both sides. It will be as good as a tactical victory in its moral effect. To this end I would like to see one of your regular divisions sent to France at once, with 50 per cent reenforcements following closely."

After arguing for the adoption of the English rifle and the English 18-pounder gun and 4.5 howitzer, in preference to French armament—General Bridges impressed upon General Scott that Great Britain could supply all of these that the United States troops might require—he went on: "It appears to me that the above considerations may have some weight in the decision of your government as to whether your initial forces are directed to the care of our army or to the French. The French may be able to promise a separate line of supply for a small force. I understand they are extremely anxious to have your army with them, and they are probably willing to sacrifice a good deal to this end. I feel certain that Sir D. Haig could not promise this, but would stipulate that your divisions would have to come into line with ours as regards ammunition supply. If with the French you would probably want your own food supply also."

Some Practical Details

"A FEW other points occur to me in this connection. You will have the language difficulty to contend with if your divisions go to the French. The French have very few English-speaking officers; not so many as they think. A good instructor can indeed seldom speak English, and men will soon get tired of being instructed through interpreters.

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On Their Way to the Front. A British Band in the Background

"We have been told that the sentiment in this country is in favor of fighting with and for the French. We understand this sentiment, and I am sure our Government would wish nothing better. At the same time, as I think I have made it clear, there are serious military disadvantages, and you will be sacrificing some of your efficiency for this sentiment, and making, in my opinion, the task of your commanders and staff more difficult in the field. Once you had a sufficient force in France, however, it would be quite feasible to place your army between the French and ourselves, where it could, if so desired, be under French direction, and supplied by us.

"We are all in the same boat, engaged in the same struggle, and from a soldier's point of view should apply our force where and how it will be of most use."

From the Secretary of War to Major Gen. J. J. Pershing, May 26, 1917: "5. In military operations against the Imperial German Government, you are directed to coöperate with the forces of the other countries employed against that enemy; but in so doing the underlying idea must be kept in view that the forces of the United States are a separate and distinct component of the combined forces, the identity of which must be preserved. This fundamental rule is subject to such minor exceptions in particular circumstances as your judgment may approve. The decision as to when your command, or any of its parts, is ready for action is confided to you, and you will exercise full discretion in determining the manner of coöperation. But, until the forces of the United States are in your judgment sufficiently strong to warrant coöperation as an independent command, it is understood that you will coöperate as a component of whatever army you may be assigned to by the French Government."

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American Troops Loading at Liverpool

The French Program

SUCH were the orders under which the American commander in chief went to France. At the outset it was not contemplated that the United States would be called upon to make the military effort which subsequently became necessary. In his published Final Report, General Pershing remarks: "Marshal Joffre during his visit to America had made special request that a combat division be sent at once to Europe as visible evidence of our purpose to participate actively in the war, and also asked for engineer regiments and other special service units." The first plans drawn up by the General Staff were limited to this contribution, but on a scale that would permit of growth.

Pershing went to England and thence to France, and what he learned there of the situation led him to cable home on July sixth: "Plans should contemplate sending over at least 1,000,000 men by next May." This was followed a few days later by complete plans for such an army, including ports of entry and bases of supply.

American troops began to arrive—very slowly, for shipping was scarce and we had no trained units of division size then. The regular army regiments which went first were largely composed of recruits. They were placed around Gondrecourt to be instructed in trench warfare by the French.

Early in September, 1917, M. Clemenceau paid a visit to the training area. Major General Sibert was then commanding the First Division. With Clemenceau was General Castelnau. They had an interview with Sibert, in the course of which Clemenceau made a talk on the importance of an early entrance of American troops into the line. When he had finished he asked Castelnau to outline to the American commander the arrangements for this entry of American troops, and Castelnau revealed that it was the intention to place the Americans in the quiet Lunéville sector, brigading them with the French. And then Clemenceau brusquely capped this information by naming the date—September twelfth, only ten days distant.

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Major General William L. Sibert

Promises

GENERAL SIBERT was placed in a difficult position, but replied to the Frenchmen that he was not empowered to agree to any such arrangement. Decisions of that character were for General Pershing, the commander in chief, to make. On hearing this Clemenceau sprang from his chair and began to pace up and down in great agitation, delivering an impassioned harangue in English on the seriousness of the crisis and the necessity of immediate American participation in the fighting. He declared it was not a question of the American troops' getting into perfect shape—it was one of losing the war, for the strength of the French soldier was exhausted, his morale was at lowest ebb, and he had begun to doubt the good faith of the United States, because months had passed and no American troops had been seen in the trenches. He had come direct to General Sibert, he explained, because he had been unable to locate General Pershing, and he wanted to make this point clear: The Americans must enter the battle to prove to the French they meant business and were there to fight to a finish.

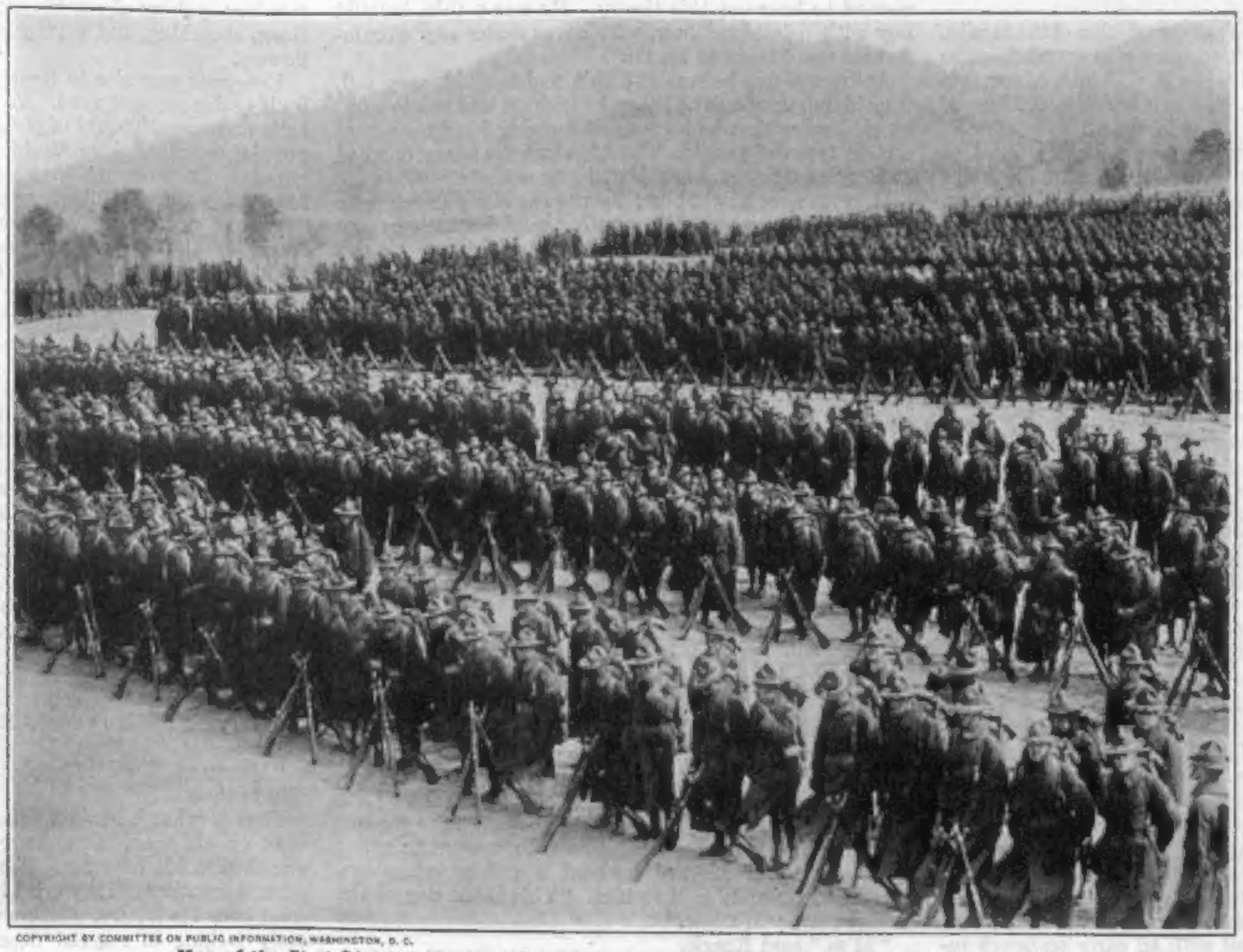
One can sympathize with M. Clemenceau's heat. Extravagant promises had been made by their own leaders to the French poilus and people as to the help the United States would be able to bring to them by the fall—promises utterly impossible of fulfillment. They had been told that the Americans would throw half a million men into the fighting by autumn, when there was not sufficient available shipping to transport a third of that number and matériel for them, even had the troops been ready in the United States. It may be that such propaganda is necessary in a pinch to bolster up a nation, but the reactions are always dangerous.

On December 2, 1917, Mr. David Lloyd George wrote the following letter:

My dear R.: I am scribbling this in the train after a tumultuous passage across the Channel.

The C. I. G. S. is very anxious you should place enclosed before Colonel House. I entirely concur, and urge its acceptance. We shall be hard pressed to hold our own and keep Italy standing during 1918. Our man power is pretty well exhausted. We can only call up men

(Continued on Page 30)



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Men of the First Division Shortly After Their Arrival in France During the Winter of 1917-18

REGGIE

By DANA BURNET

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

"Bert!" She Said, "What are You Doing Here?"

THE Mendenhalls were a bustling family. Mr. Peter Mendenhall, the father, was the head of a large furniture business, and caught the 7:45 every morning for New York. Mrs. Mendenhall, the mother, was a vigorous, commanding, white-haired woman, who at fifty-five still maintained a complexion and a figure. She was a member of the Foxboro Woman's Club, president of the Wednesday Evening Literary Society, and undeniably the mistress of her own household. Belle, the oldest daughter, after a tentative social career, had decided upon a course in a business college and had emerged, a trifle battle-scarred but triumphant, to take a position as secretary to a Wall Street banker. She caught the 8:15. Belle was thirty, a trim, plain girl, very neat, with a nose that turned up a bit too sharply. It is fascinating, but dreadful, to think that Belle's life had been determined by the angle of her nose. Not that she was unhappy. None of the Mendenhalls was unhappy.

But we must hurry on with our description of the family.

Sue was the second daughter. She was married, quite successfully, to a Mr. Treadwell—Real Estate, Mortgages and Insurance, Foxboro, N. Y.—and had two children of her own. They were successful children.

Jane, the youngest of the Mendenhall girls, lived at home and did the housekeeping under Mrs. Mendenhall's direction. She was surprisingly her mother's replica. When they went shopping together in the family sedan, which Jane drove, people would turn and stare at them, and others who knew them would say, "I declare, Jane, you're the image of your mother." Happily both took this as a compliment, and would drive home to the large white-stucco house on Elm Avenue, pleased and satisfied with themselves.

The house itself was about twenty years old. The Mendenhalls had been among the vanguard of persons moving to the country. It was one of the family traditions that Father and Mother had been very astute about coming to Foxboro before the crush set in. But the house itself had never ceased to look vigorously and defiantly new. The stucco never had cracked, for one thing. That was extraordinary; but no one thought it surprising. It was taken for granted that the Mendenhall house never would crack, either inside or out, if it stood till Doomsday. Yes, they were a solid, bustling family—all but Reggie.

Reggie was twenty-five, the youngest of the lot, and the only son. To say that he had come as an afterthought to the Mendenhall marriage is to put it, perhaps, a little crudely. But there is truth in the statement. Mrs. Mendenhall had had the girls—let us say, conscientiously and even consciously—within the first six years of her married life. She had wanted two girls and a boy, and she had got three girls, one after the other, with a consistency that she had accepted as a sign of providential determination. Then, when she was past thirty and beginning to think of her family as complete, along had come Reggie.

He had weighed seven pounds at birth; less than any of the girls. That fact, coupled with an early tendency toward childhood diseases—"If there's a germ within ten miles of Foxboro," said his mother, "Reggie catches it"—had given rise to the assumption that Reggie was a delicate child. His physical appearance, as he grew up, seemed to bear out this theory. He was a thin, languid boy with pale blond hair, who never under any circumstances was known to bustle.

At twenty-five he was still thin and languid, very tall, very blond, very quiet. When he spoke it was in a low unhurried voice that had a way of drawing laughter out of certain types of people. The Mendenhalls never laughed at Reggie. They still considered him delicate.

His eyes were a light blue; his nose was long and sharply cut—a delicate nose. His mouth drooped a little at one corner. He had a skin that should have belonged to one of the girls; it was pale with a clear, transparent pallor that showed occasionally a becoming color. A delicate skin.

Reggie, alone of all the family, did nothing, was nobody. To be sure, he mussed about a little with paints; but that, from the Mendenhall standpoint, was as good as doing nothing. Nevertheless they suffered him, and even humored him, because they felt—it was an unspoken agreement among them—that Reggie was not long for this world.

He had gone to school in Foxboro, and incidentally had won several medals for scholarship. "Don't know how I happened to get them," said Reggie to his family. "No intention of getting them. Aren't they awful? What'll I do with them?"

"Give them to me," said his mother firmly. "I'll keep them for you. We're very proud of you, Reggie."

"Don't know why you should be. Feel silly about it, myself."

But Mrs. Mendenhall had put the medals away in a toy trunk which had been Reggie's as a child. She wept as she placed them among his other treasures.

Reggie had prepared for college, along with Bert King and Charley Bingham and the other boys of his age; but when the time came he decided he did not want to go.

"You'll never succeed without a college education, Reggie," his family said to him. "This is the day of the college man, you know."

"M'm," said Reggie.

"Why don't you want to go?"

"Don't like the kind of pants they wear."

This reply his father and mother—and the three girls—were inclined to regard as irrelevant. But Great-aunt Victorine, who lived in town, in an old brownstone house just off Fifth Avenue—it was considered by the Mendenhalls most impractical of her to live there, alone with two women servants, in a house too big for her—had backed up Reggie in his decision not to go to college.

"Let him alone," she said to Peter Mendenhall during the course of a Sunday visit to Foxboro. "He knows what he wants to do. Reggie's no fool—not by a jugful!"

Reggie did not go to college. "No," said his mother to her friends of the Woman's Club, "no, he isn't going. Reggie's rather delicate, you know." He stayed at home, dabbling in oils and water color and taking long walks about the countryside. He disliked motoring; had refused consistently to learn to drive the family sedan. He preferred to ramble off on his own two legs, poking about the woods and fields beyond the town, sketching, and prying into the habits of birds and flowers.

Everyone was nice to Reggie. He was asked to all the holiday dances, and went. He danced beautifully; he was rather a decorative sort of person to have on a party. Not popular exactly. You would call a boy like Bert King popular; Bert was a college man, a football player and a hero, even then. But Reggie—well, decorative will do.

When the war came, and everyone was talking about it, Reggie still kept silent. One never knew what he thought about the war. Nights when the rest of the family were arguing over the evening paper he would ask mildly for the art notes, and would sit buried in his single page while the others discussed the Kaiser, Belgium, Joffre and the Balkans.

His mother could pronounce all the strange names that figured in the news, even the Russian ones. She had learned to pronounce them at the meetings of the Wednesday Evening Literary Society. Three years later she was organizing the local Red Cross committee and managing bazaars for the First Liberty Loan.

Even after this country entered the war it did not occur to the Mendenhalls that Reggie could be in any way affected. Bert King had gone; had become a captain in no time. Charley Bingham was an ensign in the Navy. Others had gone or were going. But no one ever thought that Reggie ——

It was not until, having been called in the first draft, he stood before them in his ill-fitting uniform that they realized what had happened. Reggie was going to France—to war!

"My pants," said Reggie, "they're too small. Feel silly in them."

That is what he said to them when they would have wept on his neck. Somehow, oddly enough, not a tear was shed in his presence. The parting was grim with repressed emotions. They cried later, all of them; and they cried over his letters, which were brief, laconic and curiously lacking in martial description. He had been to Paris. The galleries were closed. There was a chap in his

company who had lived in Japan. Interesting nut. He was teaching Reggie the intricacies of Japanese wrestling. There was a good deal of rain.

His mother treasured these letters as she had treasured the medals. She knew—they all knew—that they would never see Reggie again. Only Aunt Victorine sniffed and said: "That boy doesn't begin to be as delicate as you think. If he was they wouldn't have passed him for the Army."

Then, all at once, Reggie was home again—as pale, as silent, as drawling as ever. There was one breathless, baffling evening when they swooped down on him with demands for an account of himself. "Tell us, tell us, tell us!" they cried. "Yes, tell us, my boy!" This from Father Mendenhall. "We're proud of you, you know."

"Don't know why you should be," said Reggie. "Only did what I had to. Didn't like it."

"But what was it, Reggie? Where were you?"

"I was at a horse hospital."

"A horse hospital?"

"M'm."

"A horse hospital! All the time?"

"M'm. All the time."

"What did you do?"

"I pushed horses down a kind of chute into a sulphur bath."

"You pushed them, Reggie? You pushed horses?"

"M'm. Horses."

There was a tense silence, during which the family evolved its own picture of Reggie pushing horses into a sulphur bath in France.

"Is that all you did?" finally asked Belle, her sharp nose pointed inquiringly in his direction.

"Helped coal a ship at Brest on my way home," said Reggie. "Had influenza."

"Oh, Reggie!" exclaimed the girls. And "My boy!" said his mother. They wept then, making use of the handkerchiefs which they had provided for the occasion. Reggie had had influenza. Of course he would ——

"You never wrote us!"

"Didn't amount to anything. Light case," murmured Reggie.

He looked uncomfortably at his family crying into their handkerchiefs, rose and walked out of the room, with Sue's two children gathered up, one under each arm. They were plump, heavy children—very successful children—but he carried them as if they had been two paper bags. He had a way of doing extraordinary things in an offhand, casual manner. He was so casual about it, indeed, that no one remarked upon the feat. They merely looked at one another, shaking their heads and sighing with that enjoyable relief which comes of honest emotion, honestly indulged.

It developed later that Reggie had made some sketches in France. His mother, going religiously through her copy of the Sunday Times, had come upon several reproductions of the work of a young artist named Mendenhall, whose drawings, said the article—it was decidedly a flattering article—might be seen at the gallery of a certain dealer in Fifth Avenue.

"Reggie!" said Mrs. Mendenhall. And "Reggie!" said the rest of the family, when they had seized and devoured the article in question. "How could you!"

"How could I what?"

"Not tell us?"

"Forgot," said Reggie simply. "Left them with the dealer on my way home. Forgot."

A week later he received a check for one hundred dollars from the Fifth Avenue dealer. He told them that, dutifully, blushing under his clear skin. They exclaimed over it as they had exclaimed over his medals, passing the check from hand to hand about the dinner table.

"Well, my boy," said his father, gravely inspecting the slip of paper, "it's a start for you. A start, yes. You can open a savings account with this."

"What for?" said Reggie.

They severally explained to him the virtues of a savings account.

"You aren't going to spend it, Reggie?" demanded Jane, the housekeeper.

Reggie nodded.

"Going to buy an etching press."

"An etching press!"

"M'm. Already ordered it."

Silence. The silence of inarticulate disapproval. Reggie went on calmly eating his dinner. Conversation started up again, desultorily.

The etching press arrived the next morning.

II

IT WAS the second year after the war. The period of economic depression had set in, and the furniture business was hard hit; for a time it was feared that Peter Mendenhall might be forced into bankruptcy. Then if ever the house of Mendenhall might have been expected to crack. But by rigid economy and a sharp curtailment of living expenses the family managed to keep going.

One servant had been dismissed. Only Bertha, the cook, remained. Mrs. Mendenhall, capable and courageous, helped in the kitchen. Jane did the cleaning. Belle contributed her salary. Sue was quite occupied holding together her own household during the slump in real estate. Aunt Victorine had come to live with them, her house sold at last, her income devoted to the family interests. Only Reggie seemed undisturbed by the change in affairs.

One Sunday morning his father spoke to him about it. The rest of the family had gone to church. Reggie never went to church—no one knew why, exactly, but he never went—and Mr. Mendenhall had overslept. Coming downstairs he found Reggie making coffee in the kitchen.

"Where's Bertha?"

"Church," said Reggie. "Got breakfast for you. Eat here. Save trouble."

"Certainly, my boy. Certainly," said Mendenhall, seating himself at the kitchen table. "Well, I didn't know that you could cook."

"Can."

"Where'd you learn?"

"France. Cooked for my outfit."

Mr. Mendenhall said, "Well, Reggie, I suppose some day we'll find out what you really did in France."

He looked at his son leaning gracefully against the wall. Reggie was always leaning against something. He had a cigarette between his fingers. He smoked a great deal, more than was good for him, no doubt; but apparently it had no effect upon his delicate constitution.

His father began to talk to him about his economic responsibilities. "It isn't that I begrudge you your living," he said after a preliminary review of Reggie's butterfly existence. "Even now, with the business just crawling along, I don't say I can't support you. But for your own good, for the sake of your own character—self-respect, you know, my boy!—I think you ought to go to work at something."

"Am working," said Reggie.

"Eh? At what?"

"Etching. Painting too."

"Yes, I know. I know. But that's not practical. At least"—remembering the hundred-dollar check—"not very practical."

"M'm," said Reggie. "Want me to do something practical?"

Mr. Mendenhall replied rather testily, "What do you suppose I've been talking about? The point is that you're not contributing anything to your own support or to the support of—ah—society. I don't ask you to go into the furniture business ——"

"Couldn't," interrupted Reggie. "No talent for furniture."

"Well, then—well, then. There are other openings. Look at Belle."

"Belle," said Reggie thoughtfully, then shook his head. "Poor Belle!"

"Poor? Nonsense. Belle's all right. A fine girl. Independent!"

Mr. Mendenhall broke off, and added, somewhat defensively, "At any rate, she's paying her way."

"Want me to pay my way; that it, father?"

"For your own good, my boy."

Reggie inhaled a most unhygienic amount of cigarette smoke, blew it out again.

"Think it over, father. Let you know to-night."

That evening at dinner Reggie announced his decision. Hereafter he would do the cooking for the family. It would amount, at the present rate of wages—including board—to a saving of about seventy dollars a month.

His announcement was received with indignant protests. What! Do the cooking?

He had cooked for his outfit in France. That was different! What would people say? Besides, he couldn't do it.

He could.

If he wanted to contribute to the family support why didn't he get a position somewhere?

Didn't like positions.

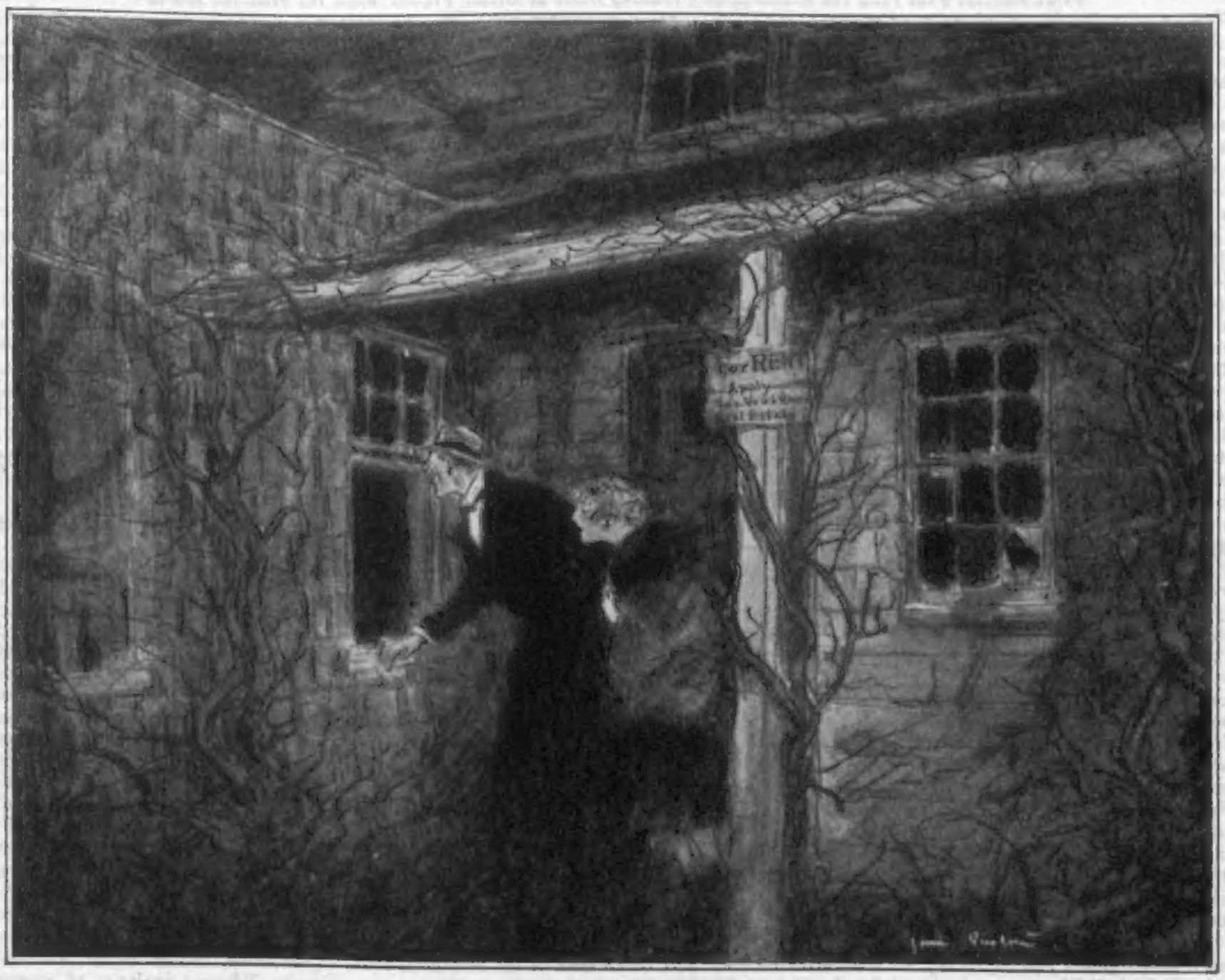
Well, he simply could not do the cooking! They wouldn't have it, any of them.

And then—somehow—Reggie was doing the cooking. No one knew just how it had happened, but there he was, in his shirt sleeves, puttering about the kitchen.

The attitude of the family then changed from one of active protest to one of kindly tolerance. After all, if Reggie wanted to amuse himself ——

Only Aunt Victorine openly encouraged him. "Good for you, Reggie. Stick to it. You've got as much in you as any of them." And the incorrigible old lady added under her breath, "Maybe more."

(Continued on Page 106)



"Kind of Spooky, Reg, Isn't It?"

TROPICAL GROWTH

By Kenneth L. Roberts

Three Pictures That Show the Evolution of a Leading Hotel at Miami, Florida, From the Time the Site in Jungle Land Was Selected in 1914. The Completed Structure Was Photographed in 1920

EVERYTHING grows in Florida. That is to say, everything grows in Florida that Florida people want to grow. That is Florida's specialty—growing. Occasionally a few things get out of hand and indulge in some over-enthusiastic growing when Florida people wish that they wouldn't; but for the most part Florida is proud of the remarkable growths that take place within her boundaries. This is particularly true of Southern Florida. The superlatives as well as the fish grow to surprising proportions; so do the real-estate advertisements and the avocado pears. The sun is larger and warmer than in other parts of America; and the sky—unless the leading Florida authorities are mistaken in their observations—is higher and bluer than elsewhere.

There are only three things that Southern Florida has never made any effort to grow. These are mountains, snowstorms and earthquakes. If there were any particular reason for her to grow any of these things she could probably arrange to pump up a few square miles of ocean floor and pile the sand up into a mountain that would look like a blood relative—say, a grandson—of Fujiyama; and she could unquestionably find a way to raise artificial snowstorms that would make Maine jealous, and earthquakes that would shake out a person's eyeteeth. Since there isn't any reason for them she specializes on more useful things, like pawpaws and prospectuses and perfect-thirty-four bathing girls and what not; and secures some startling results.

Take Miami, for example. Before taking it one should understand that there is grave danger in taking any particular city in Florida to the exclusion of any other city, because all the untaken cities feel slighted and begin to thirst for the heart's blood of the one who did the taking.

A Little Matter of Climates

EACH Florida city or resort is violently jealous of every other resort or city. The residents of Palm Beach speak of Miami as being just a little plebeian. The residents of Miami speak compassionately of Palm Beach, as young and pretty girls speak of decaying beauty. St. Petersburg and Tampa and Miami have little of a favorable nature to say concerning one another. They only unite to resist attacks from resorts outside the state or to say a few tart words about California.

Every little while some fiend in human shape prints a piece in a South Carolina or North Carolina or Georgia paper falsely accusing a Florida city of harboring a few cases of typhoid or scarlet fever or of being too chilly for winter bathing. Instantly the Florida people rise to defend the state's fair name; and the low, searing curses that are hurled against the foul detractor are warm enough to singe a hog.

Every little while, too, Florida gets a chance to slip a knife into her Western resort rival, California; and when the chance occurs the air is filled with a deadly swishing sound, due to the violence with which the knife is inserted.

A snowstorm in California causes Florida newspapers to spread loud and exultant headlines entirely across their front pages, declaring excitedly:

NO LIVES LOST IN CALIFORNIA BLIZZARD

This is the negation of news everywhere except in Florida; but Florida smacks her lips over it with the keenest delight. She emphasizes the blizzard's severity by shrieking that no lives were lost, thus implying that hundreds—nay, thousands—might have been lost save for the merest chance. She is so anxious to have tourists realize that she is the queen of winter resorts that she is overjoyed when another resort state is cursed with a phase of Nature that tends to discourage tourists.

There is another grave danger in taking any Florida city as an example. The natives of Florida winter resorts are constantly on the qui vive for slights and insults. They are so much on the qui vive in this respect that there is scarcely room for anyone else on it. They occupy practically the entire qui vive.

Furthermore, one can never tell beforehand what statements, phrases, remarks, words or inflections—or lack of these things—the staunch Floridans will regard as slighting or insulting. Sometimes they become just as fretful if you don't say them as they do if you do say them.

There is the matter of hotel rates, for example. If you tell what they are at the best hotels all Florida reviles you for frightening tourists away. If you tell what they are at the cheaper hotels the owners and officials of the best hotels curse you bitterly for representing Florida as a cheap dump.

Then there is the little matter of mosquitoes. Usually there are no mosquitoes along the Florida coastline between the months of November and March inclusive, because the prevailing winds drive them inland. Occasionally, however, the wind shifts or the atmosphere is unduly affected by the hemisphere or something technical; and the tough, leathery, muscular, hungry Florida mosquitoes are blown down to the shore, where they sink their dagger-like beaks into the soft white flesh of the Northern tourists.

It is only occasionally, it should be understood, that such a catastrophe occurs. Occasionally at Palm Beach one is told with hoarse jeering laughter that there are mosquitoes at Miami; but when one gets to Miami he finds no mosquitoes and is told with cold emphasis that there aren't any in Miami, but that there are many of them at Palm Beach. And so it goes. If one doesn't mention the Palm Beach mosquitoes one runs the risk of being viewed with abhorrence by the Miami folk; and if one doesn't mention the Miami mosquitoes one is apt to be regarded with loathing by the Palm Beach boosters. And if one goes back North and makes any mention whatever of mosquitoes in Florida he is more than likely to be enthusiastically damned by every Floridan as a vile prevaricator.

Not long ago the Shipping Board in its advertisements emphasized the delights of winter travel in Europe. Instantly the watchful Floridans leaped to their feet with ear-piercing shrieks of protest. A government bureau, they screamed, was taking the money of Florida taxpayers to advertise winter attractions in competition with their own. The entire state had never been so insulted in its life; and the wrathful cries which went forth traveled all the way to Washington and knocked unsightly chips from many of the capital's ivory domes. As a result the Shipping Board promised to change its policy, and the Floridans became calmer—though it is difficult for the outsider to see how the Shipping Board can advertise at all in the winter without entering into competition with Florida. But you never can tell. You never can tell. It is about as safe to write about Florida as it would be to kick carelessly at the nubbins on a floating mine.

Florida Fish and Fruit

BUT let us return to the matter of growth in Southern Florida. Everything, as has been said, grows there. There are twenty-nine varieties of palm trees; and one can spend an entire week doing nothing but check up palm trees. According to official count there are 275 different varieties of fish in Southern Florida waters—or there were toward the middle of last February. A new variety is discovered every week. Unofficial counters say that there are more than 700 varieties. The unofficial ones are probably nearer right than the official ones. There are so many different varieties of fruit that if one attempted to eat every variety in one day he would unquestionably burst with a loud majority report. A partial list of fruits which are being successfully raised in Florida's southernmost county, provided by a man with a poor memory, contains avocado—or alligator pear—custard apple, mammea apple, Jamaica apple, rose apple, Buganot, citron, banana, Barbados cherry, cherimoya, cecropia, Surinam cherry, carissa, jack fruit, lime, lemon, loquat, various sorts of mango, fifty-seven different varieties of orange, a number of crosses

between oranges and other things, grapefruit, eggfruit, dates, olives, monstera deliciosa, papaya, pomegranate, Japanese persimmon, soursop, sapote, sapodilla, strawberry and tomato. If a Floridan has plenty of time at his disposal he can think up twenty or thirty more fruits that are fruiting constantly and energetically in Southern Florida.

One of the unfortunate features of discussing Southern Florida lies in the fact that if one isn't careful his non-Florida or anti-Florida hearers will suspect him of having taken money to advertise the state. They will, in short, suspect him of being a liar when he carelessly mentions the ever-sunny skies and the perfect-thirty-four bathing girls and the amazing growths. The whole subject is fraught with risks. Baron Munchausen would never have been able to work up a reputation as a liar in Southern Florida, because his lies weren't much more startling than the things that happen there every day. But if the baron had sandwiched a few Florida facts among his lies and had tried them out on his neighbors some evening after his second gallon of Dortmunder beer, they would have slapped one another on the back and rolled around in their chairs with tears of mirth pouring down their cheeks, and assured one another between their spasmodic gasps and groans of merriment that there never would be anybody in the world who would be able to tell such downright ridiculous, preposterous, worthless, nitwitted lies as Baron Munchausen.

Take Miami, for example. In 1896 Miami consisted of two small dwellings and a storehouse. Sometimes as many as ten Seminole Indians would be seen in the vicinity of these buildings at one time, and the occupants of the dwellings would scarcely be able to sleep that night because of their excitement at seeing such a throng of people.

In 1910, Miami had a population of 5471. In 1920 there were about 30,000 people living there. In 1922 there were 40,000. And in addition to the 40,000 regular residents there were 40,000 temporary or winter residents. That's the way things go in Florida. Once let a thing get a foothold, and it grows so rapidly that the general effect is more that of an explosion than a growth.

Grass grows with such enthusiasm in Miami that one can't merely plant seed and let it grow. If one did that the grass would come in so thick that it would choke itself. What one does is to plant the seed and then, when the seed has sprouted, transplant the spears of grass so that they're six inches apart.

A Jump Ahead of the Prophets

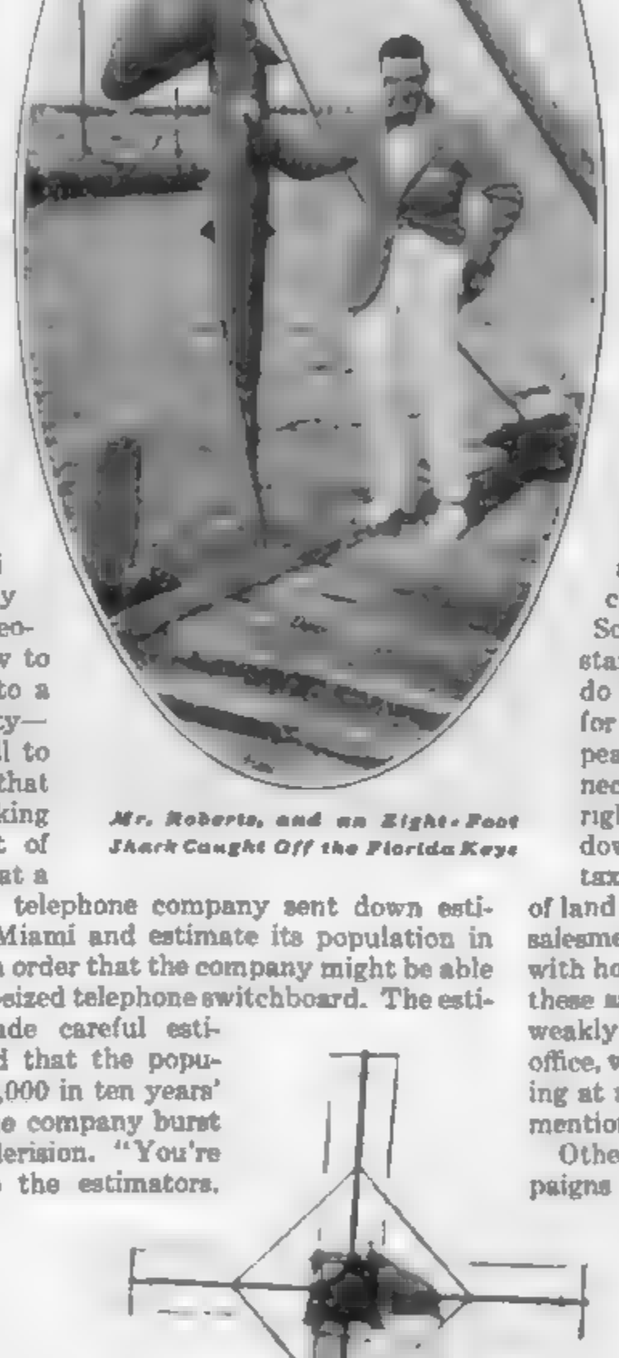
TREE culture is very simple. A small piece of wood the size of a toothpick is stuck in moist sand. At the end of four years the toothpick has grown into a hibiscus bush twenty feet high and twenty feet across. The publisher of the leading Miami paper declares that in some sections of the city the soil is so fertile that if a shingle is planted in it before sunup it will grow into a fully equipped bungalow by nightfall. Other fish stories will be taken up in another place.

Miami surges ahead so rapidly that none of its citizens dares to stand still for a moment in order to watch it grow, for fear that he'll be left so far behind that he'll never catch up. If he makes a prediction he makes a running prediction; never a standing prediction. If he sells a piece of land—and it's as natural for a Miami citizen to sell a piece of land as it is for him to have coffee for breakfast—he is very likely to name a price that the land will reach to-morrow instead of the price that it has reached to-day. He is always moving ahead of the city.

The population of Miami has increased 440 per cent in the last ten years. Therefore the Miami people figure that it will easily increase another 440 per cent in the next ten years. They claim that the city's population in 1925 will be 100,000, and that in 1930 it will be 200,000. Proceeding at that rate, its population in 1950 will be 5,000,000; and by 1980 practically everyone in North America will be pushing and crowding in his effort to squeeze into the city.

Miami Beach in January, 1925

It is of course quite obvious to the effete and blasé Northerner that the claims made by the Miami folk show that there are some screws loose on their claimers. The Miami people, however, say that the Northern people don't know how to adjust their views to a rapidly growing city—that they stand still to look at it; and that while they are looking the city grows out of focus. They say that a short time ago the telephone company sent down estimators to look at Miami and estimate its population in another ten years, in order that the company might be able to install the proper-sized telephone switchboard. The estimators looked, made careful estimates, and reported that the population would be 100,000 in ten years' time. The telephone company burst into loud howls of derision. "You're crazy!" it cried to the estimators. "Who ever told you that you could estimate? Somebody must be paying you to boost the place! Get out of the way and let us send down some regular estimators!" So the company sent down some new estimators; and these estimators in turn looked over the ground and did some careful estimating. They then returned and reported that the population in ten years' time would be 120,000. The telephone company, without more ado, installed a switchboard based on that estimate. But the Miami people claim that the estimators were making stationary estimates, and that the difference between the estimates of the first and the second estimators was merely due to the fact that the city had moved forward between their visits. If they had known how to place themselves *en rapport*, so to speak, with the city and move forward with it, both of them would have estimated that the population would be 200,000 in ten years' time.



Mr. Roberts, and an Eight-Foot Shark Caught Off the Florida Keys

At any rate, the real-estate operations in Miami—and the word "Miami," by the way, is pronounced "My-amma" by everyone except the rude hicks who insist on pronouncing it as spelled—the real-estate operations in Miami are on a scale that will provide building lots enough to go around.

A Thriving Florida Industry

THE exact number of real-estate dealers in Miami is not known. Practically everyone over eighteen years of age dabbles in real estate at one time or another. Almost everyone owns a lot somewhere that he is anxious to get rid of, although it is unanimously admitted by the owners that every lot in Miami will double in value in a year's time. Almost every other doorway along Miami's crowded streets shelters a real-estate firm; and whole coveys of real-estate firms are frequently sheltered in buildings that would be considered small by a family of three people.

Some of the firms keep impressive-looking salesmen standing just outside of the buildings in which the firms do business. These salesmen are large, handsome men for the most part, strikingly dressed in white trousers, pearl-gray sack coats, white shoes, white belts, white neckties and straw hats tilted knowingly toward the right ear. If one stops for a moment to admire a window display which shows automobiles, diamonds and tax-exempt bonds sprouting from the superfertile soil of land that is on sale within at $1000 an acre, one of these salesmen is very apt to come up behind him and tempt him with honeyed words. It is almost futile to struggle against these salesmen. Unless one possesses an iron will he will weakly permit himself to be coaxed within the portals of the office, where he will spend the better part of an hour looking at meaningless maps and hearing large sums of money mentioned with the utmost carelessness and disrespect.

Other real-estate firms constantly carry on selling campaigns that strongly resemble—in noise, at least—the return of the 27th Division from the war. They resort to brass bands, numbers of sightseeing automobiles, silver-tongued orators to cajole the crowd, and advertisements that inflame the acquisitive spirit of every beholder. When newcomers see a monster parade of automobiles, headed by a blaring band, swinging through the streets of Miami, they usually think, in their innocence, that a three-ring circus has come to town. As a matter of fact, it is only a mob of prospects going out to the daily auction sale of lots at Rubber Plant Park.

Skilled and expensive real-estate auctioneers are imported—auctioneers capable of selling refrigerating machines to inhabitants of the Arctic Circle. People are lured to the auctions by free lunches, by distribution of souvenirs, by the giving away of automobiles.

Early in 1922 the real-estate firms who disposed of their land by auction were vociferating passionately

(Continued on Page 77)

Water-Sports at the Miami Beach Casino

JOSEPH'S COAT

By Marguerite Curtis

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE E. WOLFE

I AM fully aware that the story I am about to relate could be told in a number of ways. I might, for instance, write a novel and let Valentine act as the heroine, relating her history in an impersonal sort of way, with a paragraph here and there of my own observations, nicely veiled under the cloak of authorship. Or I might give the pen into her own hands, so to speak, and let her do the talking—but that seems giving in altogether too much to the natural proclivities of woman. So I have decided to tell the thing in my own way, without prevarication, just as it happened, and this naturally brings me to that spring morning when Briggs opened the door while I was at breakfast and announced that there was a lady to see me.

"A lady?" said I, my eyebrows rising alarmingly. "A lady, did you say, Briggs?"

He stood firm, though his attitude as usual was that of the perfect servant.

"A lady, Mr. Magnus," he repeated after me, not batting an eyelash. "I left her in the reception room. Shall I show her in here?"

Now, no one except myself knows better than Briggs how very strict my rule is about ladies. I don't like them in the home. They are all right—quite in their place, I think—at a social function, decorative and amusing both; but in one's home—particularly a bachelor's establishment—they do not fit. I have never had a woman caller since I came to live in Central Park South, and that this is so is due not a little to the gentle firmness and perfect training of Briggs. No wonder, then, that I was a trifle upset at his persistency.

Three questions rose to my lips. I wanted to ask why he had admitted her, whether she was old or young, and was she pretty? But it would never do to let Briggs know that I was curious. The only way to manage a servant is to keep aloof and be chatty alternately. Never let them guess which mood has you. This was a time to keep aloof.

"Why the devil do you want to bring her in here?" I said testily. "Don't you know I haven't finished my breakfast, and I'm not dressed either?"

"Your house coat is in perfect form, Mr. Magnus," said Briggs reprovingly, glancing with the air of a connoisseur at my dressing gown of purple silk. "And besides," he added, "I don't think the lady is in the mood to notice those things much, sir; she is very young."

"Hasn't she a name, you idiot?" I shouted after him, modifying my voice a trifle, however, when I realized that he had gone and left the door open. My apartment, though commodious, is on a plan that acoustically speaking leaves much to be desired. After all, I did not want any young lady, however unwelcome, to receive the impression that I was a boor.

I rose from the breakfast table and stood with my back to the window, waiting, and almost immediately Briggs returned, carrying in his arms two dilapidated traveling bags, which he deposited inside the door, while he announced in his best manner: "Miss Valentine Forster."

A little girl entered, or at least for a minute I thought she was a little girl, although as I looked again I saw that she wore her hair up and a veil depended from her battered black velvet hat. She was about seventeen, I judged, and I breathed a sigh of relief, for a very young lady is not so terrorizing as I had surmised this lady might be.

The name, however, conveyed nothing to me. Valentine Forster was not familiar to my ears, and I felt that I should like to say something to Briggs for having so interrupted the quiet hours of morning. Instead, that worthy discreetly withdrew and closed the door.

"Then I Knew That I'd Done Something Terrible, Though I Did Not See Why It Should Be"

The young girl turned to me, smiling, but I recall now that her underlip trembled a little as she spoke.

"You didn't expect me, Uncle Magnus?"

Her voice was very soft and beautifully modulated, with a little singsong quality that even after all these years away placed her nationality easily. I hid my indignation at her mode of address—for to my knowledge I have no nieces—as I made a remark.

"You're English!"

"Of course," she said in a bewildered tone. "I only got here this morning. The boat docked very early; I—I didn't think you'd be at breakfast. I came straight here."

Valentine Forster! Suddenly I knew. I smiled and went closer to her.

"Why, my dear child, I do believe you're Clement Forster's daughter; Marie's girl."

She gave a little unsteady laugh. "Didn't you know, Uncle Magnus? Haven't you had Amanda's letter?"

"I had one from her three weeks ago"—I searched my memory for something relating to the present arrival—"but it was just the same sort of letter Amanda always writes. She mentioned nothing unusual."

"She wouldn't," said the girl, nodding her head wisely. "Amanda hates things that are different, and of course at that time we didn't know ——" She broke off hurriedly, her face tinted with rose color. "But you ought to have heard by now, Uncle Magnus; she promised me she'd write."

Now, I have a very bad habit of not opening my mail until after breakfast, a remnant of a vow I made when I had to open so many letters early in the morning for other people, and now as she spoke I had a sudden misgiving. In that pile of letters Briggs had brought in towards the end of my meal and deposited on the small table near the window designed to hold them, hadn't I glimpsed a gray envelope addressed in Amanda's careful hand?

Turning to look I found the gravely inquiring eyes of the stranger fixed upon me, and for the first time I experienced a sense of warmth towards her. I pushed up one of my great armchairs, made her change from the stiff one in which she sat, and excused myself as I saw her settled in it, picking up my sister's letter.

Amanda has been for years my only English correspondent. She is my half-sister, one of the persons who seem born old; even in those days before I left home she mothered me, and her smudged and incoherent letters, smuggled out of my father's house by an old servant, were very welcome when I went away. All through the years of my adventurous life in America her letters followed me with the regularity of clockwork, a thing I gibed at, angered over in public, and secretly loved. Only once in all that time did she really express herself, and that was when in an unguarded moment I told her I had become a citizen of the United States. It hurt her gentle old maid's heart that a brother of hers should ignore his own country, as she put it. I couldn't very well explain to her that America is my country now—has been this in my heart ever since I viewed its shores. She could never understand.

Her letters, if they had done nothing else, had at least kept me in touch with some of the minor events in the life of the family. Not that I cared; the family was nothing to me, but it helped me considerably with Briggs, who has the reverence for birth that is inbred in all Englishmen of the lower classes. He could never have been so faithful to an American born and bred!

As I opened Amanda's letter a suspicion shot through me, and not for the first time either. Why had Briggs admitted this particular lady so readily on this particular morning? Why had he carried in her bags as a matter of course? Why was he even now making fresh coffee and frying ham and eggs in the kitchenette if he had not been to some degree cognizant of the contents of this letter? It was strange, to say the least of it.

For once Amanda had spread herself, and the explanation of this unexpected visit from a strange girl who called me uncle was instantly before me:

My dear Magnus: I have some very distressing news for you. I know you always disliked Clement Forster, who married our second cousin, Marie Blount, but now that he is missing you may appreciate his qualities. I notice that death or a serious accident often affects our most acid conceptions of others. You pretend to have forgotten the family, so I will inform you about Clement.

Marie's mother made that marriage, settling an income on Clement and building a great house for them in Harley Street. It may be wicked of me, but I never fancied that he loved Marie; just married her to make himself financially sound and able to continue his work in peace. He became a famous surgeon and did magnificent work during the war.

Two years ago Marie died, and Valentine took over the management of the house. The family protested, but we could none of us do anything when she announced quietly that she had promised her mother. Valentine is the only girl. Clement is the eldest; we call him Clem to distinguish him from his father. Toddy died quite suddenly last year of heart trouble; he was the baby. From that time Clement changed; he began to have long brooding fits of melancholy. Val's influence over him was wonderful, but of course we all felt it was very bad for the child. Poor Marie's life had been spent in looking after Clement, and it did seem a shame that Valentine's youth should go that way too. We were all a trifle resentful of the way he accepted her services, until he disappeared and we knew that something was definitely wrong. I am writing this to prepare you for Valentine's arrival. She has taken it into her head, poor deluded child, that her father has gone to America.

Why? Why should he leave all the honors of English life at its best to go to the United States? I never remember hearing him speak of the country, and one so cultured could only have felt contempt for a land where the almighty dollar is upheld as a god. I don't want to pain you, my brother, but at such a crisis I must record my solemn conviction.

I place Valentine unreservedly in your care. It is terrible for her to take this journey unchaperoned, but she insists, and Clem upholds her. Since the war he is so crippled that it is useless for him to attempt it. My dear Magnus, try and make Val realize that Clement is dead. He never did anything different from other people in his life—except his profession. He must have wandered off in a fit of melancholy and been killed. It is all frightful. With much love,

Your affectionate sister, AMANDA.

P. S.—Valentine sails on the Adriatic.—A.

I put down the stilted, old-fashioned letter, and just as clearly as if it had been etched on the air I saw a picture of the driveway at the Blount home that day I'd gone to pay my duty call on my only visit to England since leaving there—and of old Benson driving up to the house, a little girl seated proudly beside him.

"What's your name?" she asked me curiously, eying me with sparkling interest as Benson pulled in his horses and touched his hat.

"For shame, missy!" the old coachman said. "Mind your manners, now; the gentleman has been to see your grandmaw!"

She giggled and brought up a forgotten dimple, shaking her head emphatically. "Her is out; he couldn't."

A provocative shoulder was turned on Benson while she repeated her question to me coaxingly:

"What's your name?"

"Magnus."

She digested that, smiling a slow, dazzling smile. "Are you my uncle?"

"No, no; missy, this is Mr. Magnus. Wait till I tell your grandmaw on you," old Benson reproved.

"I don't have no misters, nor no missuses," the little witch had informed me mysteriously. "They is all uncles and aunts. Are you Uncle Magnus?"

"I sure am!" I'd interpolated this Americanism for the benefit of old Benson, holding out my arms to the child. "If you look in my pockets you'll find some candy."

She climbed into my hold without hesitation, and the little hands searched like busy squirrels in my pockets as she repeated, "Candy? What's candy?"

"Oh, sweets—chocolates."

I wished I'd an armful for her. But she was blissfully satisfied with the little satin box she found, and kissed me happily as I passed her back to her seat beside Benson.

"You're nice, Uncle Magnus." Her approval was shy, but the blue eyes shone as she looked me over. Benson told me she was Miss Marie's little girl. "My, she's a box o' tricks, too," he chuckled; "a reg'lar box o' tricks."

So this was why she called me uncle; it was a remnant of her childhood; and I—I had never even known her name; she'd just been a charming five-year-old, a trifle in the life of a young man.

Again I looked at the little girl who had been thrust upon me so unexpectedly. Without doubt Amanda's letter had been on a slow boat and so arrived only a few hours before Valentine herself, and owing to my habit of breakfasting late after a ride in the park Briggs had been aware of the contents before my niece's arrival—well, she wasn't my niece, of course, but that word does as well as any; otherwise I could not imagine his admitting such a stranger to my home, for Valentine had little, that morning, to recommend her to the outward eye.

I can see her now as she sat in the big rocking-chair, holding herself still and immobile in the way English girls are taught to do in the presence of their elders, but with effort visible in every line of her slender body. She wore an English traveling suit, and from anything more hideous I pray to be delivered. It was one of those good but indeterminate tweeds of which the English are so fond, and although its lines may have been good when it was made—were good, I have no doubt, for Clement Forster's daughter would have nothing but the best procurable—it was now shapeless and lackluster. Valentine had evidently worn it during the voyage over, and there hung about it still the indescribable aroma of the sea, that pungent, intangible essence most of us love. Already I have mentioned the battered velvet hat, and her shoes were of the ordinary Oxford shape, which in terms of the English means an ugly shoe built of the best leather. Their cost had been excessive, probably, but there was nothing graceful about them.

Valentine's eyes were closed, and this took away something—as I was later to discover—of vividness from her face. It seemed to me, as I looked, incredible that this could be Marie Forster's daughter. Poor Marie! I had not guessed that Clement really meant to marry her that evening in my chambers at Christ Church when he had spoken of her so patronizingly; the whole thing had been a most tremendous surprise.

She had come up for the boat race with her mother; a pale, rather stupid girl, I had always thought her, with hair of a reddish tinge, hair that in these days we might have made much of. Clement, charming to every woman, had shown her round, and we had a sudden, rather impromptu meal in his rooms, during which hour I had seen Marie's eyes lifted to Clement's with a shy adoration in their pale depths, a look that somehow hurt me. Lady Blount had studied him coolly—I caught that expression too—and perhaps it had been less Clement's desire to marry Marie than her mother's belief that she had better make the best match possible for a daughter without natural charm or beauty that had made the marriage Because that night in my study Clement had not meant Marie for his wife. I am sure of that, even though he had dropped his lazily patronizing tone when he mentioned the Blount money, and for an instant that expression of caution had come into his eyes, the expression of which I had learned to beware.

Well, well, well, that must have been eighteen years or more ago, when I was a freshman and he'd just graduated with honors in medicine. I left England after only a year at the varsity—I'd danced at Marie's marriage to Clement, but Amanda had forgotten.

Briggs entered silently with the breakfast tray, and the smell of the coffee so near her must have reached Valentine's tired senses, for she opened her eyes with a startled expression and looked at me apologetically.

"I wasn't asleep, Uncle Magnus, but—but the boat swayed so."

"Your mother's girl should be a good sailor."

"Oh, I am; mother loved the sea. You remember that?"

The eyes were fixed upon me eagerly, and the tiredness had gone out of the little face as by a miracle. I could think of nothing except that her eyes were blue as the sea itself, the one heritage from her father that I could discover; in all else she was Marie, except that she was vivid where Marie had been negative, rosy where she had been pale, colorful as to the thick braids of reddish-gold hair. That awful tweed suit—and those shoes!

Briggs had drawn up a little table before her and deftly assisted in the removal of coat and hat. He does things well, does Briggs. I was more than ever certain that he had

(Continued on Page 56)

Suddenly I Found Myself Violently on Her Side, Wishing Her Well in a Quest That Could Not be Anything But Futile

ONCE A SLOGANEER —

By RICHARD CONNELL

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

HERE is Bowser. J. Sanford Bowser. The great J. Sanford Bowser. Bowser, the President of the Bowser Publicity Engineering Corporation, Inc. "Let Bowser Put You On The Map." Bowser, director of a dozen other corporations, all on the map. Bowser, from whose teeming brain sprang "The Tuck Truck Delivers The Goods," and "Beardfoe, The Oh-So-Different Shaving Soap, So Pure A Babe Could Eat It," and a score more you know as well as your own name. Bowser, the poet, author of

"My daughter's face
Was a disgrace,
I'd given up all hope,
Till, luckily, I tried a case
Of Horowitz's Soap."

He is sitting in his office on the fifteenth floor of the Bowser Building—"Built—Like The Himalayas—For The Ages." It is a vast apartment, this office, big as four tennis courts, and scenically impressive. As Mr. Bowser said to the interior decorator who, with suggestions from Mr. Bowser himself, decorated it, "This Is My Little Work Room. Spare No Expense. I want this to be a place Where Taste and Luxury Shake Hands." It is hardly less than that. Note the rugs—black, velvety and so thick one sinks ankle-deep in them and withdraws one's foot with a plopping noise. "Rugs," cried Mr. Bowser rapturously, when first he gazed on them, "Rugs As Soft As A Woman's Voice in Love, As Strong As A Man's Voice In Anger." Note the furniture. "In These Sturdy, Beautiful Chairs A Forest Fulfills Its Destiny." Mr. Bowser said this directly his bright blue eye fell on them. He had a way of accenting his words that made one know that as he spoke them he saw them set up in bold-faced type, with capital letters.

Let us undress Mr. Bowser. In the interests of the science of which he is a high priest—"To-day's Magic Wand, Publicity" (Copyright, J. Sanford Bowser)—he will not mind, but will doubtless assist in the process, pointing out that from head to toe he is a Bowser-dressed individual. In his own person, indeed, he is the epitome of the craft he so assiduously practices.

"There is not," he will tell even a casual acquaintance, "An Iota Of Hypocrisy about J. Sanford Bowser I Eat, Wear, Use Only What I Advertise." If one wishes to quibble about minor details—garters, let us say, or cuff links, this statement is not one hundred per cent true, but it is more nearly true than most statements of that kind.

Let us then, by permission, peel Mr. Bowser as if he were an onion, but reversing the process and beginning at his innermost layer. If one wishes to be strictly scientific one must begin with his skin, which is pink and firm due to its daily intimacy with Sekuto-Soap, "The Pores' Playmate." There are a number of square feet of this skin, into which Mr. Bowser fits snugly but comfortably, one hundred and seventy-nine pounds of him.

The next layer is of a white clinging material and is nothing less than one Swansofto Underthing, "The Garment That Stays Put. Note The Big Buttons." The feet of Mr. Bowser are incased in Gloss-I-Fit Sox, "Oh, Boy, How Happy My Feet Feel!" His shirt is of a subtle hue of heliotrope and, one sees at a glance, is a He-Shirt, "Man-Built For A Man's Man." His collar is unmistakably of the Fitz-U Brand, Ritzy Shape, "Alps in Quality, Grand Canyon in Price." It is held firmly in place by Triple-Truss Collar Buttons—"Constructed like the Brooklyn Bridge by the House of Katz." His necktie is of black knitted silk, very narrow and very straight, and, incidentally, "The Newest Sensation of the Ar-Is-To-Krat-O Line of Toggery." That narrow black tie might strike a note of sinisterness quite out of keeping with the character of its wearer, were it not redeemed by a single pearl scarfpin, glowing modestly. The pearl is an excellent specimen of a NO-Telly Pearl. "She'll Think They're Real!"

The outer layer that incases Mr. Bowser's round, but not too round, figure, is of blue and is "The Most Virgin of Virgin Wool; From Sheep With A Family Tree." It has a fine white stripe running through it and its cut is jaunty and imparts to Mr. Bowser's thirty-eight-year-old being a certain juvenility. The fact is—and Mr. Bowser would be the last man in the world to conceal it—that he is trying out the new Yale-Fence Model of Kampusfello Duds, and is trying, casually, to see how friends and acquaintances react to the new Slant-Slit Pockets and the Hug-Fit Waist-Line.

Jumping to his shoes the passionate explorer perceives that they are Gothick Brogues of the Armorclad Line—"You Could Kick A Battleship To Bits With A Pair Of Armorclads." Jumping five feet and eleven inches from his brogues to his face one notes that its almost unnatural smoothness is due to a happy combination of a Cutlasso, "The Dempsey of Safety Razors—A Million Safe, Sane, Successful Shaves For A Dollar," and Beardfoe, "That Oh-So-Different Shaving Soap," the sales of which have increased four hundred per cent since Mr. Bowser took hold of it, changed the package from brown to rich eye-taking flamingo, had the best baby-head artist in America do one of her characteristic rosy cherubs nibbling one of the luscious-looking pink sticks, and, finally, informed the world from a score of magazines and a thousand billboards that it was so pure a babe could eat it. Being rigidly honest, Mr. Bowser did not make this arresting statement lightly. He did not have a convenient babe, for he had been too busy ever to marry, so, dutifully, he ate one whole stick of Beardfoe himself.

That it did not kill him and is therefore pure is evidenced by the fact that just now he was discovered sitting in his office, gazing pensively out of the window toward the Hudson River, where the ferryboats, mere specks from his altitude, slid back and forth from New York to New Jersey, from New Jersey to New York, from New York to New Jersey and back again, like so many methodical skating bugs, such as Mr. Bowser, as a youth, had seen on the horse pond back in Wingville, Ohio, which village had given Mr. Bowser to a waiting world some years before.

From Mr. Bowser's well-razored cheek it is but a short distance to his mouth, which is, normally, smiling, bland, confident, and to his chin, which is, usually, tilted forward and upward, partly because it is naturally aggressive, and partly to offset a ruff of protoplasm about the Bowserian neck, which follows, alas, a sedentary occupation and the consumption of much Bender's Beans, "The Food That Makes America What She Is"; Sunshine Tripe, "A Pint Of Paradise For A Dime"; Choc-Oh-Late Nutties, "Candy As Is Candy"; and Joan of Arc Hams, "From Sty To Table, Untouched By Human Hands."

Mounting upward from the Bowserian neck we come to the eyes, blue, as has been mentioned, but of a peculiar brightness, and alert as a robin's. Then we encounter his forehead—high, protruding and rather noble; and above it, his well parted, smoothed, perhaps oiled assemblage of blond hair of that decided cider shade seen on Princeton sophomores and collar advertisements. Lastly one observes his hands—doing hands—manicured, he will inform you in that bell-toned voice in which he always declaims slogans of his own making, by Dazzle-Dust, "The Polish That Makes Mirrors Of Your Nails. Be Critical Of Your Cuticle." Between two fingers is a Marlborough-Somerset. "Just Sniff The Air At Any Swell Club. Get That Tangish Perfume? It's a Marlborough-Somerset, Of Course!"

"Do You Think I Don't Know the Fine Hand of Bowser When I See It?"

The whole picture at first glance is one of youth triumphant, for Mr. Bowser certainly, from a distance of twenty feet, does not look his thirty-eight years. But draw near. On closer examination it becomes apparent that all is not rosy with him. There is an unwonted droop of the shoulders, a melancholy series of small wrinkles about the eyes, and, for all their bright blueness, deep in those eyes lurks a cankering discontent.

On this day J. Sanford Bowser did not feel right. He had not felt right the day before. Nor had he the day before that. For months something had been creeping over him, and he could feel it, without knowing what it was. This worried him. Its secret spring hardly seemed to be physical. He was fond of saying, "I Am As Tough As A Boiled Rhinoceros." This was almost true. On the farm back in Ohio he had built up a steel constitution before he put his flannel underwear in a straw suitcase and came to New York and tackled it bare-handed and beat it to its knees. In that fifteen-year battle he had not spared himself. His work had meant more to him than air to a deep-sea diver. He had given the world a lot of punishment in that fight, and he had taken a lot himself. He had won, but, as he sat and, Alexander-like, surveyed the city from his window, he got little joy from his victory. He felt as if he had eaten a barrel of pickles.

Things seemed sour. Could he be going to pieces, he wondered. Nonsense! He was only thirty-eight. He felt his biceps. They were hard as a landlord's heart.

They Slept the Sleep of the Virtuous Until Some Wayward Fish Consumed the Bait

But why should even the choicest Joan of Arc Ham taste like ashes to him? Why should he get no pleasure from his new custom-built car—A Dekkar Eight—"Good Breeding In Its Every Line—Its Motor Has The Gentleness Of A Zephyr, The Power Of A Herd Of Bulls"? Why should musical comedies bore him, and farces put him to sleep?

Why should he loathe, actually loathe, going home to his handsome apartment on Park Avenue, where he lived alone in regal style with a butler, a valet and a Chinese cook whose dishes were works of art and whose cocktails were masterpieces? Why should he be tempted to say sharp words to his clients and to be openly cranky with his business associates? It wasn't like J. Sanford Bowser at all.

With a sudden moody ferocity he reached for a hammered copper ash tray and crunched the life out of a half-smoked Marlborough-Somerset, and muttered "Cabbage," which, of course, was absurd, for he well knew that the cigarette was "The Hand Picked Perfection of Ole Virginny's Choicest Fields Plus Our Own Private Process." He himself had said so. The fault couldn't lie in the cigarette; it must lie in Bowser. But that was absurd too. He dug viciously at a buzzer on his desk and a secretary popped in like a cuckoo from a clock. He tried to submerge himself in work; but he could not escape himself.

"Are You a Patient Here?" He Asked. "Do I Look Like a Milkmaid?" Laughed the Girl

That afternoon when Dr. Ned Harter dropped in to pay a friendly call on Mr. Bowser, he found Mr. Bowser hunched in his chair staring gloomily out over the panorama of the great city. When he was a tackle at Yale they called Ned Harter "Tiny" because he was only slightly smaller than a taxicab. He had a positive way with his patients; "They Were Afraid Not To Get Well," Mr. Bowser had once said of him.

"How's tricks, Bowse?" asked Doctor Harter.

"We'll do ten million gross this year," replied Mr. Bowser tonelessly. "A Product In Every Line, And Each In Its Line The Leader."

"Glad to hear it. But how about you, yourself?"

"Well, not so good," admitted Mr. Bowser. "Not bad. But not so good. Not good at all."

"What's the trouble?"

"I've got," said Mr. Bowser in the bell voice he reserved for the announcement of a new contribution to the literature of slogandom, "That All-Shot-To-Smithereens Feeling!"

He reached for a thick leathern notebook.

"Wait!" he exclaimed. "I must put that down. I do the Personality Pill account, you know. How's this: 'For That All-Shot-To-Smithereens Feeling: Get Outside Of A Personality Pill. Pure Whale Oil In A Bonbon. Health's Right Hand Man.' How's that, Ned?"

"Not bad," admitted the doctor, "as advertising. But say, Bowse, have you tried one of those pills?"

"Of course. Dozens of 'em. I'm so full of whale oil this minute I feel slippery all over."

"Did they make you feel better?"

"Worse. But I guess it's not the pills' fault," said Mr. Bowser, ever loyal to a product of his. "I guess my trouble is too deep for any pill to reach."

He leaned toward Doctor Harter confidentially. "You know, Ned," he said in a plaintive voice, "I can't understand it. I've got the world by the neck, but I'm not happy. I Am In The Grip Of A Vast Emptiness!"

For some moments Doctor Harter studied Mr. Bowser. Then he said, "I know what ails you, Bowse."

"What?"

"Sloganitis."

"I don't get you, Ned. Something new?"

"Brand-new. And almost unique. Yours is the first full-fledged case I ever ran across. You see, it's an occupational disease."

"What did you say it was called?"

"Sloganitis."

"You're kidding me."

"No, I'm not," said Doctor Harter seriously. "Bowse, the trouble with you is that you have a rush of slogans to the head. You talk, think, eat, sleep and dream slogans. Isn't that true?"

"Yes, I suppose it is."

"You've done it fourteen or more hours every day for the past fifteen years, haven't you?"

"Guess I have."

"The chief symptom of this disease," went on the doctor in his best bedside manner, "is an uncontrollable desire to put things on the map. It makes no difference whether they belong there. You're not happy till you've coined a slogan and put them there. Am I right?"

Mr. Bowser grinned. "You are," he said.

Doctor Harter leaned toward him earnestly.

"You're a sick man, Bowse," he said. "Organically you may seem to be sound. But sloganitis is an insidious disease. It will get you if you don't watch out."

"Oh, doctor," cried Mr. Bowser, faintly facetious, and yet concerned by the seriousness of his friend's tone, "is there no hope, no cure?"

"Science," said Doctor Harter, "has not agreed on any sure cure. There are several treatments we can try."

"What are they?"

"Have you tried falling in love?"

With a snort of double-distilled contempt Mr. Bowser waved this idea aside. He spoke emphatically.

"Bah!" he said. "Bah! I gave up that idea years ago. Love may be good for adolescent troubles, but my case of sloganitis is in its tertiary stage. It's in my blood, Ned. Why, do you know I live to make slogans! It's The One Big Dynamic Passion Of My Life. What woman could understand that?"

"You are far gone," the doctor admitted. "But I've another cure—the best cure I know of for sloganitis."

"What is it? Tell me."

"Rest," said Doctor Harter.

Mr. Bowser snorted like a harpooned whale.

"Rest," repeated Doctor Harter. "Complete rest and change of scene. No slogans for at least a month."

Mr. Bowser snorted again, even more vigorously.

"No use," he said flatly. "I don't know how to rest."

"Then you'll have to learn."

"I don't want to. Rather die in the harness."

"And so you will. Mighty soon too."

"Do you mean that, Ned Harter?"

"I do. Absolutely."

Mr. Bowser shrugged mournful shoulders.

"I'm as bad as that, am I?"

"You are."

Mr. Bowser whistled.

"I'm only thirty-eight," he stated.

"But, like most American business men, you've crowded thirty years of work into fifteen."

"But I like to work," said Mr. Bowser. "Honestly, Ned, I don't think I'd be at all happy resting."

"You have nothing to say about it," said Doctor Harter. "As your doctor I order you to take a rest."

Again Mr. Bowser's shoulders gestured a shrug of doubt.

"If I must, I must," he said.

"Will you promise me this, Bowse?"

"What?"

"That you will give up sloganeering for a month."

"I'll try."

"Good! Now here's your prescription! Up in Dutchess County is an old farmhouse kept by two elderly ladies. There isn't a billboard, magazine or newspaper within four miles. They still read Godey's Lady's Book. But they raise the best strawberries in the world. I want you to go up there and just lie around and eat strawberries. Don't do a darn thing. Don't think of a single slogan. Just rest."

"But ——" began Mr. Bowser in accents of protest.

"No buts," said Doctor Harter. "Come. Get your hat. I'll motor you up there this very afternoon."

"Must I stay a whole month?"

"You must."

"Couldn't I have Lesby, my copy chief, come up and stay over week-ends?"

"No. I'll leave orders with the hired man to shoot Lesby if he sets foot on Primrose Farm."

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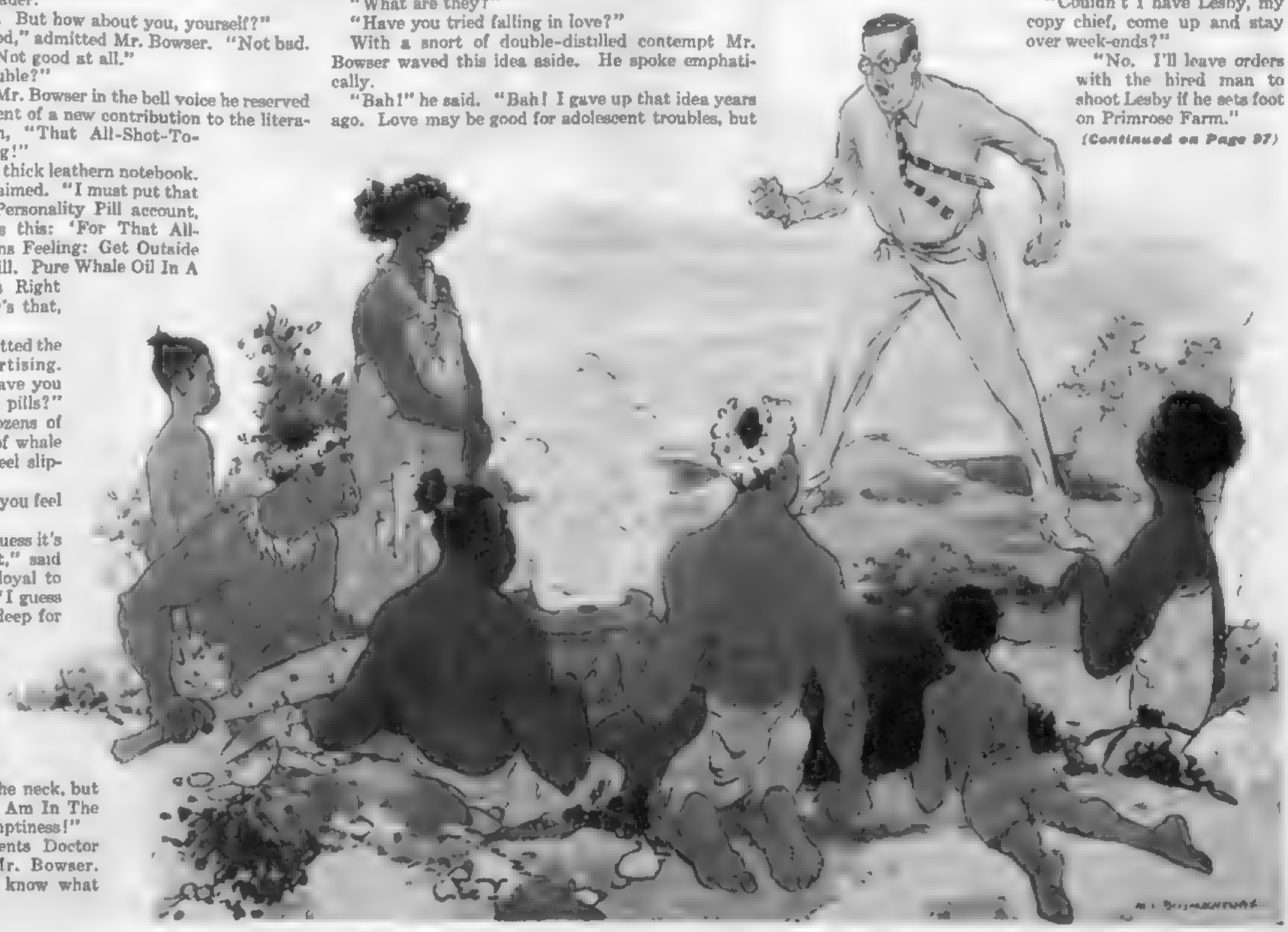


"Wake Up, You Black Dumb-Bells. Wake Up! I'm Going to Put Opinee On The Map!"

THE TIP

By EVERETT RHODES CASTLE

ILLUSTRATED BY HIBBERD VAN BUREN KLINE

THERE was nothing of the cringing debtor about the big man. Of the four sitting about the heavy walnut table he least of all looked the stag brought to bay. Like most big men who look back on sixty, he was heavy about the shoulders, his coat collar running up to meet a jumbled mass of wrinkled cords. He slouched, unharassed, in the huge chair, tapping the table before him with a forefinger modeled by many years of toil. With the other hand he caressed an unpleasant black pipe. He puffed, seemingly content, and little clouds of ashes fell unheeded on his vest. There was about him the hint of an old lion basking in the sun, and nothing of the man who needed twenty million dollars—desperately. Nothing perhaps but the bristling of the wiry white hair on the wrinkled cords.

"Well, gentlemen," he said very quietly, "here I am."

Mr. Payne Ashbrooke, at his seat at the head of the table, clipped a cigar with a gold cutter and gazed absently through the large double window down into the whirling mass of Wall and Broad. He had the reputation, wherever Wall Street was known, of being a clever man, and he knew that it was so. The two other members of the banking house of Ashbrooke, Mead & Oppenheim were good men; they might even be considered big men in any other house on the Street, entirely capable of giving orders, of generalship, of financial finesse. Here they were office boys—and knew it. In point of fact they gloried in it.

Mr. Payne Ashbrooke was a money-maker, natural born. Other houses on the Street could sneer all they pleased. They could hint at will that in changing to an American name he had not changed to American business ethics. Ashbrooke was a go-getter! And the grist he brought to mill was profitable. Always. Old John Stage was a case in point.

Twenty years back, when Ashbrooke was not Ashbrooke, John Stage was a trade name to American industry. If what they said was true Ashbrooke was still a peddler boy in Odessa when Stage Steel Products were known and liked. He was still saving his passage money when John Stage was a millionaire. When he was known only to Curb habitués they said Stage was worth a hundred millions.

And now look at the two men!

One still young and garbed to look younger, the other seventy and dressed to look every year of it. One with the fragrant touch of a fresh carnation, and the other sprinkled with dandruff. One growing richer with every turn of the mill wheel, the other tottering on the brink of financial disaster. Smug old-fashioned houses could bow, frigidly polite, but the answer was here.

Mr. Henry Mead smiled pleasantly and looked to his chief, still gazing through the window. Mr. Oppenheim was eagerly fingering a crisp sheet of tissue giving the opening market quotations.

"Well, gentlemen?"

The senior partner turned softly back to the table. He smiled.

"It is too bad to ask you to travel to New York in weather such as this. But I am afraid it was necessary. Unpleasantly so for me, Mr. Stage, as you undoubtedly know. We—we have asked you to come down to discuss the receivership."

The head of Stage Steel Products wrinkled his keen blue eyes, frankly puzzled.

"Receivership? For what?"

Mr. Oppenheim took the cue from his chief. Ashbrooke disliked to say unpleasant things.

"Stage Steel Products."

The banking house expected one of the usual outbursts at this point—wild anger; pounding on the walnut table; perhaps even tears, followed by all sorts of wild pleadings for extensions; hard names maybe; accusations of bad faith. Anything!

Instead there was nothing at all, unless an increased sprinkling of ashes or a further bristling of the scalp was indicative.

"Why?"

Expecting almost anything, the gentlemen were frankly surprised.

"Why?"

Ashbrooke silenced his astonished partner with a slim upheld hand.

"Simply because, Mr. Stage, as one of the largest creditors of your company—er—to the extent of twenty millions of dollars—we believe it is the best safeguard, not only for ourselves but for the best interests of the other creditors and—er—stockholders."

"But the company is solvent."

Nettled, the senior partner's voice lost its suavity.

"For the moment—yes."

"Not a claim has been made against the company which has not been satisfied."

"Not yet, but ——"

"Why, then, why this receivership discussion?"

The senior partner knew that this was no moment for anger, that beneath a cloud of smoke one of the keenest minds of American industry was fighting the grim fight of self-preservation without anger or wild pleadings; fighting for time, which in the end would avail him nothing, with a finesse that consorted not with pipe ashes and baggy apparel. Stories drifted back to Ashbrooke—stories of the fights this man had made, of the situations he had saved. But the man was old now and times were different.

He tacked gracefully.

"Sixty days ago, Mr. Stage, you came to this house and requested a ninety-day loan of twenty million dollars to care for pressing obligations. You did not come here first."

"No."

"I believe I am right in assuming that gossip is true concerning your attitude toward financial houses."

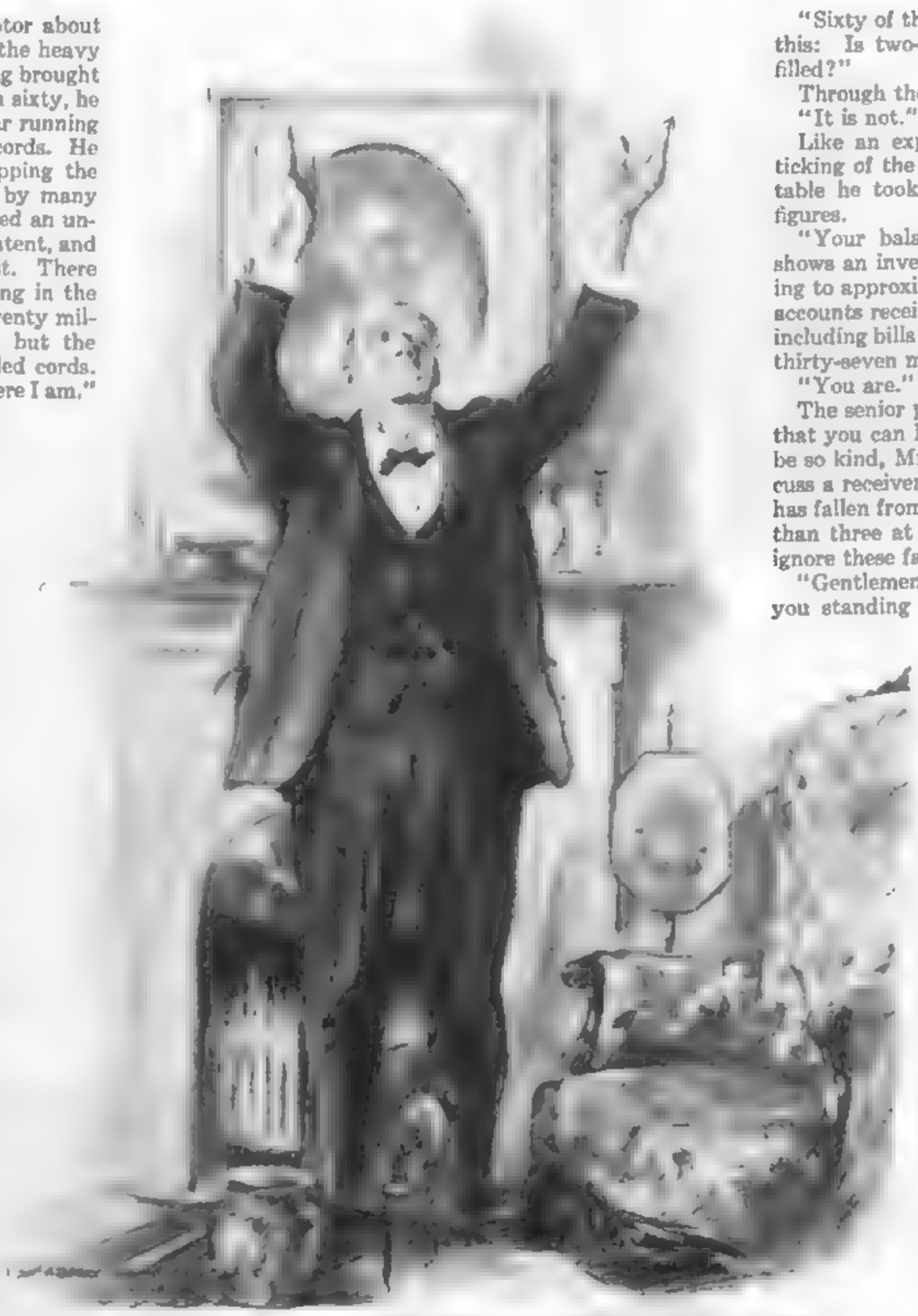
The old man nodded his head. "I have never been able to get along with the banking mind."

"You were turned down."

"Yes"—grimly.

"You said at the time the loan was arranged that it was your opinion that within the ninety-day period you would be able to liquidate your inventory and accounts receivable to the point where you would not only be able to pay off our loan but place the company in a comfortable cash position. Is that correct?"

"It is."



He Raised His Arms and Held Them Far Above His White Old Head. Jerkily He Prayed

"Sixty of those ninety days are up. Mr. Stage, tell me this: Is two-thirds of your promise or—er—hopes fulfilled?"

Through the smoke came the answer, still quietly:

"It is not."

Like an expert stage director Mr. Ashbrooke let the ticking of the desk clock emphasize the point. From the table he took a long sheet thickly covered with typed figures.

"Your balance sheet, which we have just received, shows an inventory of raw and finished product amounting to approximately twenty-six millions of dollars. Your accounts receivable aggregate twenty millions. You owe, including bills payable, taxes and ourselves, approximately thirty-seven millions. Am I correct?"

"You are."

The senior partner clipped his words short: "Granting that you can liquidate your accounts receivable, will you be so kind, Mr. Stage, as to state why we should not discuss a receivership at this point when your gross business has fallen from a peak of fifteen millions per month to less than three at the present time? Why do you choose to ignore these facts in the light of such conditions?"

"Gentlemen, I will tell you—and—and I'm going to tell you standing up. A man can always talk—and fight better standing up. You asked me to come down to New York and bring my board of directors with me. I didn't do that. I didn't bring my lawyer either: I just brought myself. The responsibility of making decisions has always been mine ever since the business wore rompers, and I guess it will—until the twenty-third of April anyway. In the first place I am going to say to you that after I get through talking—and I'm going to be brief—there will be no further discussion of a receivership for Stage Steel Products—not for thirty days.

"You asked me how I was going to avoid it, and I'm going to answer you frankly—I don't know. And I am going to be frank some more: You men think business is only a question of bills payable and bills receivable; of inventory raw and finished; of cash in the bank and government taxes; but you are wrong. It's—it's a question of boys. Twenty-six thousand of them scattered all over God's creation! Fine big boys. Some of them as old as I am; boys who have been with me from the start. Scattered all over the world from the home plant in Cleveland to Singapore.

"Do you think a little matter of twenty millions of dollars means anything to that troop if their fighting spirit was up? I know it wouldn't. You know it wouldn't. And there is where the trouble lies. Somebody has gone behind the lines and taken the spirit out of them. Somebody dirty enough and unscrupulous enough has dug this thing called morale out of them. Somebody who has seen fine pickings from the bones of a nice big smash!

"What have they done? You men ought to know. You are within a half mile of where the whole thing was done. Where the entire operation has been carried out with neatness and dispatch. Listen! Every boy that has gone to work for me in the past twenty-five years has had to go in as a partner in the business. He has had to buy stock in the company. Not the preferred stock, which only meant lending his money at 7 per cent, but the common stock that got the profits of the business. And regardless of the market price they only paid par for each share. When surplus justified a stock dividend they saw the number of their shares grow and their dividends increase. Every single one of my boys who stuck with the old man has made money, many of them modest fortunes.

"Three months ago Stage Steel Products was selling around 197, and the market was strong. To-day the market is 31, and weak—weak as a cat. And what has happened? I'll tell you: Boys of mine who were building homes and using their stock as collateral have had their loans called at the bank. Boys who thought they were putting away for a rainy day found, on paper, that their savings were dissipating every day. What difference did it make if the solid value which had been built into that stock by thirty years of hard labor did amount to over three hundred dollars a share? There was the market staring them in the face. And with the decline came whisperings, baseless false things from bucketshops and shyster tipsters. Insidious, rotten trade lies which crept into the boys and their customers as well.

"You speak of business dropping from fifteen millions to three. It didn't drop! It—it was stabbed in the back. You say to me, 'What hope is there to accomplish in one month that which we have failed to do in two?' I'll say this much about that: Give me my boys back with their heads up, and three weeks will be enough. Plenty."

Mr. Oppenheim coughed aggressively. He was the bouncer of the firm.

"You don't mean to insinuate," he bellowed, "that this house has had anything to do with any damn bear market, do you?"

For a moment old John Stage studied the truculent upturned face of the speaker.

"Man," he said gently, "if I was sure it was you or anyone else that engineered this dirty thing I'd twist your fat neck till the breath left your body forever! Good day, gentlemen."

Long after the door had closed cold gray smoke wreaths lingered about the place where old John Stage had sat. The junior partner felt his neck gingerly.

"Damn," he swore softly. "I'll bet the old fool would do it too."

In the corner on a small table a telephone jangled discordantly.

"That's Spangling," said the junior partner nervously. "Somebody else do the dirty work to-day."

Ashbrooke laughed and crossed towards the corner. "He said it was fat too," he gibed.

Into the transmitter he gave one curt order.

"Sell it down to 28—and keep it there."

Back at the table the three sat in silence, Oppenheim the aggressive nervously patting the table.

"That market is getting awful thin." Mead said it more to break the irksome silence than by way of contributing anything.

"A little buying would help us distribute a good deal more stock," admitted Ashbrooke. "But in my judgment it is low enough at 28 until after the funeral."

Slight smoke traces still clung about the empty chair.

"Peavy," said Oppenheim nervously, "had the crust to ask for more money this morning. Every time he saves a little money he gets independent."

"Valued employes," said the head of the house, "should never be allowed to become independent."

Mead laughed. "I was just thinking," he said, "we might kill two birds with one stone. Ashbrooke might tell his valued employe that S. S. P. could be bought for real profits. Wherever Peavy runs with his little bank book they will probably know of his connection here, and a little buying might come into the market and give us a chance to pass out stock. In—in any event we take care of Peavy's independence until he saves up a little more at least."

Ashbrooke nodded slowly. "I'll do the friendly," he smiled, "and pass him the word as I leave to-night."

II

THAT evening when Mr. Oliver J. Peavy paused to buy his evening paper the newsboy did not realize that he was purveying to a man whose secrets were as liquid gold, whose knowledge, locked away above an imitation-tweed ulster, would be envied by men whose ulsters were real tweed or even fur, or there was something else still more expensive; Mr. Peavy had read of it somewhere. Maybe it was miniver. Or was that incense?

Mr. Peavy always bought the same evening paper, but to-night he bought still another and said brightly to the boy: "Well, my lad, how goes it?" But my lad did not happen to be a captain of industry in the making with a cheery "Very good, thank you, sir." Instead he gazed with sullen indifference into Mr. Peavy's beaming visage.

"Yah," he muttered.

From his position in the golden chair Mr. Peavy could not let this innuendo against a great and glorious world pass unnoticed.

"Tut!" he chided. "As you grow older you will find that true, faithful service never goes unrewarded; that—er—every cloud has its silver lining."

My lad grunted skeptically. He knew, out of centuries of experience, that they were made that way, one every minute.

"Keep the penny change, my boy, and remember that ——"

A burly individual brushed the advice and Mr. Peavy roughly to one side and bawled for a stock edition. But no anger lurked in Mr. Peavy's heart. He smiled benignly. A gust of raw March wind down the cañon of Broad Street plucked the Peavy derby with playful, boyish fingers and hurled it into the blue haze of hurrying figures. Mr. Peavy rescued it, liberally dented, from beneath the feet of a heavy Italian woman, who listened to Mr. Peavy's profuse thanks with complete indifference.

In the doorway of a darkened haberdashery he stopped and polished the nap with the sleeve of the imitation tweed. What was the difference? In a few days he wouldn't care how it looked. Through the darkened plate glass Mr. Peavy saw the new spring modes in derbies at fourteen dollars. Yesterday he would have sniffed audibly and demanded of the glass how they had the nerve to do it. In the half light of the present he made a mental selection and commented to his smiling image that good stuff couldn't be bought for nothing in these days.

With the dents removed and the nap smoothed away Mr. Peavy stepped again into the throng. Turning into Broadway he stopped at the first cigar sign, entered, and demanded the best fifteen-cent cigar in the house. His purchase well alight, he once again sought the crowded street.

Four blocks uptown another situation was presented. It read: "Shine, 10 cents." A man of affairs demanded highly polished shoes. The senior partner of Ashbrooke, Mead & Oppenheim wore shoes in whose reflections a man might shave—but he never walked through spring slush, and he had no Mrs. Henrietta Peavy. Mr. Peavy looked down at his rubbers in deep perplexity. The Greek within smiled and nodded vigorously.

"Fine shine," he stated. "No waiting."

Mr. Peavy approached tentatively.

"If I got a shine," he inquired anxiously, "could you keep a package?"

"Huh?"

"These." Mr. Peavy thrust forward his right foot, covered with its unexecutive rubber. "Keep them till to-morrow noon?"

The proprietor nodded.

"Sure!" he stated. "The check. Ten cents."

Mr. Peavy climbed into the creaking chair and probed for the foot rest. As he watched the swaying back below him he puffed contentedly at the straight fifteen-center. Chances were he would have them shined nearly every day from now on. A regular customer of the swaying back. As for the rubbers, well, Henrietta Peavy might as well know first as last that rubbers didn't go in the Street. As the brush clicked with false activity Mr. Peavy considered just what rubbers didn't go with. In the first place they didn't go with people that got on. For clerks, well and good; even for the general run of chief clerks perhaps; but chief clerks in the confidence of the head of the house, on whose shoulders rested friendly hands, whose ears received confidences for which men worth millions would fight? No. Decidedly no! And so Henrietta Peavy would find out. And she would find out quick.

As the bent back ran a line of shiny black about the edge of the Peavy soles he decided just the way the ultimatum should be given. Short and snappy. The way Ashbrooke said things. Without going into too many explanations. Just about the way he had talked to her over the telephone an hour before.

Mr. Peavy chuckled aloud as he recalled the conversation. First she had said something must be wrong with his head. Then she said that he had been drinking, though she knew the only thing he had ever touched in his entire life was elderberry wine weakened with water. And all for why?

Simply because he had said, "Henny, you go right in and get into your black net and spangles and meet me in the Ladies' Room of the Restmere."

What if it was the best hotel in New York? A man with the world in front of him had the right to anticipate if he wanted. What if Henrietta Peavy was right and Lima beans did cost sixty cents for a little side dish? If they could afford it, why should Hen —— And she could find the Ladies' Room if he could, couldn't she?

Sudden contrition came to Mr. Peavy. Why, it wasn't Henny's fault. She didn't know. After seventeen years of scraping and hoping and everlasting knitting she was going to know! Mr. Peavy stamped his foot aggressively in the face of the astonished Greek. Right from to-night!

Out of the chair Mr. Peavy eyed his shoes critically. Not so long and stylish-looking as the senior partner's, perhaps, but the reflections were there.

Inconsideration of the violent gesticulations of a frayed whisk broom he deposited an extra nickel in the palm of the Greek and ran a careful hand suggestively across his chin.

"Good barber near here?" he inquired carelessly.

The other pointed to a glow of red and white a short distance up the street.

"First-class?" demanded Mr. Peavy sharply.

"Huh?"

"First-class?" repeated Mr. Peavy sternly. "Clean? Gentleman's place?"

The Greek nodded violently. "Swell place! Swell smell!" and grinned.

Mr. Peavy nodded and stepped out into the night.

In the swell place he demanded a haircut and a shave and

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"Man," He Said Gently, "if I Was Sure it Was You or Anyone Else That Engineered This Dirty Thing I'd Twist Your Fat Neck"

The Print of My Remembrance

By AUGUSTUS THOMAS

IN THE middle of April, 1891, after Mr. E. S. Willard, for whom I was serving as publicity man, opened his mid-Western tour in Chicago as Cyrus Blenkarn in Henry Arthur Jones' play The Middleman, with Marie Burroughs as his featured support, my wife and I went to St. Louis, and afterwards to the Minnesota lakes and the Northwest. We returned to Chicago in the middle of May to see the Western opening of my play, Alabama, which had been forced out of New York by a summer sublease of the Madison Square Theater. My father and mother came from St. Louis to see that first night and visit us a few days in Chicago, where I tramped over the crowded downtown streets with father hunting landmarks of the small town he had known as a printer and medical student in his youth. The first week in June the parents went back to St. Louis and my wife and I returned to New York.

Marse Henry's Hospitality

UNDER my arrangement with Mr. Palmer I had rewritten parts of John Needham's Double, a play by the English author, Mr. Joseph Hatton, produced February 4, 1891, by Willard at Palmer's Theater. This rewrite was after I had completed Alabama but before that play was produced. An account of it in this place is a little out of such time order as I have attempted, but not enough to make the dislocation jar. Hatton had put into his play a supposedly Southern colonel whom he called Silas Higgins, or something of that kind, and who talked about nutmegs and apple sauce. Mr. Palmer asked me to make this character proper to its section not only in name and in speech but in viewpoint and relation to the story. I wrote a character which I called Col. Calhoun Booker. Mr. Palmer, at my suggestion, engaged for the part Burr McIntosh, at that time about thirty years of age, fairly prominent in the Bohemian life of New York, celebrated for his good nature and his willingness to take chances, and for a pronounced mimetic faculty. Palmer knew nothing of McIntosh, but I had heard him tell stories at the clubs and was sure he had the foundation for the part. With Palmer's permission I stressed Col. Calhoun Booker's importance in the play, feeling that its presentation would be a *ballon d'essai* for Alabama, which was to follow; and I believe that the success of McIntosh helped determine Mr. Palmer to go through with it.

Needham's Double was one of those plays of dual personality, resembling in kind The Lyons Mail. It was invented and unlikely, and on the first night in New York McIntosh, with his breezy manner and his welcome Southern geniality, would have walked away with the honors if the opposition had not been a star in large type. He played the part during its short run and left it to do Colonel Moberly in the second company of Alabama.

E. M. Holland as Colonel Carter, in "Colonel Carter of Cartersville"

E. S. Willard

After the original Alabama company played its New York and Chicago engagements, and before it reopened at Palmer's in the fall of 1892, it went to Louisville. Mr. Palmer asked me to go there and look over the performance. The Louisville engagement was in the fine old playhouse belonging to the Macauleys, so dear to me in memory of Johnny Norton and the more recent visit of Marlowe. Henry Watterson saw to it that our first night was a gala occasion, and the men of the company were invited to a midnight reception at the Pendennis Club. Marse Henry was in his element, ably aided by those Kentuckians who have the Southern instinct amounting to genius for hospitality and entertainment. At an effective moment in the evening he got the attention of the party—close on to a hundred men, I should say—and with his arm through mine in the center of the floor explained the circumstances under which our acquaintance had been made and claimed to be proud that I was a product of a newspaper office.

Then shifting his arm over my shoulder, a habit he had with any younger fellow he thought it would help, and reverting to the play, the subject of which was the reconciliation of the two great political sections of the country, he said: "This boy has done in one night in the theater what I endeavored to do in twenty years of editorial writing."

No halfway measures about wonderful Henry Watterson, gone since I last wrote of him in these chapters.

With the opening of Palmer's at this time, the little Madison Square Theater passed into the control of Messrs. Hoyt and Thomas. Charles Hoyt was the author of a line of comedies as distinct in their kind and for their day as the George Cohan plays are three decades later.

Distinctively American Successes

THERE was in the business department of the theater of America at that time a relationship of forces worthy of comment here. Those forces were then functioning principally in New York. Although perhaps traceable to more remote origins, they focused and funneled through the channels of publicity.

The principal managers, like Wallack, Daly, Palmer, Daniel Frohman, had been accustomed to get their plays from the other side of the water. American playwrights, compared with to-day's number, were few, their triumphs not numerous; but in the '80's there had been some notable successes with American subjects. Florence had played Woolf's The Mighty Dollar to extraordinary business. Curtis had had success with Samuel of Posen; Raymond had made a fortune with Colonel Sellers in Mark Twain's Gilded Age. Denman Thompson, under the encouragement of his manager, J. M. Hill, had elaborated a vaudeville sketch into The Old Homestead. Concurrently with these American plays on the road was a cycle of big productions of English melodrama like Romany Rye, The Silver King, The World, Hoodman Blind, Lights of London, and the like, the exploitation of which throughout the country had developed a school of publicity men who knew accurately what part skillful press work played in all these successes. They also had a thorough knowledge of the respective values of the patronage to be obtained in the various cities. This experience and this knowledge had come along together with the rapid growth of the country upon which both depended, and while the older managers, content with their local triumphs in New York and Boston, gave their attention to those centers these lesser agents and the publicity men referred to were wide awake to the value of the road.

Notable Managers

JUST back of Palmer's Theater, both formerly and later Wallack's, on Thirtieth Street, in the basement of what had been a dwelling house, was the office of Jefferson, Klaw and Erlanger. The Jefferson of this firm was Charles Jefferson, eldest son of Joseph Jefferson. Klaw and Erlanger need no identification now; but even at that time A. L. Erlanger was one of the best informed of the men of whom I am writing.

At 1115 Broadway, near Twenty-fifth Street, in a rear room, Charles Frohman had his first office under his own name. He was another of these men.

Erlanger's genius was of the synthetic kind; he had the faculty of combination. Very rapidly, under his activity, there was built up the first big syndicate of American theaters controlling the best time on the road. Charles Frohman's vision was the supplementing one of producer. He also knew the country, the tastes of the people, and had an uncanny flair for what would be acceptable. But both men, and lesser ones with whom they were associated, approached the whole theatrical question along the lines of availability and salesmanship. What were the things for which there was a market, and how rapidly could the public interest in them be created, stimulated and expanded? These two sets of managers, the Palmer-Daly-Daniel Frohman group on one side, and the Charles Frohman-Hayman-Erlanger group on the other, approached the business from entirely different points and with entirely different methods. An example of approach and method is furnished by Alabama. When that play was produced in April, 1891, there was ahead of it in the Madison Square Theater but four weeks. After that time Mr. Palmer had rented his theater for Martha Morton's play, The Merchant, and although Alabama immediately played to capacity and would have rapidly restored the failing fortunes

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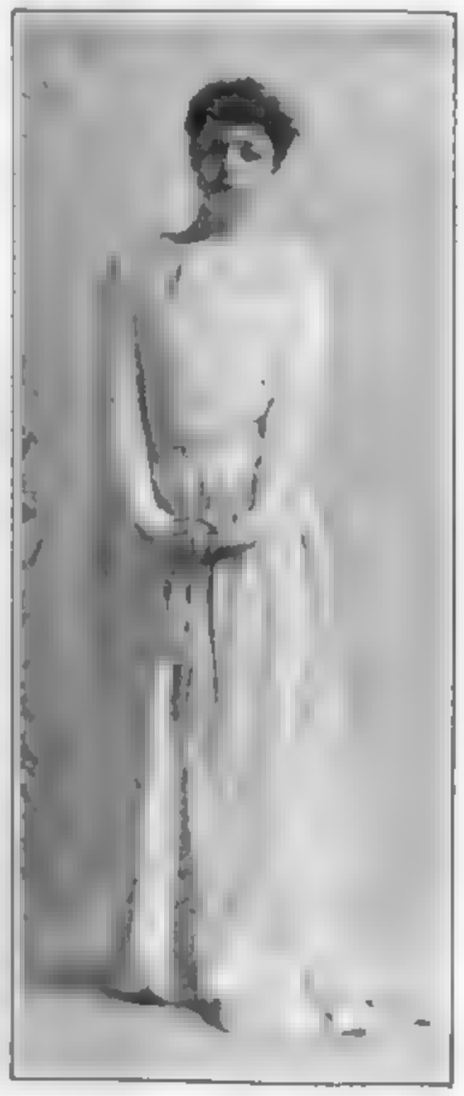
Annie Russell



Marie Burroughs

RITA COVENTRY

By Julian Street

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

XVII

NOT until Rita Coventry's traveling bags were in the limousine with his, and she in the seat beside him driving toward the ferry, did Parrish relax to the satisfying certainty that Rita really was going with him to Atlantic City.

It was his first opportunity to talk with her under conditions at once secluded and tranquil, and he felt profoundly the momentousness of the occasion. He and Rita were on the threshold of great and beautiful beginnings.

Through the Sunday desolation of lower Manhattan they passed swiftly, and having crossed the bay and Staten Island, threaded their way through the nearer Jersey towns. Beyond Red Bank they swung into the Rumson Road, and presently, at Seabright, reached the coast.

Over a vigorous sea, white crested and sparkling in the sun, came a crisp inshore wind which whistled shrilly at the windows of the car. Save for a solitary tramp steamer, looking small and lonely as it wallowed toward the Narrows under a thinning plume of black smoke, there was no sign of life upon the waters. Surf was breaking savagely upon deserted sands. Bathhouses and summer cottages, their doors and windows boarded up, showed faces as expressionless as those of blind men. A small automobile approached from the opposite direction and scurried past, as it seemed to Parrish, apologetically. Then the road ahead was empty—an enchanted solitude.

He offered her his cigarette case.

"No, thanks, I don't smoke."

"But the other night ——"

"That was only to annoy Luigi."

It did not displease him to know that she had wished to annoy the Italian.

Turning a little in his seat he settled his back into the angle of the cushions so that he could look at her without turning his head, and as he looked he felt anew the impact of her loveliness. He always felt it thus when, having glanced away, he let his eyes return to her. He wished to touch her hand, but was deterred by a curious feeling of strangeness with her.

"Are you happy, Rita?"

She answered with a nod and a little smile.

"Absolutely?" He had a boyish longing to hear her explicit declaration.

"Of course. We couldn't have had a finer day, could we?"

He was obliged to concede the fineness of the day. But he wished her to understand that it was not the weather that was making him so happy, so he continued: "That's far from being the best of it though. The best of it is that you and I are really going to know each other now. This is going to be a day to date time from. Ever since that night at your house I've had a tantalizing sense of knowing you, yet paradoxically not knowing you at all. It's as if I had an unfinished portrait of you—very beautiful, what there is of it, but with the rough canvas showing through in many places. Oh, Rita, how eager I've been to get it completed, background and all!"

"I shall be sitting for you all this afternoon," she answered, giving him a little smile.

"Yes," he cried eagerly, "and to-morrow, and the next day, and on and on, until ——"

"Evidently," she put in, "you aren't a very rapid painter."

"I suppose," he said thoughtfully, "I shall never finish really."

"Perhaps you'll be sorry you started."

"Ah, no! I'm only afraid that my sitter may tire."

"She's not tired yet. Is the pose all right?"

In imitation of a portrait painter's studio manner he studied her, cocking his head to one side.

"Let's see—the face a little more this way, if you please—so. And the eyes"—indicating his own eyes "here."

At the sudden meeting of their eyes he felt an incandescence

They laughed together vaguely and a little shyly. It made him strangely happy to laugh with her like that. Again he felt the desire to touch her hand. This time he did so. She gave his fingers a swift pressure, then gently drew her hand away.

"You make me feel fantastically young," he told her.

"Why shouldn't you feel young?"

"Because, my dear, I'm not."

"Don't be absurd."

"Guess, then."

"It's Our World. It's All Ours. No One Else Can Look at It Without Permission From Us"

After a brief glance of appraisal she said, "You're about thirty-five."

"Thirty-eight," he corrected in a sighing tone.

"Well, that's not old. You may be sure I shan't let myself feel old at thirty-eight."

"Ah," he said mournfully, "when you're that age—I *shall* be old then!"

"No, you won't."

"Oh, yes."

"Do you know my age?"

"Not exactly. But I have a pretty good idea."

"What?"

"Judging by your looks alone," he answered, "I'd call you twenty-five or six. But I have more than your looks to go by. I heard you sing in Paris the year of your début. Say you were twenty or twenty-one then. Add eight years and you have it."

"Twenty-eight's my publicity age," she said gravely, "but I'm really thirty-one. I don't mind letting you know."

Her slight stressing of the penultimate word gave him extraordinary satisfaction. Gazing at her fondly he laughed. "You're amused that I shade my age?"

"Of course."

"Why?"

"It's so unnecessary—and so feminine."

"Of course it's feminine: because age is infinitely more important to a woman than to a man. No one cares what a man's age is, but everyone is curious about a woman's. About a man they say 'Oh, he's somewhere between thirty and forty'; but of a woman they say 'She's thirty-five if she's a day!' Even when she's young and blooming they'll tell you what she's going to look like at forty. 'She's the type that gets fat!' People are always speculating about the ages of women on the stage. When a woman has been before the public ten or fifteen years they begin to feel they've seen her since the world began. It's bad enough when they check up, but it's worse when they don't. If it's ten years they call it fifteen, and if it's fifteen they say 'Why, I heard her all of twenty years ago,' and they speak of her as well preserved. Ugh!" She gave a little shudder. "I don't want to be old."

At that he seized her hand in both of his and promised that she never should be old.

"We'll stay young," he said, "together."

The afternoon's run left in his mind a patchwork of pictures and of memories. Long Branch, Lakewood, Toms River, Barnegat, Absecon; the sea, the pines, the marshes and the sea again; Rita's profile against the window; her gestures; the quick turning of her head; the sudden lighting of her face; the whiteness of her teeth when she smiled; the grave look in her eyes as she talked about her girlhood.

Of all their conversation that was what he remembered best. He felt almost as if he had seen the narrow gabled cottage in Rochester, standing in its cramped yard, between two other cottages almost exactly like it. There was a front porch with turned posts and a honeysuckle vine, where the young people used to sit, chattering or singing, on hot summer evenings.

But her father had not, as legend told, been a postman. He had been an accountant. This information, though in itself unimportant, Parrish found gratifying, because it pointed to the

unreliability of all rumors concerning Rita. People like to tell exaggerated tales of a woman beautiful and famous. Such stories suited the common craving for dramatic contrast, making a Cinderella of her. As gossip painted Rita's beginnings grayer than they had actually been, so it gilded her later life with adventures set on the private cars and yachts of multimillionaires and kings.

The picture she made for him of her girlhood took its place in a larger picture representing the life of a happy though none too prosperous American family, in which the dressing and educating of three children was a chief concern. It was always a strain to make both ends meet. Neither Rita nor her sister had been able to dress so well as their girl friends.

"When I went out in my best," she said, "it was always with a haunting feeling that there might be a gap somewhere or that my skirt hung badly."

She was sixteen when the choirmaster in the church she attended thought he detected an unusual voice. He carried her along as far as he was able, then sent her to a local singing teacher, who, after a few years, advised that she go to Proileau, in Paris, to be finished. For her father to finance such a venture was quite out of the question, but some wealthy parishioners, becoming interested in her, made up a purse and sent her to Paris for a year. A year was not enough to bring out her voice fully, but Proileau believed in her and placed her as prima donna with a third-rate opera company which played through the summer at Trouville, where at his summer home he continued to coach her. Thus she gained her first practical experience and earned money for a second year in Paris. In her third year she made her début at the Opéra Comique, began to reimburse her benefactors, and bought herself "dresses in which I wasn't nervous every time I got up out of a chair."

He felt that he had made good progress with the background of his portrait of her.

XVIII

DUSK was advancing over the marshes as Parrish's car traversed the last miles of the broad boulevard by which Atlantic City is approached, and by the time they turned into Atlantic Avenue daylight had all but abandoned its rearguard action against oncoming night.

Looking down the wide, brightly lighted yet somewhat tawdry shopping street and into the intersecting highways with their close-set rows of frame cottages, boarding houses and cheap hotels, Parrish's first impression was that this strange settlement had changed not at all in the ten or dozen years that had passed since his last visit. It resembled, he thought, rather a town into which prosperity had gushed with a flood of oil than one established on the fixed flow of the Gulf Stream, the tides and tripper-laden trains.

Not until they swung around a corner and headed down a short street leading toward the ocean did he perceive that there had been, after all, a kind of progress here; for it was then that he discovered, in its new surroundings, the pleasant old hotel in which he used to stay; but its former look of size and consequence was gone. By contrast with the new flamboyant caravansaries facing the Boardwalk and the beach, it seemed to have paled and shrunk.

"I used to stop there," he said, looking back a little wistfully as the car drew up under the porte-cochère of one of the larger hostelries.

"Yes," said Rita, "it's a nice old place. But this one will amuse you."

One of Parrish's bags contained certain precious and illegal bottles. He paused midway across the lobby to warn the bell boy to handle it with care, and, waiting, overheard a snatch of conversation between two large, expensive-looking women whose modishly short skirts revealed the plebeian bowing of their legs.

"Irma's got three hats with different-colored paradise plumes on," said one. "That red one you was admiring cost two hundred and sixty. She showed me the receipted bill."

To which the other replied in an envious tone, "Manny don't seem to kick, no matter how much money Irma spends."

The dapper clerk knew at once who Rita was.

"We received your wire," he declared with extreme affability as he dipped the pen and handed it to her. "I've been able to hold a very choice suite for you. Our managing director has had his own personal grand piano placed in your parlor with his compliments."

Rita thanked him and signed the register, whereupon the young man turned to Parrish, assigning him a suite which, though it did not face the sea directly, he mentioned urbanely as having a favorable position with regard to the morning sun.

Before going to his own rooms Parrish saw Rita to hers. Her parlor was large and elaborately furnished. French windows opened upon a sheltered balcony overlooking the ocean. On the center table was a bowl of roses accompanied by the card of the manager, with the word "Compliments" written in a Spencerian hand above the name. Before slipping out of her loose motor coat Rita moved over to the grand piano, opened the lid and ran a hand over the keyboard. It was out of tune.

She Was Sixteen When the Choirmaster in the Church She Attended Thought He Detected an Unusual Voice

After seeing to the placing of her bags Parrish departed with his bell boy.

"I'll be ready in an hour," she said, giving him a gay wave of dismissal.

But he did not expect her to be ready in an hour. His experience of her was not such as to encourage hopes of promptness. Moreover she had not brought her own maid with her.

In leisurely fashion Parrish unpacked and made ready for dinner; then, as the hour was up, he took the small bag about which he had cautioned the bell boy, walked down the corridor and knocked at Rita's door.

"Come."

She was moving toward him as he entered. Her henna-colored evening gown was of some diaphanous material that fluttered as she crossed the room. It was draped with infinite art, and it seemed to him to fit with a kind of haughtiness. He fancied it as being proud of its lines and its fabric, as a beautiful woman is proud of her figure and the texture of her skin. The stockings and the little satin slippers, being of the color of the dress, gave a characteristic look of completeness, always there was that look about her; yet Parrish felt instinctively that this completeness was achieved without much effort or indeed much thought on Rita's part, but represented rather the unhampered art of costly experts.

"I didn't think you'd be ready," he said, praising her appearance with his eyes.

"I said an hour."

"Yes, but——"

He was thinking of the times that she had disappointed him; but instead of speaking the thought, shifted to a mention of the absence of her maid.

"Oh," she answered, "that's easy. I've bought up one of the hotel maids."

Parrish laid his bag carefully upon the table by the bowl of roses, opened it, produced bottles and a shaker, and having secured ice, orange juice and glasses, made cocktails.

"I have plenty of appetite without this," said Rita, sipping.

He was glad that she was hungry. After the manner of his kind, he prided himself upon a certain skill in ordering, and as to-night he was for the first time to exercise that skill for Rita, he had given preliminary consideration to the meal.

First they would have Lynnhaven Bay oysters—real Lynnhaven Bays; then green-turtle soup, provided the green turtle was fresh—he would inquire about that; then a filet of flounder—call it sole if you like—with Marguéry's immortal sauce: he was sure that Rita would appreciate that touch; then a broiled live lobster with drawn butter, to be followed by a salad chiffonade. Sweets, he felt, might be dispensed with. Crackers and cheese—Roquefort or Port de Salut—would be more suitable. Then coffee.

The elevator was half full when they got in. He saw a woman nudge the man with her, calling his attention to Rita, and the two stared at her with unblinking eyes during the descent to the main floor. Clearly they recognized her. Clearly many people did. Walking with her through the lobby and down the corridor he thought he could tell by the faces of those he saw looking at her whether they knew who she was or saw in her only a woman to be admired. One man stopped and stood at gaze, inspecting her as a gourmand might an appetizing dish being served at another's table. He was a gross-looking creature. Parrish would have liked to kick him. Rita, however, appeared oblivious of ocular intrusions. She walked among strangers as she might have among trees in a forest.

At the door of the café they were met by the head waiter, who led them through the crowded room to a table bearing a card marked "Reserved," and drew out their chairs with an extra flourish.

"I have had the honor to serve madame at the Carlton in London," he declared as he seated Rita; and it was over her, not Parrish, that he leaned to discuss the dinner.

This was a novelty to Parrish, who was thoroughly accustomed to receive attention from head waiters. He had realized, of course, that to escort Rita would be a different matter from escorting a woman in private life, but he had not foreseen how great the difference would be. Interrupting the culinary conference across the way, he began to outline to her the dinner he had contemplated, but before he could finish she broke in.

"I know just what I want. I want a porterhouse steak—medium—about three inches thick." As she spoke she glanced up at the head waiter, measuring with her hands in exaggerated illustration. "And some hashed brown potatoes, and soup—cream of tomato—to play with while the steak is cooking."

"*Bien, madame.*" The man made swift notes on his pad and came around the table.

"Monsieur wishes Lynnhaven Bays?" he asked, his pencil poised to write.

Parrish hesitated, but only for the briefest moment. Then he duplicated Rita's order.

"Oh, but you mustn't let my vulgar appetite spoil your dinner!" she protested.

He assured her that the things she had ordered were the very things he wanted. Nor was the statement altogether false.

Steak and hashed brown potatoes ordered in this place by so complete a cosmopolitan as Rita constituted not a barbarity but a gastronomic playfulness in which he wished to join, precisely as he would have wished to join in any other playfulness of hers.

The café orchestra, which had been finishing a trivial tune from a musical comedy as they came in, presently began again to play. But this time it was *Un bel dì vedremo*, from Madame Butterfly.

"They've found me out," Rita told him with a sigh.

That plainly was the case. The violinist who led the orchestra kept his sad, luminous eyes fixed upon her as he played. This directed to her the attention of those among the diners who had not already noticed her. It was to her rather than to the musicians that people looked as they applauded at the termination of the aria, and to her that the violinist bowed in acknowledging the unusual demonstration.

"They're pretty sure to keep this up until we leave," she said. "It's rather awful to be stared at when you're eating, isn't it? I've always thought the animals in the zoo must hate it."

"I could speak to the orchestra leader," Parrish suggested. But Rita demurred.

"Oh, no! It's intended as a compliment, and I'm desperately sorry for a good musician who has to play in a place like this. Probably this man used to dream of becoming a Kreisler or a Heifetz. The chorus of the opera is full of people like that, people who have dreamed and been disappointed. There's so much luck about it too. Many's the time I've looked at some woman in our chorus and thought what John Bunyan thought when he saw the man going to be executed."

Over the soup they fell to discussing differences between the careers of artists and those in other walks of life.

"The failure of an artist," said Rita, "seems to me doubly tragic because the artist is not out only for a living. Being poor isn't the worst of it for him. He's in love. If his art jilts him it breaks his heart, for of course there's no love greater than that of the artist for his art."

"Oh, I don't believe that," he put in quickly, jealous of her music.

"Don't you?" She inspected him with quizzical eyes. "Well, it's true. Other loves come and go, but the love for an art never changes. If anything, I stated it too moderately. I might have said there isn't any love so great."

He shook his head, but did not reply. He was thinking that what she had said meant, after all, only that she had never known a love beyond her love for music—not yet. Certainly that was nothing for him to deplore.

Her prevision concerning the musical program proved accurate. *Depuis le jour*, from Louise, became the entrance music for their steak, and was followed by melodies from Tosca and La Bohème, while their coffee was drunk to the air of *Près des Ramparts de Seville*. After each number there was the same applause, the same bowing of the violinist to Rita, the same concentrating of eyes upon her.

When, having lost no time over the simple meal, she rose to leave, people at near-by tables stopped talking and gazed up into her face, and as she moved toward the door, Parrish, walking behind her, saw that the whole room turned its head. The violinist stood and made her a profound obeisance as she passed the musicians' platform; at the portal the head waiter paid her like homage; and as she emerged to the foyer the maid from the ladies' cloakroom hastened forward with her wrap.

But no one came running forward with Parrish's hat and coat. The olive-skinned attendant at the men's coat room stood entranced, gazing at Rita. Parrish had to speak to him crisply before the trance was broken. Had Rita been a queen, he thought to himself, she could hardly have received more attention; then with a little inward smile he added the reflection that had he been a prince consort he could hardly have received less.

"If I should ever be a fugitive from justice," he said to her as they made their way toward the exit leading to the Boardwalk, "I should know exactly what to do: Instead of hiding on some obscure island where they live on pineapples, bananas and rum highballs, I should conceal myself by going everywhere with you."

But, as he was to learn later, that form of self-concealment was not so effectual as he had supposed. Some eyes there were alert enough to encompass both Rita and her escort. By one such pair of eyes—a not too friendly pair—he had been recognized.

EMERGING from a revolving door and passing by a wheel-chair stand, they moved up the Boardwalk in the direction of the Inlet.

The night was dark. The moon had not yet risen, and though there were stars overhead they were dimmed by the Boardwalk lamps. Below them the beach was a gray mystery fading away to a blackness within which, as an awakened sleeper may feel the presence of a silent moving something in his room, they felt the presence of the sea.

A mild salt breeze blew toward them. Ahead the heart of the Boardwalk was marked by an electric brilliance against which wheel chairs and promenaders were revealed in shifting silhouette. Nor was the brilliance to be seen only along that way of pleasure with its rows of lamps and its bright doors and windows; by a ladder of illuminated windows it mounted to where, above the hotel roofs, the sky was restlessly alive with the changeful dotted glitter of great advertising signs.

As Rita took his arm and stepped out beside him he was struck by the fact that she did not amble after the fashion of most women, but strode with a fine swinging gait, making necessary but a slight abridgment of his own normal step. It was like an expression of her spirit, that free, elastic tread.

He leaned forward a little and looked down at her slippers swiftly appearing and disappearing below the hem of her cloak as she walked—satin trifles, frail and exquisite, with soles wafer thin and heels of a voluptuous violinlike curvature.

"I suppose," he said wonderingly, "that those slippers are fully as durable as morning-glories."

"Oh, they're stronger than they look."

"They must be."

For a time he was silent, his mind taken up with the miracle of woman's dress, which is to man the most baffling thing about her. For man feels that even supposing he could walk in slippers such as hers they would be ruined in the distance of a block or two, while as for her gowns—made seemingly from wisps of rainbow, sunset and the Milky Way—he knows that such things, worn by him, would not endure an hour.

His ruminations on this theme were interrupted when she drew him over to a lighted show-window containing dainty bits of feminine equipment at which she wished to look.

As they moved on again he shifted the position of his arm, bracing it behind hers so that her elbow found a cradle in the crook of his, her wrist resting in his hand. Holding her thus firmly he was more than ever conscious of moving with her in delightful unison.

They wandered out upon a pier and back again; then, having resumed their way along the Boardwalk, were attracted by sounds of snapping rifles and clanging target gongs to a shooting gallery, where they stood for a time looking on. The shooting gallery fascinated Rita; presently she announced a wish to try her marksmanship; and when, after a little coaching, her bullets began to break clay pipes, ring gongs and knock over moving models of

(Continued on Page 69)

"The Point is That I'm Going to Sing Your Songs in Concert"

THE COVERED WAGON

By Emerson Hough

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

XXVI

THE purple mantle of the mountain twilight was dropping on the hills when Bridger and Carson rode out together from the Laramie stockade to the Wingate encampment in the valley. The extraordinary capacity of Bridger in matters alcoholic left him still in fair possession of his faculties; but some new purpose, born of the exaltation of alcohol, now held his mind.

"Let me see that little dingus ye had, Kit," said he—"that piece o' gold."

Carson handed it to him.

"Ye got any more o' hit, Kit?"

"Plenty! You can have it if you'll promise not to tell where it came from, Jim."

"If I do, Jim Bridger's a liar, Kit!"

He slipped the nugget into his pocket. They rode to the head of the train, where Bridger found Wingate and his aids and presented his friend.

They all, of course, knew of Frémont's famous scout, then at the height of his reputation, and greeted him with enthusiasm. As they gathered around him Bridger slipped away. Searching among the wagons, he at last found Molly Wingate and beckoned her aside with portentous injunctions of secrecy.

In point of fact, a sudden maudlin inspiration had seized Jim Bridger, so that a promise to Kit Carson seemed infinitely less important than a promise to this girl, whom, indeed, with an old man's inept infatuation, he had worshiped afar after the fashion of white men long gone from society of their kind.

Liquor now made him bold. Suddenly he reached out a hand and placed in Molly's palm the first nugget of California gold that ever had come thus far eastward. Physically heavy it was; of what tremendous import none then could have known.

"I'll give ye this," he said. "An' I know whar's plenty more."

She dropped the nugget because of the sudden weight in her hand; picked it up.

"Gold!" she whispered, for there is no mistaking gold.

"Yes, gold!"

"Where did you get it?"

She was looking over her shoulder instinctively.

"Listen! Ye'll never tell? Ye mustn't! I swore to Kit Carson, that give hit to me, I'd never tell no one. But I'll set you ahead o' any livin' bein', so maybe some day ye'll remember old Jim Bridger.

"Yes, it's gold! Kit Carson brung it from Sutter's Fort, on the Sacermento, in California. They've got it thar in wagonloads. Kit's on his way east now to tell the Army."

"Everyone will know!"

"Yes, but not now! Ef ye breathe this to a soul, thar won't be two wagons left together in the train. Thar'll be bones o' womern from here to California!"

Wide-eyed, the girl weighed the nugget in her hands.

"Keep hit, Miss Molly," said Bridger simply. "I don't want hit no more. I only got hit fer a bracelet fer ye, or something. Good-by. I've got to leave the train with my own wagons before long an' head fer my fort. Ye'll maybe see me—old Jim Bridger—when ye come through.

"Yes, Miss Molly, I ain't as old as I look, and I got a fort o' my own beyant the Green River. This year, what I'll take in for my cargo, what I'll make cash money fer work fer the immygrints, I'll salt down anyways ten thousand; next year maybe twicet that, or even more. I sartainly will do a good trade with them Mormons."

"Molly!" He Broke Out. "Listen to Me! Do You Want the Engagement Broken? Do You Want to be Released?"

"I suppose," said the girl, patient with what she knew was alcoholic garrulity.

"An' out there's the purtiest spot west o' the Rockies. My valley is ever'thing a man er a womern can ask or want. And me, I'm a permanent man in these yere parts. It's me, Jim Bridger, that fust diskivered the Great Salt Lake. It's me, Jim Bridger, fust went through Colter's Hell up in the Yellowstone. Ain't a foot o' the Rockies I don't know. I eena'most built the Rocky Mountains, me." He spread out his hands. "And I've got to be eena'most all Injun myself."

"I suppose." The girl's light laugh cut him.

"But never so much as not to rever'nce the white woman, Miss Molly. Ye're all like angels to us wild men out yere. We—we never have forgot. And so I give ye this, the fust gold from California. There may be more. I don't know."

"But you're going to leave us? What are you going to do?" A sudden kindness was in the girl's voice.

"I'm a-goin' out to Fort Bridger, that's what I'm a-goin' to do; an' when I git thar I'm a-goin' to lick hell out o' both my squaws, that's what I'm a-goin' to do! One's named Blast Yore Hide, an' t'other Dang Yore Eyes. Which, ef ye ask me, is two names right an' fitten, way I feel now."

All at once Jim Bridger was all Indian again. He turned and stalked away. She heard his voice rising in his Indian chant as she turned back to her own wagon fire.

But now shouts were arising, cries coming up the line. A general movement was taking place toward the lower end of the camp, where a high quavering call rose again and again.

"There's news!" said Carson to Jesse Wingate quietly. "That's old Bill Jackson's war cry unless I am mistaken. Is he with you?"

"He was," said Wingate bitterly. "He and his friends broke away from the train and have been flocking by themselves since then."

Three men rode up to the Wingate wagon, and two flung off. Jackson was there, yes, and Jed Wingate, his son. The third man still sat his horse. Wingate straightened.

"Mr. Banion! So you see fit to come into my camp?" For the time he had no answer.

"How are you, Bill?" said Kit Carson quietly, as he now stepped forward from the shadows. The older man gave him a swift glance.

"Kit! You here—why?" he demanded. "I've not seed ye, Kit, sence the last rendyvous on the Green. Ye've been with the Army on the coast?"

"Yes. Going east now."

"Allus ridin' back an' forerd acrost the hull country. I'd hate to keep ye in buckskin breeches, Kit. But ye're carryin' news?"

"Yes," said Carson. "Dispatches about new army posts—to General Kearny. Some other word for him, and some papers to the adjutant general of the Army. Besides, some letters from Lieutenant Beale in Mexico, about war matters and the treaty, like enough. You know we'll get all the southern country to the coast?"

"An' welcome ef we didn't! Not a beaver to the thousand miles, Kit. I'm goin' to Oregon—goin' to settle in the Nez Percé country, whar there's horses an' beaver."

"But wait a bit afore you an' me gits too busy talkin'. Ye see, I'm with Major Banion, yan, an' the Missoury train. We're in camp ten mile below. We wouldn't mix with these people no more—only one way—but I reckon the major's got some business o' his own that brung him up. I rid with him. We met the boy an' ast him to bring us in. We wasn't sure how friendly our friends is feelin' towards him an' me."

He grinned grimly. As he spoke they both heard a woman's shrilling, half greeting, half terror. Wingate turned in time to see his daughter fall in a sheer faint.

Will Banion slipped from his saddle and hurried forward.

XXVII

JESSE WINGATE made a swift instinctive motion toward the revolver which swung at his hip. But Jed sprang between him and Banion.

"No! Hold on, pap—stop!" cried Jed. "It's all right. I brought him in."

"As a prisoner?"

"I am no man's prisoner, Captain Wingate," said Banion's deep voice.

His eyes were fixed beyond the man to whom he spoke.

He saw Molly, to whom her mother now ran, taking the white face in her own hands. Wingate looked from one to the other.

"Why do you come here? What do I owe you that you should bring more trouble, as you always have? And what do you owe me?"

Bill Jackson

"I owe you nothing!" said Banion. "You owe me nothing at all. I have not traveled in your train, and I shall not travel in it. I tell you once more, you're wrong in your beliefs; but till I can prove that I'll not risk any argument about it."

"Then why do you come to my camp now?"

"You should know."

"I do know. It's Molly!"

"It's Molly, yes. Here's a letter from her. I found it in the cabin at Ash Hollow. Your friend Woodhull could have killed me—we passed him just now. Jed could have killed me—you can now; it's easy. But that wouldn't change me. Perhaps it wouldn't change her."

"You come here to face me down?"

"No, sir. I know you for a brave man, at least. I don't believe I'm a coward—I never asked. But I came to see Molly, because here she's asked it. I don't know why. Do you want to shoot me like a coyote?"

"No. But I ask you, what do I owe you?"

"Nothing. But can we trade? If I promise to leave you with my train?"

"You want to steal my girl!"

"No! I want to earn her—some day."

The old Roman before him was a man of quick and strong decisions. The very courage of the young man had its appeal.

"At least you'll eat," said he. "I'd not turn even a black Secesh away hungry—not even a man with your record in the Army."

"No, I'll not eat with you."

"Wait then! I'll send the girl pretty soon, if you are here by her invitation. I'll see she never invites you again."

Wingate walked toward his wagon. Banion kept out of the light circle and found his horse. He stood, leaning his head on his arms in the saddle, waiting, until after what seemed an age she slipped out of the darkness, almost into his arms, standing pale, her fingers lacing and unlacing—the girl who had kissed him once—to say good-by.

"Will Banion!" she whispered. "Yes, I sent for you. I felt you'd find the letter."

"Yes, Molly." It was long before he would look at her. "You're the same," said he. "Only you've grown more beautiful every day. It's hard to leave you—awfully hard. I couldn't, if I saw you often."

He reached out again and took her in his arms, softly, kissed her tenderly on each cheek, whispered things that lovers do say. But for his arms she would have dropped again, she was so weak. She fought him off feebly.

"No! No! It is not right! No! No!"

"You won't be with us any more?" she said at last.

He shook his head. They both looked at his horse, his rifle, swung at the saddle horn. She shook her head also.

"Is this the real good-by, Will?" Her lips trembled.

"It must be. I have given my word to your father. But why did you send for me? Only to torture me? I must keep my word to hold my train apart. I've promised my men to stick with them."

"Yes, you mustn't break your word. And it was fine just to see you a minute, Will; just to tell you—to say I love you, Will! But I didn't think that was why I sent. I sent to warn you—against him. It seems always to come to the same thing."

She was trying not to sob. The man was in but little better case. The stars did not want them to part. All the somber wilderness world whispered for them to love and not to part at all. But after a time they knew that they again had parted, or now were able to do so.

"Listen, Will," said the girl at last, putting back a lock of her fallen hair. "I'll have to tell you. We'll meet in Oregon? I'll be married then. I've promised. Oh, God help me! I think I'm the wickedest woman in all the world, and the most unhappy. Oh, Will Banion, I—I love a thief! Even as you are, I love you! I guess that's why I sent for you, after all.

"Go find the scout—Jim Bridger!" she broke out suddenly. "He's going on ahead. Go on to his fort with him—he'll have wagons and horses. He knows the way. Go with Bridger, Will! Don't go to Oregon! I'm afraid for you. Go to California—and forget me! Tell Bridger ——

"Why, where is it?" she exclaimed. She was feeling in the pocket of her apron, and it was empty.

"I've lost it!" she repeated. "I lose everything!"

"What was it, Molly?"

She leaned her lips to his ear. "It was gold!"

He stood, the magic name of that metal which shows the color in the shade electrifying even his ignorance of the truth.

"Gold?"

She told him then, breaking her own promise magnificently, as a woman will.

"Go, ride with Bridger," she went on. "Don't tell him you ever knew me. He'll not be apt to speak of me. But they found it in California, the middle of last winter—gold! Gold! Carson's here in our camp—Kit Carson. He's the first man to bring it to the valley of the Platte. He was sworn to keep it secret; so was Bridger, and so am I. Not to Oregon, Will—California! You can live down your past. If we die, God bless the man I do love. That's you, Will! And I'm going to marry—him. Ten days! On the trail! And he'll kill you, Will! Oh, keep away!"

She paused, breathless from her torrent of incoherent words, jealous of the passing moments. It was vague, it was desperate, it was crude. But they were in a world vague, desperate and crude.

"I've promised my men I'd not leave them," he said at last. "A promise is a promise."

"Then God help us both! But one thing—when I'm married, that's the end between us. So good-by."

He leaned his head back on his saddle for a time, his tired horse turning back its head. He put out his hand blindly; but it was the muzzle of his horse that had touched his shoulder. The girl was gone.

The Indian drums at Laramie thudded through the dark. The great wolf in the breaks lifted his hoarse, raucous roar once more. The wilderness was afoot or bedding down, according to its like.

XXVIII

CARSON, Bridger and Jackson, now reunited after years, must pour additional libations to auld lang syne at Laramie, so soon were off together. The movers sat around their thrifty cooking fires outside the wagon corral.

(Continued on Page 56)

A Steady Fire at the Unseen Foe Held the Latter at Bay After the First Attack

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A Really Shocking Book

THE reason why schoolboys furtively read dime novels under their desks during history hour is that, as a rule, novelists of the Nick Carter school have a far keener sense of the literary possibilities of suspended interest, dramatic situation and well-approached climax than is displayed by the pedagogues, with necks cramped in the yoke of tradition, who write textbooks. As good rules work both ways, is it not reasonable to suppose that if a writer of school histories, with all the comedy, tragedy, adventure, mystery and romance of the ages to draw upon, were clever enough, he might make a textbook so thrilling and absorbing that boys would stay indoors to read it when they might be outside at play?

This remarkable achievement has lately been accomplished by an American professor of history who wrote for his own children the story of mankind from the first brutish emergence of the human race down to the middle of the World War. His work is so clear and simple and so admirably balanced that it is to be doubted if the average college graduate has a more lucid conception of the history of the race than may be obtained from these pages by any bright boy of fifteen.

This book is of real significance not only on its own account but because it will probably exercise a powerful influence upon other textbook writers who have the courage and ability to follow in the same path and break away from the deadly formalism that old as well as young find so tiresome and uninspiring.

The advances in textbook writing that have been made in recent years are tremendous; but schoolbooks are still susceptible of a vast amount of improvement. This is a debt that age owes to youth, for though dullness and drudgery are inseparable from elementary education it is the obvious duty of teachers and schoolbook makers to present their subjects as attractively and interestingly as is consistent with sound learning.

The method pursued in the book under discussion is to avoid any attempt at unbroken narrative, but to deal adequately with the high spots of history, allowing the gaps between to take care of themselves. Well-proportioned biographies do not devote equal space to every week of the lives whose stories they relate. They are full and explicit in regard to significant events, periods of swift development and great pivotal occurrences; but upon the interludes they are silent. Applied to general history, this method dictates the exclusion of much dreary chronicle and the lively treatment of such really vital topics as daily life and thought in various ages and countries, the rise and fall of vast empires, the achievements of those who have most influenced the thought and behavior of men, momentous military activities, notable advances in science, industry, political organization, art, religion, philosophy, exploration, discovery, social systems and the various struggles whereby man ever seeks to adapt his life to the environment in which he must live it.

Such matters are full of interest for all except those who shrink from the slightest mental effort, and it is only when they are devitalized and spoiled in the telling that they become tiresome and repellent. Yet history is often written by men whose literary attainments are smaller than those of very mediocre news stand novelists.

Few textbooks would be improved by being illustrated by the author instead of by a professional illustrator, but in the present instance that rash procedure is entirely justified, for the "animated maps" and crude drawings with which the writer has illuminated his pages are singularly calculated to impress facts and sequences of events upon the student's memory.

Pictures and diagrams that have this effect require neither justification nor apology.

Professional textbook writers will find this a shocking volume, for though the author's subject is a solemn and stupendous one he has not been ashamed to give free rein to a lively sense of humor. He has even constructed two complete sets of laughs, one for his childish readers and another for those of maturer years.

If books of this sort should multiply and become commonly adopted for use in our public schools, American education would never be quite the same again. It might be brighter, more penetrating and fuller of the joy of living, but it would be different, very different.

Is the Trade Tide Turning?

INTERNATIONALLY minded economists who have been venturing the prediction that our positive balance of trade in commodities could not be long maintained, on account of the differences in the buying powers of the United States and Europe, observe in the trade figures for February an approach to the confirmation of their views. The value of exports was $251,000,000, of imports $217,000,000, the positive balance therefore $34,000,000.

This is only part of the picture. We are buying more services in shipping and insurance than we are selling. Many remittances of immigrants flow from this country to Europe, few are sent to us. We are expending far more tourist money abroad than is being expended here by the foreigners who visit us. Foreign loans are being floated regularly on our market. Americans are investing abroad in industrial enterprises. Europeans are selling back old investments in this country. It is not possible to strike a balance between these several forces, but the trend is unmistakable.

We have passed the worst of the business cycle and better times are ahead. We shall need to import more manganese, tin, nickel, jute, wool, rubber and other raw materials.

Our herds of animals have fallen to such an extent that decline of export of animal products to the level of 1913 would surprise no one. A short crop of wheat this summer would wipe out the exportable surplus. We are losing none of our fondness for coffee, sugar and other imported necessaries. Our exports of cotton should rise, and of manufactures also. But by and large, the impulse to import seems gaining ascendancy over facility to export. We shall restore our standard of living faster than any other people. That means imports. The cars that travel over our bonded highways run on imported asphalt, are made comfortable by imported rubber, and are propelled in part by gasoline made from imported mineral oil. Farmers, manufacturers, bankers, traders and shippers will resist an excess of imports of commodities as long as possible.

When it comes, if it does come, we shall console ourselves with the reflection that creditor countries have always had excesses of imports of goods. And politicians will find it as easy to argue for a tariff under the new set of conditions as under the old.

Industrial Leaders in Diplomacy

THERE is sound common sense in President Ebert's announcement that it will be his policy to call upon outstanding business and industrial executives rather than old-school diplomatists to represent the German Government at foreign capitals. The tentative selection of Dr. Otto Weidfelt, the dominant director of the Krupp works at Essen, to be German Ambassador to the United States is a concrete instance of this policy. It is not easy to bring forward any convincing reason why such foreign representation should not be of the highest value, for the curriculum of industry is quite as broad as that of diplomacy and the training it affords is much more varied and exacting.

Old-line diplomacy was largely a matter of intriguing, jockeying, wriggling and maneuvering for advantage. Its accepted and time-hallowed tactics were based on low cunning rather than on beneficent wisdom. Its methods were in sharp contrast to those of great leaders of modern industry. Big business men do big things in a big way with a sharp eye on a future still two or three generations away. For the most part they are born builders with vigorous, constructive minds that aim at broad general results.

There are always those who are ready to deride the appointment of business executives to ministerial posts. We still remember the sneers that were heard when the late Senator Knox was at the Department of State and his enemies made much political capital out of his "dollar diplomacy"; and yet the most superficial examination of international relations reveals the fact that often they fairly bristle with dollar signs, sterling marks and other symbols that indicate monetary units.

Successful men of large affairs are singularly fitted to carry on the kind of negotiations that will be involved in bettering relationships between the various national units of the human family. It is not too much to say that the passing of the old diplomacy will be one of the best omens for future peace that the world can desire.

Better Than Bucket Shops

SO MUCH has been written on the subject of thrift that one hesitates to lay down rules designed to guide those seeking financial success. However, it is a fact that personal thrift, to most of us, is such an unpleasant duty that it is performed by the majority of people only in proportion to the frequency of the admonitions. Therefore, here are a few fundamentals which may serve more as reminders than rules for those interested in saving:

Start a bank account. Banks may break, but they are the safest known place to keep money. Money in the savings bank will work for you as you have worked for it. Idle money is as mischievous as idle people. The possession of even a small checking account advances one's standing in the community. The best receipts for bills paid are your checks which come back from the bank.

Make a budget. It is as necessary to the individual who would become successful as a compass and chart are to a ship at sea. Purchase life insurance and make your will. Men who love their families should spend a few dollars now, rather than permit a situation where the expenditure of many more dollars will fail to safeguard the futures of a widow and her children.

Investments should be made for safety rather than for large and quick returns. Money should not be invested in projects concerning which you are unable to inform yourself by personal examination, unless you are able to base your action on the advice of those who are specialists in the business concerned, and of whose absolute integrity you are assured. There are thousands of recognized financial institutions in the country managed by men of high character and undoubted honesty, and these concerns of experience and reputation value their standing more highly than any comparatively small amount they might earn unscrupulously.

SHALL WE FINANCE EUROPE OR AMERICA?—By Carl W. Ackerman

FROM 1915 to 1920, according to George M. Reynolds, Chairman of the Board of the Continental and Commercial National Bank of Chicago, we exported $19,000,000,000 of capital, cash or credit.

In other words, during these five years the American people loaned an average of nearly four billion dollars annually to foreign governments, cities, railways and industries, through the U. S. Treasury and the banks of the United States.

Last year, according to the Guaranty Trust Company of New York, foreign governments and foreign corporations obtained $650,000,000 more. This, however, is a conservative estimate. One of the bankers whom I know in New York estimates that we exported one billion dollars in 1921. In making this statement he called attention to the hundreds of millions of dollars which have been "*spurlos versenkt*" in the American market by private "investments" in Russian rubles, German marks, Austrian kronen, Italian lire and French francs and reams of foreign securities not included by the New York bank.

Thus, from 1915 to December 31, 1921, we exported twenty billion dollars of capital. From January 1, 1922, to March 17, as this article is written, that sum was increased by $225,000,000, the amount of money publicly obtained by foreign governments and corporations during the first eleven weeks of this year. Included in this figure are a few capital exports such as the following: $60,000,000 to Holland; $27,000,000 to Argentina; $11,000,000 to Canadian National Railways; $30,000,000 to the P. L. & M. Railway of France; £1,000,000 to Rumania; 25,000,000 francs to the Midi Railway of France; and so forth.

If we continue at this rate we shall export more than a billion dollars of capital before the dawn of 1923.

This is what Mr. Reynolds had in mind when he asked recently, "Shall we export capital or use it for American business?"

"Shall we finance Europe or our own country first?"

Home Needs for Billions

"WE TALK glibly of giving billions of credits to foreign countries to increase our farm exports," Herbert Hoover said, addressing the Interstate Commerce Commission. "I wish to say, with all responsibility for the statement," the Secretary of Commerce continued, "that a billion dollars spent upon American railways will give more employment to our people, more advance to our industry, more assistance to our farmers, than twice that sum expended outside the frontiers of the United States; and there will be greater security for the investor.

"A real program of construction would in its various ramifications give relief to five or six hundred thousand of our unemployed. It would enable even added numbers to increase their standards of living, and thus give increased market to the produce of our farmers. Our farmers, who look to foreign markets to buy their surplus, should stop to consider that our home consumption of meat decreased nearly seven pounds per capita in 1921, mostly owing to unemployment, and that if this decrease could be overcome it would be worth more than a 35 per cent increase in exports."

Mr. Reynolds, who interprets the sentiment of that broad fertile section of the United States, the Middle West, which Meredith Nicholson named The Valley of Democracy, answered the question of what we should do with our capital and what our national policy should be, in this way:

"Foreign trade for the United States is both necessary and desirable. There is no disagreement on this point among bankers, business men, economists, statesmen. However, in seeking a lead for the revival of American business, attention should not be focused on foreign trade to the exclusion of domestic business. American exports have constituted only some 6 to 8 per cent of the total sales of this country during the period of maximum exports. The domestic market is definitely under American control, to be revived if proper thought and action be taken. A clear ray of hope offers in the thought that measures looking toward business revival can be taken at home and at once. This does not mean that foreign trade, particularly in certain commodities, is not important. It does mean that the key to business revival lies in the domestic market and a more normal foreign trade than that of the calendar years of 1915–20.

"In determining the place of foreign trade," the Chicago banker added, "it is important to emphasize that a continuation of abnormal exports cannot be expected. American exports mounted both in value and volume to unprecedented proportions, particularly during the years 1915–20. But once the stimulation of extraordinary demand and dire necessity was withdrawn, there was a noticeable drift back to trade more in alignment with prewar trends. Any notion that the United States can go on indefinitely selling all kinds of goods in all markets

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PROOF AGAINST DARWIN

THE GALLOPING TIGER

By Nina Wilcox Putnam

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

"You Will Give Me Your Answer at the End of the Voyage, Won't You, Leopardess?"

IN OUR set, particularly among mother's friends, the things we find really amusing are usually forbidden by convention.

Further down town, in Greenwich Village, it is perfectly conventional to break all the conventions except the convention against being conventional. At first glance the average pleasure seeker might easily consider this condition of things satisfactory, and give up any further search for the perfect happiness which someone—Bernard Shaw, I think—so quaintly refers to as "the Blue Bird."

But the Blue Bird lives further south than Washington Square. It seems he is a native of Tahiti, and that the South Sea Islands have it all over Greenwich Village when it comes to personal liberty, self-expression, and allowing your own true self to emerge from your inhibitions and ramp around on its own completely untrammeled, because the South Sea Islanders apparently haven't even a convention against conventions.

What I mean, it's quite all right out there for a native deb to expand pretty well as much as she likes, and Marquesan mammas never say: "Now, my dear, don't dance that dreadful camel walk or take anything to drink; and if you allow Bobby to kiss you he will never come to see you again, I assure you!" Well, instead of pulling a line like that, the Marquesan mammas are reputed to smile sweetly and merely say "Hicky oi poi!" or something of that sort, which gently translated means "Go to it, my child, and enjoy yourself!"

No wonder everyone has gone simply mad about the South Seas this season! Why, just think of the scope that place offers a really live deb—one full of pep and health and ideas like, let us say, myself! I could groan aloud when I consider all the wasted years before I knew what Tahiti was like, and the fact that my youth was thrown away upon the stuffy air of Rosemere, Long Island, and a mere New York season! Also it makes me positively shudder to think that if I had never moved to the Village I would not have met Shackelton Salts, and if I had never met him I wouldn't have known a thing about the South Seas.

Of course mother didn't like my moving downtown. That, as I read it over, is a very mild statement of the fact. As a matter of plain truth she made the deuce of a row about it, and yet it was really she herself who drove me from my father's ancestral Park Avenue apartment. What I mean, she did so because she tried to enforce a lot of conventions which simply would not convene as far as I was concerned; and the end came after our having a terrible row about my staying overnight at Sylvia Glenning's and walking in to lunch next day, wearing a tangerine chiffon evening frock and gold slippers. Of course there was nothing in the least improper about this, but mother simply could not be made to see it from my point of view, and so we had this fearful row I was speaking of, and I got dad to allow me to take a studio on Eighth Street with Malvina Jones, a girl who was at Miss Spooner's with me.

For I decided that perhaps, all things considered, it was time for me to have a career of some sort. I wasn't at that time quite sure what kind, but it was to be a real career, not merely a social one, and finding myself was perfectly ripping, as Malvina pointed out. Everything I wanted to do uptown and was forbidden to, or at least circumvented from doing as far as the family could manage it, was absolutely *de rigeur* below Fourteenth Street; and all the things my own people thought proper, such as being on time for meals, paying one's bills, washing all over every day, being a Mrs. Somebody when one married, and getting as rich as possible—all these were considered almost indecent by Malvina's set. I will say that I found it a tremendous relief, throwing off all social responsibility, or, as Malvina put it, allowing the subconscious to animate my life habit.

Not that it, or anything else, animated Malvina very much. She was the limpest girl I ever knew, but full of ideas—Miss Spooner used to miscall them notions—and so, so different! At school I didn't think very much of Malvina because her mother was a writer and lecturer; queer, don't you know, and of course, as a mere ignorant schoolgirl I thought Malvina was queer too. Our set didn't approve of ideas, and a mother who called herself Miss and backed movements and presented bills to legislators—or no, I guess it was legislatures—well, anyway, Malvina's mother was modern, and so was Malvina, and that let her out as far as our bunch was concerned.

Malvina was lonely at Miss Spooner's school, and we girls rather thought she jolly well deserved it for being so darn intelligent. I expect her mother sent her there because she didn't know what else to do with her. And when Malvina finished at Miss Spooner's she didn't come out like the rest of us, because her mother didn't have any home to bring her out of, I suppose, and so Malvina just went out, instead. Went out to the Art League, and took up batik, which is a kind of dyeing that can never be a failure, because no matter how it comes out—streaks, spots, anything—the batikist always claims that it was just the effect she had been trying for, and nobody is in a position to contradict her.

Well, anyhow, the very day I had that awful row with mother and threatened to leave home forever and had not the remotest idea of how I was going to make good on my threat unless I married that stuffy, proper, old faithful Ted Stonewall, I was standing in Fifty-seventh Street looking mournfully at a green feather hat at forty-five dollars in Francine's window and realizing with bitterness that under the circumstances I couldn't very well go in and charge it to mother. As I was standing there, along came Malvina in a green hat too; only it was a green felt tam. She also had a portfolio under her arm and was wearing a ruined batik smock that was one of her most successful inspirations; an interpretation of a can of green peas, I think it was. And I was so low in mind I was actually glad to see her.

Malvina allowed me to take her to tea, although it was unfortunately the conventional hour for tea, and while she ate she listened to me most beautifully and understandingly.

"Look here, Pet Torrington!" she exclaimed when I had pretty nearly finished—which is a long time for one girl to allow another to talk. "Look here, what you need is work and freedom. I can see at a glance that you have grown intellectually in the year since we left school. You have bobbed your hair, for one thing—the first step toward true emancipation. I'll bet your people are trying to marry you off to some conventional man, and that they will be perfectly satisfied as soon as they see you trapped for life. I'll bet, furthermore, that they hamper and curb you at every turn!"

"Indeed they do!" I said eagerly. "Why, father has actually cut my allowance to five hundred a month! And since last night he's been threatening to take away my roadster. You see, we got pinched for speeding coming home, and he didn't like our being in evening clothes in the police court before noon. Dad is so painfully conventional!"

"That clearly shows how narrow your people are!" exclaimed Malvina. "Now, my mother has always urged me to express myself fully in every way. My only difficulty has been that I can't seem to find much to express. But I tell you what you do, Pet. Move down to my place, and meet some real people; learn to know yourself, and work. Work is the great solvent!"

"What kind of work?" I asked doubtfully. "I don't know how to do anything!"

"All the better!" Malvina exclaimed. "I will help you to find yourself. Work will come naturally. Try out a lot of things and eventually you will find your *métier*. I, for example, was a sculptor for a while, and then I dropped it and it broke to pieces. It was a group called The Fall of Man. And next I tried free verse, but I couldn't get any money for it. And then after a while I found—this!"

Malvina held up the tail of the green-pea effect as she spoke, and while I didn't think much of the smock I certainly was impressed with her ideas about living alone with her in a studio and having perfect freedom for self-expression, and when I found that there was a good garage right around the corner from her, why, I decided to try and make a woman of myself and find a career and allow my real nature to develop to the highest point so that I might be of greater value to society. Society in the most liberal sense, you know, with a capital "S" and all that!

And as Malvina was with me heart and soul, we went right to it. Malvina's mother only sent her thirty a week, so earnestness and inventiveness were about all she had to contribute. But she had a lot of those, and as I am promptness itself when I am trying to get away with anything, and mother was out and father still downtown, I gave up all idea of the green-feather hat at Francine's and put the remainder of my allowance into a van and two men, who obligingly went to the apartment with us at once and carted off my day bed and a big divan from my sitting room, and a long mirror and a few rugs and things; because Malvina had only a black cat called Poe, an easel and a spring cot for herself. We took my electric curler and my dressing silver, which is gold, in case we ever ran short of cash, and also a lamp, some books that Malvina wanted, a couple of lace-trimmed pillows, my blue satin comforter and the firedogs. Then Malvina thought we had enough and sent the men off with the load, while I got my

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MADE BY THE MAKERS OF CAMPBELL'S SOUPS

—with a sauce for a king!

What a challenge it is to your appetite—this spicy, delicious tomato sauce! How quickly you respond to it with a keener hunger and a greater pleasure in your food! Campbell's Beans are the select, meaty kind that have the true bean flavor. But their famous tomato sauce adds tenfold to your enjoyment. Slow-cooked, digestible beans that agree with you!

12 cents a can

Except in Rocky Mountain States and in Canada

Campbell's BEANS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

(Continued from Page 24)

new red roadster out of the garage and had the tank filled and oil put in and charged that to dad, and then with only a couple of armfuls of clothes, three hat boxes and my jewel case I left my parents' apartment—I thought it only fair to leave that much—and drove Malvina down the Avenue, smiling at all the cops as I went.

When this was done and I was comfortably settled in that great glorious big studio, why, I telephoned home and asked permission to move.

What happened subsequently I refuse to put on record; I think too much of my parents to tell all that I know about them.

However, I will say dad produced a larger vocabulary than I had ever dreamed he possessed, but that in the end permission was granted, nevertheless.

Which is how I came to know about the social revolution and Freud and batik and chop suey, and a lot of wonderful things like that which showed me how I had been wasting my time uptown. I could do practically whatever I liked without a tiresome family snooping around except once or twice a week when mother would turn up with a hamper exactly as if I were the poor or something. But for some reason, once the break was made, mother didn't object to anything. She seemed to realize that I was finding myself and looking for my life-work, and she was really very sensible about it, and I was left practically untrammeled in my new life until one afternoon when Ted Stonewall showed up.

Now Ted's family are year-around people out in Rosemere, where we have our summer home, and when we were kids mother didn't mind our playing together. I expect she knew that I'd get over my girlish fancy for Ted, and for once she was right. Ted was intellectually quite out of date, if you know what I mean, and his ideas about women were as antique as mother's. And of course I was not going to permit myself to stay in love with anyone who would cramp my style. Curiously enough the alikeness of their standards got him nothing with mother after we grew up. I suppose his father being coal and wood was the reason for that. Certainly she had never of late years encouraged his coming around. And so when he turned up at the studio with a hamper from her I was a good bit surprised, until I realized that he had probably worked it so as to get to see me.

"Hello, La Bohème!" he greeted me as he swung the big basket to the refractory table with an easy lift of his broad shoulders. "Gee! This place is as big as Art Jones' photo-studio-six-dollars-a-dozen-finished-while-you-wait, down home!"

"Ted, don't be crude!" I admonished, digging into the hamper to make sure there was quince jam. There was, and so I turned back to Ted. "Don't be facetious, Ted, it's so bourgeois! This is a real studio—my workshop!"

"And where is your work?" Ted wanted to know with that disconcerting directness of his.

"I haven't found my true work yet, Ted," I replied crossly. "But when I do find it I shall work at it here."

"Oh!" said Ted. Then he came over and stood very close to me in that way which used to comfort and at the same time rather frighten me in the old days before I became an intellectual. "Don't you know what your true work is?" he asked softly.

"No!" said I, trying to break away.

"Well, I do!" he said. "It's to marry me; that's work enough."

"Oh, Ted, you are really impossible!" I cried, freeing my hands, which he had somehow managed to get hold of. "Don't be ridiculous, please! I shall never marry. And as for finding my work in the home, just forget it! Don't talk to me about domesticity; it's cold, old priceless!"

"It's never cold, to my mind!" said Ted soberly. "I say, Pet, you don't take this bunch down here seriously, do you?"

"Of course I do!" I said hotly. "I'm thinking, for the first time in my life, and I'm enjoying it!"

"Thinking about what?" said Ted.

"Oh, about art and life and beauty," I said, "and, of course, work!"

"But what work?" persisted Ted. "Look here, Pet, I believe this crew you're running around with is a bunch of fakes! Don't let them put anything over on you, dear. The real art in this world lies in the simple, fundamental things: in happy homes, fine children, in things which grow in the clear air, not in stuffy cellar cafés!"

"Ted Stonewall, you have no right to speak of my friends like that!" I retorted. "You think I am living down here among a bunch of cheap, fake Bohemians, but you are wrong. Do you call Shackelton Salts a fake?"

"I have heard of him—from your mother," said Ted, plainly impressed. "The chap that wrote those Deep Sea Chanteys?"

"Yes, that's the one!" I said triumphantly. "He's a very especial friend of mine—very! He's published seven volumes of sea poems—only two at his own expense," I went on—"and he's a very wonderful person. He's been around the Horn ten times, I think it is."

"Got Masefield lashed to the mast!" murmured Ted, but I pretended not to hear.

"I'm very fond of Shack," I went on. "And nobody, not even you, can deny that those are great sea poems. Then there is Shamus O'Shamus, who wrote Glimpses. And, oh—lots more real people!"

"Well, could you endure the company of a mere low-brow musical-comedy hound for one evening?" inquired Ted. "Because if so I would like to have you dine with me."

"Oh, Ted!" I said regretfully. "I'd love to, but I have already asked Shack to dine with me!"

"And he accepted?" said Ted in a peculiar tone. "Well, then, perhaps he won't mind if I bring Malvina along, and you all dine with me?"

"That will fix it splendidly!" I cried, relieved. "And some of the others are sure to drift in. Oh, Ted, I do want you to meet my new friends and see just how perfectly splendid they are."

"Don't be Ridiculous, Please! I Shall Never Marry. And as for Finding My Work in the Home, Just Forget It!"

"Good!" said Ted. "That's exactly what I came downtown for!"

An hour later we were seated in the café of the old French hotel, and I looked about the table with pride, for just as I had foretold, the bunch had gathered around. Really, it scarcely seemed possible that a few short weeks ago these people, all but Malvina and Ted, had been utter strangers to me. Why, I had not even heard of them, and now we were on first-name terms. They certainly were a distinguished-looking crowd, and it was just wonderful to be sitting there among people who did things!

First in importance came Shackelton Salts, of course, with his magnificent physique—and it is truly wonderful, only perhaps just a little thick about the middle—well, anyway, with it thrown gracefully into his mirrored corner and a new suit of corduroys, the shirt open at his great strong throat, as he bade us notice, his mat of yellow hair fairly standing on end as always when he was excited—and of course he was always excited, and usually pounding the table.

Then there was my Malvina, very limp in a yellow batik smock, but so emancipated under it all, and Zelda Rosen you know, the organizer who split the buttonhole makers' union. Just now she wasn't splitting anything except a baked potato, but she did it with a single-mindedness and fierce determination which made me realize how powerful her personality was—that, and her powerful black hair and strong little figure. Zelda was the daughter of a Lower East Side tailor and was the living proof of our utter democracy. Next to her sat Edouard Roulande, the sculptor; awfully modern stuff, he does; in fact, he is the founder and one of the very few members of the Adaptive School of Sculpture, which never uses original material but takes something that is symbolic of the idea they want to interpret, and uses it as a foundation. For example, Ed's statue called Smoke was made entirely of old cigar boxes, and attracted a great deal of attention at the last Independent Exhibition. Next to him was Ted, wisely silent, but absorbing a steak, and on Ted's other hand sat Shamus O'Shamus, the author of Glimpses; a dear boy, so full of romance, and the most perfect dancer. Besides all of which he was the great Irish patriot, you know. At least his other book, the one about the Horrors of Belfast, was a great success. Shamus had never been in Ireland himself, but he changed his name from James Jameson to its present form of his own accord, and he feels very strongly about the Irish. I'm not just sure on which side.

I felt sorry for poor old practical Ted, silently eating away in his corner, completely swamped by the brilliant talk of the others. He seemed so out of it and so commonplace, compared with the rest of our little group, that I pitied him sincerely. Particularly because he was so utterly unaware of his crudity. My heart ached for him—or would have, only I remembered in time that, as Malvina often says, the commonplace is always unforgivable.

The talk had for some time been upon Russia, as it usually was among us at one time or another during an evening. Zelda was always bringing it up because her aunt's husband was killed in a pogrom or a droshky, I don't quite remember which.

"See what an unservable little capitalistic potato!" she exclaimed. "In spite of the lies of the kept press, I'd take an oath that the free peasantry of revolutionary Russia grow larger potatoes than that!"

All of a sudden Ted emerged from his retired corner.

"Believe me, then, they hid 'em mighty well when I was over there with the Red Cross!" said Ted.

"You were in Russia!" exclaimed Zelda. "Camerad! Tell us about it!"

"Nothing to tell that the papers haven't told," replied Ted. "Slush, cold, hunger, disease and slavery. All this freedom stuff is bunk!"

"Ah!" said Zelda. "You probably only saw what you were meant to see! You probably never got to know the truth!"

"Well, I was only there six months," Ted admitted, and returned to his steak.

"Truth," said Shackelton Salts, "is a strange, elusive thing.

"We are afraid to look for it—because it's unclothed, you know, and we are a nation of prudes!"

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The Greatest Year In Hupmobile History

Sales Everywhere Mounting to Larger Volume With Each Succeeding Month

THIS year will be the greatest, in sales volume, of all the 14 years of Hupmobile history.

The first month of this year was the greatest January in the records of the Hupmobile.

In February, the smashing increase in demand topped January by 35 per cent.

March rapidly gathered further momentum and recorded the greatest month of selling the Hupmobile has ever known.

Thus it has gone and is going, week after week and month after month, all over the country.

Public Sifting Out All Car Values

It is clear now that the six months' total will almost reach the entire production for the largest year the car has ever had.

The reason for this tremendous growth is perfectly plain.

The public has settled down to a sifting process—to a process that is leading thousands straight to the Hupmobile.

The Hupmobile is in tune with the spirit of the day—a spirit that seeks out that which is substantial, that which is sure, that which is saving, and that which renders service.

Traveling side by side with this swiftly speeding and greater appreciation, is an equally impressive demand for used Hupmobiles.

As we have told you in recent announcements, used Hupmobiles are a live asset all over the United States.

Confirm this by looking over your own local newspapers.

Offerings of used Hupmobiles are few and far between, and they are eagerly sought by waiting buyers.

New Buyers Come From High and Low Priced Fields

In large proportion, this great influx of new Hupmobile buyers is coming from two sources. One is the field far above the Hupmobile in price, the other the field far below it in price.

The Hupmobile has never sought comparison or competition with cars of lesser price and huge volume production.

But in many cases it is actually outselling the best of the cars whose strongest appeal is price.

There is not a distributor or dealer on our books who has not increased his orders and sold the increase.

There is scarcely a dealer who does not report remarkable instances of buyers abandoning costlier cars for the Hupmobile—and scores of others discarding cars of lower price because they are convinced of the greater economy of the Hupmobile.

That economy, of course, consists in the greater freedom of the Hupmobile from repairs, and its lower upkeep costs.

Greater Economy an Established Fact

Tested out time and again in business fleets, the Hupmobile has proved that it is a more economical car than those in the higher priced field, and the best of the lower priced as well.

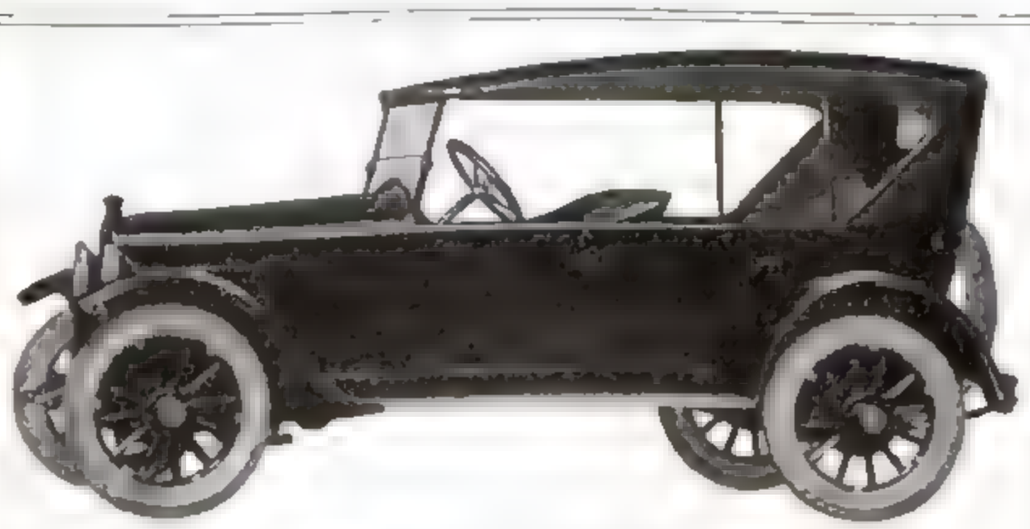
More economical because this Hupmobile is built as all Hupmobiles have always been built—in shops with the will and the equipment to do the same precise and painstaking work; with the same high quality, tested materials; that go into the world's finest motorcars.

Hupp Motor Car Corporation
Detroit, Michigan

High Lights in Hupmobile's Greatest Year

Official reports from scores of points throughout the country indicate the tremendous increase in Hupmobile retail sales. Comparison is made with 1920, the greatest previous year. Figures are the latest available in complete form, at the time this tabulation is made. These few examples are typical of our sales everywhere.

Boston	January and February, 1922, greater than same months, 1920, by—	100%
Detroit	January and February, 1922, greater than same months, 1920, by—	53%
Chicago	January and February, 1922, greater than same months, 1920, by—	238%
Minneapolis	January and February, 1922, greater than same months, 1920, by—	30%
St. Louis	January and February, 1922, greater than same months, 1920, by—	82%
Los Angeles	January and February, 1922, greater than same months, 1920, by—	27%



Style—Beauty—Luxurious Comfort

Touring Car, $1250 Roadster, $1250 Roadster-Coupe, $1,[illegible] Coupé, $1855 Sedan, $1055
Cord Tires on all models—Prices F. O. B. Detroit—Revenue Tax Extra

Hupmobile

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"Oh, pshaw, Shack!" said Edouard languidly. "You love to talk about nudity because you're stuck on your shape. You are getting fat, though—you ought to train down!"

"Train down!" shouted Shack. "How under heaven can I do that in this mad country? How can I live a free, healthy, natural life when I have to go around in clothes—the most unnatural things in the world? How?"

"Ye ought to go to the South Seas, Shack," put in Shamus. "I've been reading that Murphy book, The Shadowy South Seas. Great stuff! The place would suit ye, man! Faith, it would suit myself pretty good, as well!"

"The Shadowy South Seas!" I exclaimed. "Oh, that's a wonderful book! It makes you want to jump right on a boat and start for Tahiti!"

"Those Marquesans are real people!" declared Malvina, giving them her highest praise. "Utterly unconventional, and the only clothing they wear is batik. How I'd adore to go there and compare batiks with them!"

"By heavens, you are right!" exclaimed Shack, replying to Ed, however, not to Malvina. "I ought to go to the South Sea Islands! Do you know, in all my voyages before the mast I have never sailed the South Seas? That is to say, not seriously. Think of the glorious freedom of life on those islands! You are right, Ed—that Murphy book is a masterpiece. I would certainly like to go out to Tahiti. Every poet ought to go there! By thunder, I have an idea! Think what a magnificent thing it would be if an army of poets and sculptors and artists invaded Tahiti intent to live the glad, free life of the islands; to lie under the breadfruit trees and make verses, with no beastly editors and landlords around; with not a care in the world and no effort to make except to dance about. Think of it! Glorious! Marvelous! By heaven, if I had a seaworthy boat I'd take you all there! We'd leave this poisonous, artificial life behind us, and in Tahiti we would produce art that would conquer the world!"

I was simply paralyzed by his marvelous eloquence and by the inspirational light on his rugged face. But I was a little surprised at his referring to the Village as poisonously artificial, because he usually assured me that I was seeing true freedom there. Well, of course, Tahiti would be a whole lot freer; I had to admit that, even before Edouard took up the theme.

"An art ship to Tahiti!" he murmured, lifting his pale face and half closing his eyes. "Exquisite! I was on a ship once! If it could only come true!"

"If I could only sell some stuff I'd take you all!" exclaimed Shackelton. "I'd buy a ship—a sailing ship, for who would want to find romance under steam? Then I'd hoist the fair white sails, cast off, and then—ah, then!"

"By Jove, Shack, my boy!" said Shamus pettishly. "I wish ye wouldn't make such talk, with the winter soon to be upon us and my bones aching for the warmth of the sun! I'd go on that trip of yours for the shake of a cat's tail."

"So would I!" put in Zelda, who had finished her capitalistic potato, skin and all. "The trouble with those Marquesans is that they are not organized. How can they resist the invasion of the white man unless they have a union? I'd whip them into shape, so that authors would have to get a permit from the Hula-hula Union Local No. 1 before they would be allowed to land!"

"Friends!" exclaimed Shack. "If only we could do it! That mythical sailing boat—a schooner, preferably! She has captured my fancy utterly! No hired crew, you understand. We would sail it ourselves! Think of a crew of artists setting sail for the South Seas, the black ship dipping like a gull, the fierce white foam kissing her sides! The crew singing 'A deep sea, a cruel sea, between my blue-eyed love and me'!"

"How beautiful!" said I.

"It's the first poem in my second volume of sea ballads," breathed Shack, turning directly to me. "Think of that voyage, with you beside me, Leopardess! A ship, a ship, my kingdom for a ship!"

Then Ted, who had been watchfully smoking and looking keenly from one to another of us without joining in at all, spoke quietly.

"I can let you have a ship," said he. "Two-masted schooner in splendid shape; everything aboard her but the crew. I took her for a bad debt."

For a moment there was an incredulous silence. Then Shackelton leaned toward Ted, and they stared at each other like two dogs who are not quite sure whether to fight or not. Then Shack sort of wagged his tail.

"Do you mean that, or are you kidding?" he demanded, as we listened breathlessly.

"Never more serious in my life!" replied Ted, removing his pipe from between his strong white teeth and smiling in his pleasant way. "She's a sixty-foot schooner, two masts, full-rigged, sleeps ten people and has a gasoline kicker. Name, Sadie Brown of Boston. She is in sound condition and you are more than welcome to use her. With crews on strike I didn't know quite what to do with her. You have shown me!"

"Old man!" said Shackelton after an almost imperceptible hesitation. "Done with you!" And the two shook hands solemnly.

"Look Here, Pet Torrington!" She Exclaimed, "What You Need is Work and Freedom"

"This is a great opportunity," Shack went on. "Think of the publicity! Why, it's the biggest sort of a Sunday story! I can't tell you what a wonderful thing you have done!"

"Not yet, you can't," said Ted; "so don't try. I'm not sure just what I've done, myself. But the boat is yours to command; on one condition—that you let me come along!"

Well, we just about got up and cheered at that! We were almost put out of the hotel for it—Zelda afterward claimed that we actually were, but I still think it was only the ordinary closing time. However, we certainly made a big row over Ted, and then we parted reluctantly out in front, after first agreeing to meet next morning at ten at the wharf where the Sadie was tied up, and look her over. Ted took Malvina and me home—that is, to the studio. Once there he somehow managed to see me alone for a moment.

"Pet," said he, "Mr. Shackelton Salts seems very devoted to you. Does it mean anything?"

"I—don't ask me, Ted!" I begged. "I—well, I haven't made up my mind about him yet. I want to wait and get to know him better!"

"I see!" said Ted thoughtfully. "Well, you will, on this trip. Do you mind my coming along?"

"Mind, you old honey!" I exclaimed. "Mind your coming on a party that has any stunt I ever did before trimmed down the neck? That puts it all over any party I ever dreamed of? Why, little angel face! There is only one thing I'll mind, and that is if mother tries to stop my going. Oh, Ted, she must not stop it! You help me to persuade her!"

Ted looked around guiltily, to make sure that nobody was about. Nobody was, for Malvina had gone to bed.

"Pet!" he whispered suddenly. "How about sneaking up to the Crystal Room at the Ritz for a little toddle? Your mother has a table there to-night, and it's only twelve o'clock!"

"We—you—she might ——" I began hurriedly. "Oh, Ted, I'd love to! Only promise faithfully you will never tell Malvina that I did such a dreadfully conventional thing!"

Next morning it was Shackelton Salts who came to get me and take me down to see the schooner, for Ted having business at his new Park Row offices had promised to meet us at Pier 13 at ten o'clock.

Shack came around to our place at eleven minutes past, and I took him and Malvina down in the red roadster.

"Do you know anything about boats, Pet?" he asked, his soulful eyes fixed upon me devotedly.

"Of course I do!" I replied. "I've been to Europe three times!"

"That's fine!" said Shack relievedly. "The more of us that understand sailing, the better. Shamus says he went to South America on a sailing boat during the war, and Ed has read a lot of sea stories and feels that he can easily put into practice what he remembers from them. How about your plutocratic friend Stonewall?"

"Oh, Ted isn't a plute," I explained. "He's just a beginner at business, although he's making awfully good. But when it comes to sailing a boat—why, he's been doing that every summer all his life.

"Ted can sail a boat as easily as you can write beautiful poetry!"

Shack smiled delightedly at that, and I am happy to say his attitude toward Ted became distinctly more cordial from then on.

Well, when we finally got to the wharf, there was Ted sitting on a post and smoking his little old pipe with all the patience of who was it on a monument? Anyway, there he was, and it turned out that although a little late we were the first upon the scene. Malvina flapped up to him at once, an anxious expression on her face.

"Oh, Mr. Stonewall!" she cried. "Do you really think it is all right to leave your boat at Pier 13?"

"Good morning!" said Ted. "Yes, it's all right, of course. Surely you are not superstitious?"

"Oh, no!" disclaimed Malvina. "Only you see, thirteen is supposed to be unlucky and the idea of ill luck once associated with anything may influence one's subconscious thought, that's all. I only mean that by association of ideas some of us might actually though unconsciously induce ill luck!"

"Well, it hasn't hurt the old boat any so far," Ted commented. "Hello, here comes the rest of the bunch. And it's only eleven o'clock."

The others were indeed coming down the pier, en masse, Shamus in a rather soiled white middy blouse, which he had dug up goodness knows where; Zelda in her mannish tweeds and no hat; and Edouard in his immaculate sculptor's smock, looking paler than ever, if possible. A handful of rude and shockingly sophisticated small boys were following them.

"Behold the faithful—our romantic seafarers!" cried Shack in his beautiful liquid voice. "Welcome, dear adventurers!"

"Aye, aye, captain!" cried Shamus, coming to a sort of marine salute. "The top of the morning to ye all!"

"It's not the top, it's halfway down the morning!" commented Ted, the mean thing, spoiling the whole effect. "Come on in, friends. The Sadie's warped to the far end and I've got to get back to the office!"

"Just a moment!" exclaimed Shackelton with one of his fine, strong gestures. "One moment! Before we stir from this spot something has got to be set right. Shamus here has used a most opprobrious term. He addressed me—or one of us—as captain. Now to my mind, on a voyage of this kind—a quest after sheer beauty, made by comrades in the arts—there can be no question of officers. No captain, no mate, no crew; but only a oneness, a perfect, free and glad coöperation between us all. No one should hold

(Continued on Page 112)

What Type of Asbestos Roofing?

This chart will help you decide

Kind of Building	Type of Asbestos Roofing	Brand or Trade Name
Small buildings	Slate surfaced roll roofing or shingles	Flexstone—red or green
Dwellings $3,000 $7,000	Slate surfaced roll roofing or shingles, or rigid asbestos shingles	Flexstone—red or green; rigid—red, brown or gray
Dwellings $7,000 $25,000	Rigid asbestos shingles	Standard or extra thick—red, brown, gray or blended
Dwellings $25,000 upwards	Rigid asbestos shingles	Colorblende—five-tone, brown with or without red or gray accidentals
Factories, shops and mills—Monitor and Sawtooth roofs*	3 or 4 ply ready roofing	Johns-Manville Asbestos Ready Roofing or Built-up Roofing
Flat roofs—all buildings*	Built-up roofing	Johns-Manville Built-up Roofing
Skeleton frame buildings—standard conditions*	Corrugated asbestos roofing with steel reinforcement	Johns-Manville Corrugated Asbestos Roofing
Skeleton frame buildings—excessive temperature or condensation conditions*	Corrugated asbestos roofing without steel reinforcement	Johns-Manville Transite Corrugated Asbestos Wood Roofing

*Note—Industrial buildings call for expert advice. A roofing expert is available at all Johns-Manville Branches.

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Others will seek permanence and durability.

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Only a few cents more—yet in addition to permanence you get fire-safety. Johns-Manville Asbestos Roofings will withstand the intense heat of a plumber's blow torch. Any dealer will quickly prove this to your satisfaction. Each type is given highest rating in its class by Underwriters' Laboratories, Inc.

Asbestos Roofing is made by Johns-Manville in many forms: shingles, artistic in colors and shapes, for homes; roll-roofing for the sloping roofs of garages or small industrial buildings; or built-up, layer upon layer, on the great roof-decks of commercial structures. (See chart on left.)

The most striking attribute of Johns-Manville Asbestos Roofing is not its fire-safety and weather-resistance, not its economy and permanence, not the single fact that it never needs painting or refinishing; but rather the fact that all these qualities are combined in this one roofing. The universal roofing is Johns-Manville Asbestos.

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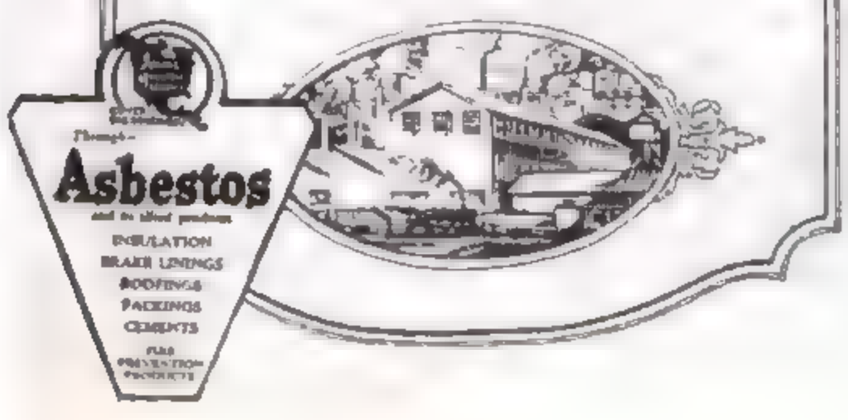

JOHNS-MANVILLE
Asbestos Roofing

Jim Henry's Column

More about Water

It is a curious trait of human nature that no one likes to follow directions.

How many times have you been lost because you thought you knew better than the road map?

Or, to be more specific, have you ever read and followed the instructions which come wrapped around each tube of Mennen Shaving Cream?

Of course, Mennen's will give great results no matter how you use it, but just the same you will never experience the perfect Mennen shave until you obey the rules.

These instructions (I wrote them myself) say to use three times as much water as you formerly used with old-fashioned soap. Yet, so far as my observation goes, most men use only the first brushful of water and, as a result, get a thin coat of whitewash instead of the heavy bank of lather they could build up if they would only use a lot of water.

Now, this extra water has a lot to do with putting your beard into a proper condition to be shaved.

One reason why Mennen's is so much better is because its lather holds so large a quantity of water.

Please do it my way just once. Start the lather on the point of your chin and gradually spread. Then keep adding water—a little at a time. It is amazing how much water you can pack into Mennen lather. Until you have exposed your beard to a three-minute, complete saturation with Mennen lather, you will never know the joy of operating on a thoroughly licked beard.

Just to fill up the column, I want to plead with you to learn what comfort there is in Mennen Talcum for Men for after shaving and bathing. It is neutral in tone and doesn't show. I'll send samples of Shaving Cream and Talcum for Men for 10 cents.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

THE MENNEN COMPANY
NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.

THE INSIDE STORY OF THE A. E. F.

(Continued from Page 5)

of 45–50 and boys of 17. France is done. The American soldiers will not be ready to fight as an army until late in 1918. Our experience proves that meanwhile we must keep the fight going. Even half-trained American companies or battalions would fight well if mixed with 2 or 3 years veterans. Beg H. to consider this favorably. Yours, D. L. G.

The inclosure to which the British Prime Minister referred was a memorandum, as follows: "Obviously Germany has a better chance of winning the war before America can exert her full strength than she will have after. It follows that she may try to win it during the next eight months or so. I believe she will. Russia's defection enables her greatly to strengthen her forces on the west or Italian front, or on both, and to try to get the decision. Italy will be weak for some months to come; the man power of France is rapidly diminishing: we cannot yet see our way to keeping our divisions even approximately up to strength throughout next summer, especially if there is heavy fighting this winter—which will probably be the German game—while America requires several months before she can put an appreciable force of divisions into the field.

"Would America, therefore, be ready to help in another way, as a temporary measure? When she first came into the war we hoped she might send some men for inclusion in the British armies, as being clearly the quickest way of helping; but for reasons we quite understand, she preferred to retain her national identity. No doubt she still desires to do so, but over and above the preparation of her divisions, and without interfering with it, would it be possible for her to provide a company of infantry to replace a British company in such a number of British battalions as America could bring over men? Even 100 such companies would be of the greatest value. Every consideration would, of course, be given to the companies, and if desired they could later on be recalled and posted to the American divisions. It is thought that this mingling of American and British troops would establish a close and cordial feeling between the two armies, and would also give the American troops useful training. If this system is not possible would America find a battalion to replace a British battalion in as many brigades as possible? There would be no insuperable difficulty in meeting American wishes in such matters as discipline, rations and general maintenance. The only difficulty is American national sentiment, which we quite understand.

"On the other hand, the system suggested is clearly one which would the most rapidly afford much-needed help during, perhaps, the most critical period of the war."

General Petain's Proposal

While pressure was being brought to bear overseas by both French and British, each government was exerting its influence in Washington, also, to accomplish the same end. The War Department cabled the American commander in chief on December 25, 1917: "Both English and French are pressing upon the President their desires to have your forces amalgamated with theirs by regiments and companies, and both express belief in impending heavy drive by Germans somewhere along the lines of the western front. We do not desire loss of identity of our forces, but regard that as secondary to the meeting of any critical situation by the most helpful use possible of the troops at your command. The difficulty of course is to determine where the drive or drives of the enemy will take place, and in advance of some knowledge on that question, any redistribution of your forces would be difficult. The President, however, desires you to have full authority to use the forces at your command as you deem wise in consultation with the French and British Commanders-in-chief . . . the President's sole purpose being to acquaint you with the representations made here and to authorize you to act with entire freedom in making the best disposition and use of your forces as appears to be possible to accomplish the main purposes in view."

Three days later General Petain presented a French plan for using American troops.

Writing on December 28, 1917, he said: "Since the time when the first programs were fixed for the American forces, the general situation has been modified by the Russian disloyalty and Italian events.

"A menace by the enemy of an imminent, large-scale general offensive on the French front obliges us to utilize all resources, not omitting the support of the American forces.

"Without prejudice to the duration of the war, it is then believed that we cannot wait for these troops to be organized and instructed as would have been desired had we made our dispositions in the tranquillity of considerable time."

General Petain then outlined his proposition, which was to incorporate the Americans with the French forces, one American regiment to each French division. In urging its acceptance he emphasized the importance of hastening instruction so that, in case of need, the French could draw on the better units of the American forces available.

In regard to these proposals the American commander in chief cabled the War Department: "Do not think emergency now exists that would warrant our putting companies or battalions into British or French divisions, and would not do so except in grave crisis."

To the French he said: "As to the question of placing American units in French divisions for actual service, there are many real obstacles in the way. The differences of language, military methods and national characteristics above referred to would seriously hinder complete coöperation necessary in combat. Moreover, the American people would not approve of giving up the integrity of our organization and scattering it among French and British units. Such a plan would prevent the final building up of a cohesive, aggressive, self-reliant American force which must be depended upon to deliver the final blows necessary to end the war."

General Pershing's Note

The training of the American troops in France had not progressed with the speed desired. Those of us who were over there in the winter of 1917–18 will never forget the maddening delays, or the general despondency among the French and British forces and the French population, induced by the collapse of Russia, and German triumphs in that direction; the Italian debacle, in which 300,000 men, 3000 guns and enormous stores were lost to the enemy; the failure of the Allied armies to achieve anything more than local attacks which proved wholly insufficient against the German defense, despite a superiority on the Western Front in 1917 of 20 per cent in strength; and finally the failure of American help to reach the battlefront, after the Allies had been led to hope for our participation in force before winter set in.

This delay was partly due to the shipping situation, but the handicap of French tutelage had a lot to do with it also. A memorandum written by a member of the American General Staff stated: "Reports have been made by several officers whose units have been most closely associated with French units and, while appreciating the value of French assistance, the opinion is very generally expressed that beyond the details of trench tactics, our troops have made better progress under their own instructors and according to our own methods. This, of course, does not apply to our staff officers, who have derived great benefit from association with corresponding French staffs."

Finding that the American commander in chief could not be bent to accept their views, the French proceeded to go over his head to Washington. General Pershing wrote to M. Clemenceau on January 5, 1918, Clemenceau being then President of the Council.

"Dear Mr. President: Permit me to quote the following cablegram from the War Department at Washington: 'The French Ambassador called on Secretary of War to-day and read to him a dispatch from M. Clemenceau to the effect that General Pershing and General Petain had conferred as to the wisdom of seasoning of American troops by attaching their regimental units to French divisions before committing a part of the line to an American division made up of troops not so accustomed to actual front conditions. M. Clemenceau's cablegram stated that General Pershing had reported himself and General Petain in substantial agreement on this subject, but General Petain conveyed to M. Clemenceau an opposite opinion. The French urge the action outlined above as being safer for the American troops than it would be to give them at once an independent place in the line, and urge very strongly that the Secretary of War here accept their view and commend it to you. This the Secretary of War is not willing to do, desiring to leave the matter wholly within your discretion, after full consideration of the important elements of the matter.'

"May I not suggest to you, my dear Mr. President, the inexpediency of communicating such matters to Washington by cable? These questions must all be settled here, eventually, on their merits, through friendly conference between General Petain and myself, and cables of this sort are very likely, I fear, to convey the impression in Washington of serious disagreement between us when such is not the case.

"With cordial sentiments of high personal esteem and regard ——"

The answer given by Secretary of War Baker to the French Ambassador on this occasion was in line with his whole conduct of American effort in the war. He made his appointments, and then he stuck by those men through thick and thin. No matter what political pressure was brought to bear on him, Baker steadfastly insisted on decisions being made by the man on the spot. Speaking at a dinner after the war Pershing paid the secretary the public tribute of saying that no commander in chief in American history had been so loyally supported by his chief.

In my opinion Mr. Baker was much underestimated by the general public. He was a man of exceptional breadth of knowledge and accurate information on many subjects, a man of extraordinary precision of mind, and the courage to stand by his decisions.

Critical Months

Troops were not arriving as fast as the commander in chief had recommended, and on December second he cabled the War Department: "It is of the utmost importance to the Allied cause that we move swiftly. The minimum number of troops we should plan to have in France by the end of June is 4 Army Corps of 24 divisions, in addition to troops of service of the rear. . . . This figure is given as the lowest we should think of and is placed no higher because the limit of available transportation would not seem to warrant it. Paragraph 4. A study of transportation facilities shows sufficient American tonnage to bring over this number of troops, but to do so there must be a reduction in the tonnage allotted to other than Army needs. It is estimated that the shipping needed will have to be rapidly increased up to 2,000,000 tons by May, in addition to the amount already allotted. The use of shipping for commercial purposes must be curtailed as much as possible. The Allies are very weak and we must come to their relief this year, 1918. The year after may be too late. It is very doubtful if they can hold on until 1919 unless we give them a lot of support this year. It is therefore strongly recommended that a complete readjustment of transportation be made."

At the beginning of 1918 the general situation can best be summed up in the words of a report compiled for the General Staff: "(a) The offensive during the first part of 1918 appears to have definitely passed into the hands of Germany, and this advantage will probably be retained by her until 1919.

"(b) Germany's probable superiority during 1918 will be such as to cause her to seek to bring about a war of manoeuver. But Germany cannot be sure of bringing about such a result, and her choice of the regions in which to launch her offensive will be modified by the necessity of inflicting a great moral blow on the Allies as the minimum result of her efforts.

"(d) France is especially sensitive concerning the region St. Mihiel-St. Quentin, while England is especially sensitive concerning the regions contiguous to the

(Continued on Page 32)

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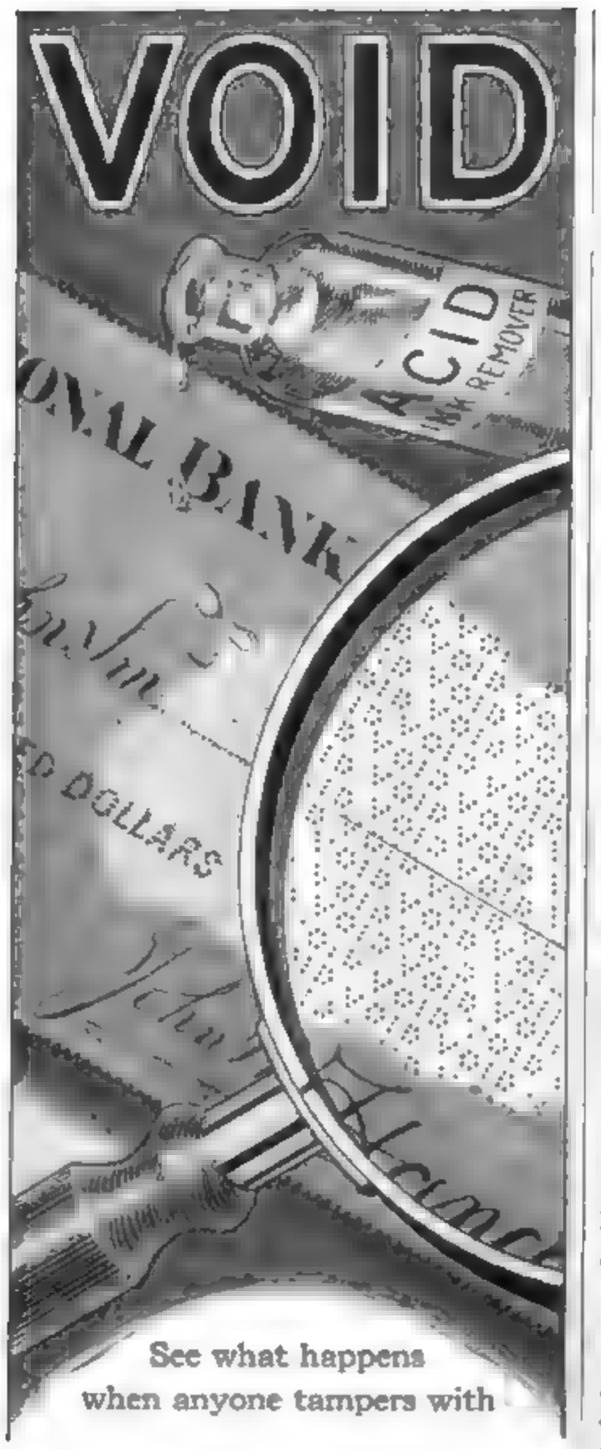

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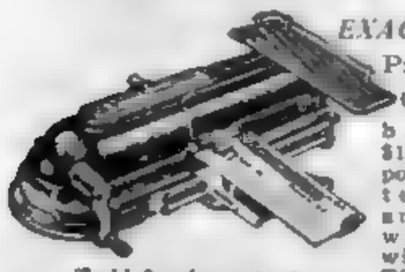

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(Continued from Page 30)

Channel ports. This sensitiveness is such as to make it possible for Germany to choose her objectives in such a way as to reduce the cooperation between the French and English.

"(g) . . . We must bear a principal part in the main offensive for the reason that the other countries have suffered nearly all the important losses they will stand except in defense.

"(h) During the early part of 1918 our troops will not be instructed, equipped, or sufficiently numerous to take a materially great part in the war. They will not therefore be suitable for a general reserve. As a last resort they must, of course, be used to the last man, but to parcel them out and use them up prematurely in piecemeal means eliminating the possibility of launching a great Allied offensive in 1919.

"Political situation: To take full account of political considerations it is necessary to inquire not only into national aspirations but also into national antipathies and possible ulterior motives of governments. . . . France desires Alsace-Lorraine. It is believed that many French people suspect ulterior motives on the part of the English. . . . The British consider that the French methods are unreasonable in many cases and feel that the French are more interested in having their own ideas prevail than in winning the war. . . .

"England, France and the United States all contain certain elements who realize more fully the national necessities for after-the-war commerce than they realize that the war must be won before an after-the-war commerce can be established. Whether or not the above estimates are correct, it is undoubtedly true that the French and English relations are none too harmonious. It seems equally true that each of the nations is jealous lest the other's influence over America be greater than their own."

Shortage of Man Power

"In favor of throwing our forces in with the English, we find the increased morale which would benefit England. Due to the exceedingly heavy losses, with but little corresponding gain, which the British suffered in 1917, there appears to be little doubt that the present political and moral condition of England is less favorable than is that of France. It is to be remembered, however, that this condition may only last for a moment.

"Against changing our plans—to be more intimately associated on land with the French than with the British—we must consider the suspicions which would be raised in the French mind, suspicions which would be aggravated by German propaganda. . . . It has been suggested that it would be desirable to place our troops between the British and the French. It is difficult for us to avoid friction now, and to place our forces between those of our allies would increase our difficulties. We are on French soil and must use French facilities and it would appear we must get along with the French unless we decide to turn all our forces over unreservedly to the British.

"The constantly increasing efforts which not only the British but the French are making to induce us to put our troops into their units seems to be indicative of a growing necessity for raising the morale of our Allies and of a deep anxiety on their part concerning the possibilities of the next few months."

Only one American division had appeared on any portion of the front up to the first weeks of January, 1918, training not having been completed; but we had in France at the opening of the new year more than 176,000 troops. Our Allies began to feel the delay acutely and to regard the future with forebodings.

The British thereupon made another proposition, on January tenth, this time to secure 150,000 American replacements for their forces. A memorandum from General Sir William Robertson, Chief of the Imperial General Staff, set forth the plan. As it was discussed in conference later I will give only the substance here. Sir William referred to Russia's defection and the extent of the Italian disaster, emphasized the diminished man power of France and stated that heavy losses had compelled the British to cut down their divisions from twelve to nine battalions. On the other hand the Germans had placed twelve more divisions on the Western Front, bringing them from the east, so whereas the combined French and British divisions were fewer by eleven than they had been, Germany's strength had increased to a net gain of thirty-nine divisions. General Robertson conveyed the information that Germany could bring forty more divisions to the Western Front by the summer, but Britain would have 25 per cent less infantry by then.

"If France and England do not receive substantial American military assistance before the summer," he said, "the assistance America is now preparing may come too late to admit of the entente securing the kind of peace for which they are fighting."

Again: "The main difficulty in making your help available lies in sea transport, and from this point of view it is clear that to bring from America a given number of men with all necessary equipment, horses, etc., as complete divisions means an infinitely greater shipping effort than to bring the same number of men as battalions, and without transport of any kind—which could be found by us. Having regard to the general critical situation and to the shortage of our manpower my Government is prepared, in order to secure infantry reinforcements immediately, to run very considerable risks in the reduction of our present stocks of food and war material in the hope that later on the American commercial fleet, as it gradually increases, may be able to give compensation for the cargo shut out by the carriage of the reinforcements. All could be done without in any way interfering, now or in the future, with the transport for the American army as at present arranged, and it is estimated that 150,000 additional men—or 150 battalions—could be brought over within 3 or 4 months of the time it is decided to permit of their employment in the manner indicated. . . . It would not serve any very useful purpose to put these American units into British formations unless they could remain there for a reasonable period of time—say 4 or 5 months. . . .

"The great difficulty which confronts you in acceding to the above request is the very natural one of national sentiment and the desire to retain national identity. This is fully appreciated by the British government, who feel that if America can accept the proposal she will thereby display the greatest possible magnanimity and sacrifice."

This was an appeal calculated to touch the American spirit of sacrifice. Later in the memorandum General Robertson says: "I have already dealt with (a)"—General Pershing's suggestion to bring over divisions in place of battalions, so that the American Army might be built up without further delay—"in discussing transport; and the 2 or 3 extra divisions which the available tonnage would bring would not, I feel sure, be deemed by my Government sufficient justification for the risks incurred in providing the tonnage."

General Robertson's Statement

At a conference some time later, the Chief of the Imperial General Staff again made it plain that the British could not make sacrifices in shipping unless they were to obtain use of the American troops so transported.

"It is however," Sir William urged in support of the British proposal, "a matter of national sentiment on the one hand and on the other of Germany establishing herself in a winning position if your assistance does not come in time. . . . As you are aware, the French Prime Minister feels equally with the British government the inestimable value of the proposal and has no desire whatever to raise difficulties in regard to its application to the French Army as well as to the British Army."

The American commander in chief forwarded the British proposals to Washington, and in notifying the British of this step, took occasion to inquire into their man power. "In view of the national sentiment in our country against service under an allied flag at this time, it is deemed of the utmost importance, if the above plan be considered by my government, that the British government declare its purpose to exert every energy to keep its own forces as strong in man power as possible. Only with this general understanding in America would the foregoing plan meet with approval there. I would request a full statement from you as to British resources in this regard, including those at present available and to become available during this year."

General Robertson lost no time in replying. He furnished figures with which the world has been made familiar—that the United Kingdom had raised and maintained 7,500,000 men for its armed forces, and of these over 4,000,000 were at that time being carried on the strength of the armies. By bending every effort in 1918, the British could make available for service at the front 449,000 men then under training, plus 100,000 more to be called up.

In his book issued since the war General Robertson has furnished some figures which throw additional light on what the American commander in chief was trying to get at by his queries. "There were at the beginning of 1918 nearly 1,500,000 men in the United Kingdom borne on the strength of the army," says Sir William in his book, "and it was frequently asked why the number should be so great. It certainly was much greater than it ought to have been, and as C. I. G. S. I had many times endeavored, though without much success, to get it reduced. The responsibility for reducing it rested with the Army Council as a whole and not with the General Staff, as each department of the War Office retained men at home on services connected with its own special duties, and the General Staff could do nothing except try to bring about a reduction so as to set free more men for the battle fronts."

"It was frequently asked why the number should be so great!" Nearly 1,500,000 men were borne on the strength of the armies at home in England when the British government was asking for 150,000 American troops as replacements for British divisions.

Pressure on General Pershing

An explanation of the British difficulty in maintaining their strength on the Western Front may possibly be found in another part of Sir William Robertson's book. "There were, towards the end of 1917," he writes, "probably no fewer than 1,200,000 men in distant theaters, who, be it noted, were mainly fighting Turks and Bulgars and not Germans, and although a large proportion of them were native troops and therefore not altogether suitable for employment in France, they contained a considerable number of British troops who could well be spared without incurring any risk, as our successes in Palestine and Mesopotamia had removed all danger to Egypt, Persia, and India. By reducing our forces in these theaters to a defensive minimum we would set free not only more troops for the West Front but also more shipping for the Americans. As already shown, this was not done."

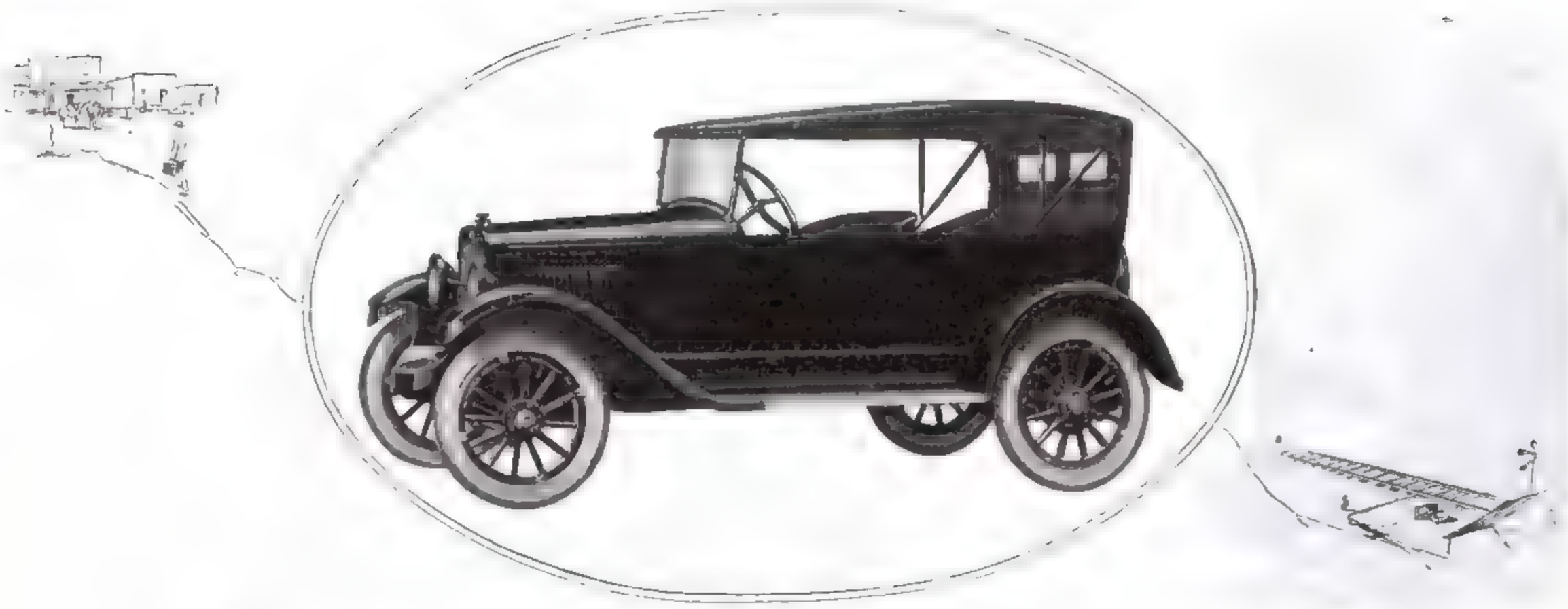
At this juncture it may be well to explain what the French and British propositions aimed at and what effect their adoption would have had on American effort. The government of each of these countries strove to get the United States to consent to the American forces being split up and amalgamated in its armies by small units. In other words, American soldiers would have fought by battalion or regimental units under British or French command. The United States would have been utilized as a great reservoir to supply the British and French armies and furnish replacements. Boiled down to a few words, that is what their every proposition amounted to.

Day in and day out, month after month, the French and British persisted in this purpose. They brought to bear every conceivable form of pressure to gain their point. In emergency the United States yielded some temporary relief in the way they desired—but all that will show in good time. It early developed into a contest between the two Allies for the use of our troops, a contest provoking no little bitterness; but on occasion, when there was some advantage to be gained by a united front, they acted in concert.

Had Pershing surrendered to the constant and powerful pressure brought to bear—had he even backed up an inch—there would never have been any American Army in France, and the history of 1918 would have been different.

At a conference on January 24, 1918, in Compiègne, which was attended by General Petain, Sir Douglas Haig, Generals Robertson, Foch, Pershing, Davidson and Lawrence, both Petain and Robertson remarked, in reviewing the situation, that their only hope lay in the American reserves. Without them, offensives or counter-offensives could not be undertaken. They asked the American commander in chief for a statement of the state of his forces.

(Continued on Page 34)



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He: "Right key at last!"

She: "Don't tell me you've found it!"

And She some more: "How very clever of you to find it after only five minutes!"

MATTER of fact it's the fault of the method not the man. His keys are in a time-wasting, pocket-bulging bunch. He ought to have a Buxton Keytainer.

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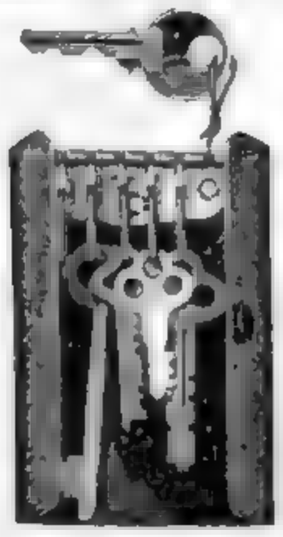

(Continued from Page 32)

General Pershing pointed out that the question had resolved itself into one of transportation and that nothing he might say could make the troops come faster. He wished them to understand clearly, however, that any real offensive in which the Americans took part would be executed by them as an American Army, and he could not approve the principle of loaning men to the Allies except in an emergency.

The British were still pressing their proposals for the transport of 150,000 American infantry to be amalgamated in British divisions, and their plan became the subject of a conversation between Marshal Joffre and the American commander in chief on January twenty-sixth. Joffre was against the scheme. He thought incorporation of American battalions in British divisions would have a bad effect. The Americans would find themselves commanded by a British general and British staff, and this would inevitably lead to resentment and friction; in case of a reverse there would be a tendency to blame the command.

As indicative that the British proposal was not in line with their own policy and practice, Marshal Joffre pointed out that the British had never found it desirable in the whole course of the war to incorporate Canadian troops in British divisions. He considered that the effect of amalgamation on the American people at home would seriously cool their fervor and create complications.

A very frank discussion of the British proposals took place at a conference in the Trianon Palace, Versailles, on January twenty-ninth. Present at this conference were Premier Lloyd George, Viscount Milner, General Sir William Robertson, Field Marshal Haig, General Sir H. H. Wilson, Lieut. Col. Sir M. P. A. Hankey, General Pershing, General Bliss, and Colonel Boyd, aide to Pershing.

Mr. Lloyd George's Argument

Lloyd George opened proceedings by asking what the situation was in regard to the proposed incorporation of American battalions in British brigades, to which Pershing replied that the question was in abeyance, pending action of the British Government on General Robertson's dispatch.

Sir William Robertson then announced that, contrary to their understanding, General Pershing had not approved the British plan in forwarding it to Washington and had not intended that the Administration at Washington should believe he did. General Pershing had felt very strongly the objections involved, and his counter-proposition was to bring over not only the infantry but the rest of the combat troops in these divisions as well. So, said Sir William, there would be sufficient transport for only seventy-two battalions instead of the one hundred and fifty they had hoped for, if complete American divisions were brought over, and the question arose as to whether it was worth while for the British to carry out the transaction in view of the shipping sacrifices involved.

David Lloyd George then took up the discussion. He read a cable which General Bliss, of the United States Army, had received in London; the Prime Minister insisted that this cable meant Washington had agreed to the British proposition.

Some argument followed, in which General Bliss remarked that the whole question was getting mixed up and that the Washington cable did not express approval of the British proposals. Instead, Washington submitted the question to General Pershing, and the latter did not approve.

Mr. Lloyd George reiterated that the British Government had understood from a telegram it received from General Pershing that he approved of bringing over one hundred and fifty battalions for incorporation in British brigades. To this, the American commander in chief replied that he had never approved the proposition and had never gone on record to that effect.

Lloyd George remarked that his government had interpreted the words "serious consideration" as tantamount to approval.

Pershing told him they were not, however—that he had only submitted the plan to Washington for consideration, and in a subsequent cable had emphasized the importance of keeping the American troops under command of their own officers.

At this point Sir William Robertson drew attention to the fact that the Washington reply referred only to the shipping difficulty and not to the political difficulty, so he had surmised Washington entertained no objections to the proposal.

This hint brought Lloyd George again to the fore. He said he had gained the impression that the question was now up to General Pershing for decision. It seemed to him that the Washington Government wanted a statement from General Pershing as to whether a military emergency actually existed. Speaking from a politician's standpoint, he thought they wanted a recommendation from General Pershing; that he himself knew what Secretary Baker wanted—he wanted a statement from the American commander in chief that a military emergency existed.

Two things had to be considered, argued Mr. Lloyd George. First, the placing of these American soldiers in British units was a necessity; second, they must consider the consequences of the disaster which might follow failure to do so. They must consider what a terrible thing might happen were Germany to turn on the British on the Western Front with all her resources, and possibly some Austrian divisions too. If Sir Douglas Haig were to report to him that a military emergency existed for putting British battalions in French divisions he would understand that Haig looked on it as something that had to be done and he himself would be protected by Haig's statement for the necessity of such action.

After a certain period of war, continued Mr. Lloyd George, every administration was severely criticized. In England the government had fallen; the same thing had happened in France. If he were in Secretary Baker's place he would be relieved to receive a recommendation from General Pershing in favor of the scheme.

General Pershing expressed the opinion that the adoption of this measure would so antagonize national sentiment that political outbursts would create a general opposition against the direction of the war, and the President would be exposed to bitter criticism. The Irish population would very naturally resent giving the United States troops for service in the British Army. All sorts of questions would be raised as to why our divisions were not competent to perform as units under American command. The question would be asked whether we were in the war to fight for Britain, and there would inevitably follow misunderstanding as to why our officers did not lead their own men.

A Question of Method

Mr. Lloyd George interposed that the battalions would be under American officers.

The commander in chief replied that the brigade and division commanders would be British, and the Americans would be acting under their orders. Before any such program could be carried out such a storm of disapproval would be raised that the project would have to be abandoned. The acceptance of this proposal was bound to create a breach of feeling between the British and American people, and stir the jealousy of the French, who would allege British domination. Moreover, it would be a dissipation of the present effort to build up a strong American Army. In his opinion it did not matter so much where the troops were in line—the thing was to get them there—so why not as an American force?

Replying to General Pershing, Lloyd George said the proposition was based on the fact that it took longer to train divisions than it did battalions, and the urgency was great. He then asked Sir Douglas Haig a question, and Haig remarked that a German attack might be expected any time; the Germans were moving to the Western Front an average of nine or ten divisions per month.

Sir Henry Wilson said by the first of May the Germans might attack with ninety-six divisions they had available, and they might have on the Western Front at that time two hundred and fifteen divisions—already they had one hundred and seventy-four.

General Pershing said that if the Germans attacked as soon as indicated, the American troops the British wanted could be of no assistance anyhow, for they could not be brought over that soon.

Amplifying his objections to the proposal he offered instead a plan to have the British bring over the entire combatant personnel of the divisions, giving the British the infantry and auxiliary services, and leaving the artillery to be instructed according to the same plans and on the same grounds as were now being used by the Americans, using French instructors and matériel. By this plan the infantry and artillery could be united under one of our own commanders when they had been sufficiently instructed. The Allies had not only to look forward to 1918, but probably to a campaign in 1919 also, for which the American Army must be large and strong. For this reason he could not afford to break up ten divisions, which would be required of him in order to carry out the British scheme. General Pershing submitted that his own proposal would occasion very short delay and would render the usefulness of the American forces much more valuable. And the American people would certainly regard a British offer to transport the entire personnel of divisions as very generous.

Sir William Robertson stated that the British could not place the proposed transportation at the disposition of the Americans indefinitely. He contended that the British plan would result in getting ahead faster.

General Pershing again reminded them that troops of one nationality would not amalgamate with those of another; the men would soon become disgruntled and would not do themselves credit. The forces of the British dominion served only in divisions of their own, and the British had refused a plan submitted early in the war to amalgamate with the French.

At that, Lloyd George took up the cudgels. He said the British had every reason to refuse to amalgamate with the French in the beginning of the war. Besides, they had done something in the very first part of the war—they had five or six divisions of the very highest quality to put in from the beginning. Whereas the Americans had been in the war since last April.

General Pershing reminded him that the Canadians had not amalgamated with the British.

A Lively Debate

Sir William Robertson said there had never been any call for that; and as a matter of fact the French had never asked the British to amalgamate with them. Existing conditions pointed to the proposition to incorporate one hundred and fifty battalions in British divisions as the best way to meet the situation.

General Pershing replied that we would not meet the military situation better by one plan than by the other.

Sir Douglas Haig now took part in the discussion, observing that the situation was more serious than he had previously thought. General Petain informed him the French would have to disband twenty divisions by the end of 1918 without any fighting, and that such a fight as the Germans might be expected to put up would cost at least 500,000 men or thirty divisions. With twenty divisions suppressed and thirty more put out by the fighting, the French Army would be reduced by fifty divisions. That was a very serious matter. Sir Douglas concluded by dwelling on the difficulty of organizing new divisions and the usefulness of the Americans in battalion units according to the plan proposed. General Pershing had been speaking only from theory, while he spoke from experience, he said.

A general discussion ensued, and then, in reply to a remark by Sir Douglas Haig, General Pershing said that the British commander in chief seemed to imply that the United States was to continue feeding recruits to the British Army. He demanded to know where this proposition was supposed to stop. In his opinion it should stop now, and every effort should be exerted to build up an American Army.

Haig stated he had always understood the scheme was to be a stepping stone toward training and turning out American divisions rapidly.

In that case, replied General Pershing, he and the field marshal were in entire accord, if Sir Douglas meant what he said.

Sir Douglas remarked that he was speaking English.

Later, during an argument as to whether these battalions would be with the British for training or really to make up a shortage Haig admitted that, incidentally, they would make up a shortage.

General Pershing announced that he was quite willing to have American troops trained in the British Army and had actually telegraphed this as a recommendation. But he understood that Sir William Robertson's plan comprehended feeding

(Continued on Page 36)

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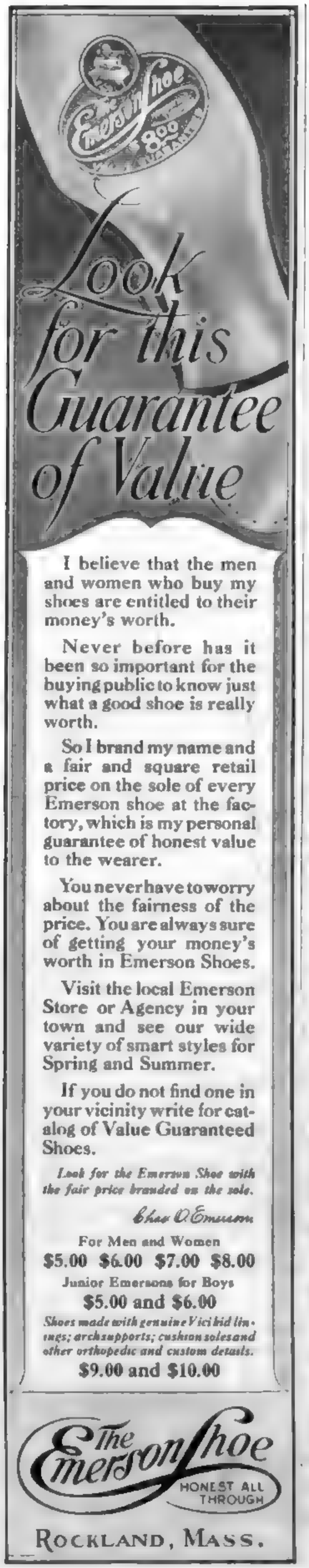
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(Continued from Page 34)

American troops into the British line as a more or less permanent arrangement.

Lloyd George said the British War Cabinet had never understood this.

Sir Douglas reiterated that he quite understood the proposition was intended for the training of American troops.

Still unconvinced that this understanding was clear in all quarters, General Pershing stated that he had gathered from Sir William Robertson that the latter wanted the American battalions put into British divisions to fill up the depleted British battalions.

Viscount Milner now intervened for the first time. His understanding was that Pershing would get his divisions formed more rapidly by passing them through the British line than by confining his training to the American camps.

After General Robertson had read aloud a memorandum covering the conditions for the incorporation of the American battalions, General Pershing resumed statement of his objections. He said he wished to make a clear distinction between placing battalions with the British for training and placing them there for service. Fighting was the best training troops could have, but he wanted them to grasp clearly that American battalions were not coming to stay in British divisions, but merely to train until ready for incorporation in divisions of their own.

On hearing this, Lloyd George asked if the general proposed to take the battalions out of line before the fighting was over, thereby leaving each British division shy three battalions.

"Do you think anyone would change during the fighting?" demanded Pershing.

"Would you take them out when you wanted them?" persisted Lloyd George.

"I would." General Pershing added that he insisted on being free to take over these American battalions whenever they were sufficiently trained to be united into American divisions.

The British Prime Minister next inquired whether Pershing would be prepared to put in more American battalions to replace those taken away. The American commander in chief replied that he would like to be informed where they would come from.

Were he to furnish replacements it would interfere with the project of organizing an American Army. Anything done to carry out the English plan would have to be a perfectly separate and independent scheme from the formation of the American Army.

Shortly after this the conference adjourned, Mr. Lloyd George intimating that he wanted to confer with Sir Douglas Haig.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Mr. Pattullo. The second will appear in an early issue.

THE TIP

(Continued from Page 15)

said that he happened to be in a slight hurry. Twenty minutes later he was swung abruptly upright.

"Lilac on the face, sir? A bit of fragrant tonic on the hair?"

A wild light shone in Mr. Peavy's eyes. "Both," he commanded recklessly.

With the touch of fragrant tonic mingling with the remains of the straight fifteen-center Mr. Peavy paid his check and passed out. At the first corner he consulted the huge hunter which dangled from the Elk's charm and chain. It was 6:55. He extinguished the fifteen-center and boarded a surface car bound uptown.

Twenty minutes later a fat little man, his thinning hair most marvelously parted and exuding the pungent fragrance of budding lilacs, peered into the Ladies' Room of the Restmere Hotel. In a far corner a stiff figure in black and spangles sat between a giggling young thing of thirty-four and a stolid mountain of seal and kolinsky.

The little man smiled broadly and crossed to the sofa.

"'Lo, Henny," he bubbled. "Sorry I was late. Got held up. You know!"

The lady in black sniffed suspiciously and then nodded her head as if confirming some preconceived theory.

"Didn't want to be late. You know that, Henny. Especially a night like to-night. Just wait till you hear why ——"

The lady continued to nod—grimly.

"Where are your rubbers?"

The silly little thing of thirty-four giggled outright.

The little man laughed nervously.

"It's all right, Henny. Let's go in an' eat. There's a fine new picture at the ——"

"When did you take those rubbers off?"

Someone else in the background of faces laughed outright. A desperate inspiration came to the little man.

"Come on, Henny," he said. "It's all right. I—I—I left them out at the front door."

A belted earl conducted them through a blur of faces to an inconspicuous corner of the Fountain Room. On the right a huge palm separated the pair from another small table. On the left an aisle, and at its end the famous fountain sprayed with varicolored lights and huge goldfish darting, like golden blades, against the blue-green of the plate-glass tank.

The little man smacked his lips appreciatively and peered over the huge menu at the ominous figure of his companion.

"Swell! Eh, Henny?"

Henny's lips were a straight line. "If you can afford goldfish with your meals it is."

"We can. Wait till you hear."

A sniff.

For the moment the little man chose to ignore it.

"Oysters, Henny?"

"No."

"But Henny, they're still good. Ain't they, waiter? You know what they say in the rime about the R months." The little man was trying—hard—to ignore the calm.

Henny said it dryly: "It isn't R's that my stomach objects to—it's oysters."

The little man laughed gayly at this—too gayly.

"Some joke! Eh, waiter?"

The waiter thought so.

The lady did not.

"Roast beef," she said briefly, "fried potatoes, mixed tea and a chocolate éclair."

"Aw, Henny! Don't you want something different? Some of this New Jersey duckling or ——"

"The fried-potato order will do for two."

The little man dropped the card disconsolately.

"All right," he said bitterly. "Make the whole thing for two."

Water goblet in hand his bitterness left him.

"Henny! Henny!" he whispered hoarsely. "Lookit! Lookit!"

"At what?"

"Coming towards us. With the head waiter. See?"

"Well?"

"Don't you see him?"

"I see," said Henny quite calmly, "a dried-up man that looks as if he never slept eight hours in his whole life."

The little man tossed his head in complete disgust.

"Ain't that just like a woman?" he whispered under cover of the dinner card. "Calling a man like Henry Loveret dried up an' never sleeping! Can you beat it?"

"Oh," said Henny, quite without emotion, "so that is Henry Loveret, is it? I read about him in the paper last Sunday. The paper says they call him the Wolf of Wall Street—the poor man!"

"Poor!" ejaculated the little man. "Can you beat that? Why, do you know how many millions he is worth? Do you, Henny? Well, it's more than you have fingers and toes. An' all in the last three years too! Started as a board boy at Hallet & Hallet. Saved up and made a little clean-up! Made a little bigger clean-up! Then came the big bear market of 1920. Gosh! The money he made! An', Henny"—insidiously—"he didn't start out with any more than we got now."

"From his looks," observed Mrs. Henrietta Peavy, "he appears as if he won't have very much longer to enjoy it."

Mr. Peavy, for it was he, leaned as far over the table as his generous rotundity would permit.

"But we have, Henny!" he whispered impressively. "And we have it coming to us. Listen! I have it straight this time—straight from Ashbrooke himself! An', Henny! He patted me on the back when he told me! We're going to be rich, Henny! We ——"

Mrs. Peavy stopped him with an ominous forefinger.

"Oliver J. Peavy," she demanded, "when was the first time you made me come downtown to dinner this way?"

"Well, now, Henny ——"

"It was just about eleven years ago. We had saved up just fourteen hundred dollars for the farm. We needed nearly two thousand more and it looked so far off—and you said you had your information so direct ——"

"Oh, now, Henny ——"

"We said that it would be a lesson to us, didn't we? And we went to work harder than ever. And then when we had nearly a thousand again, after four years of the hardest kind of saving—you—you invited me to come downtown to dinner again."

"But, Henny, I had it straight from Mead himself. What you might call a straight tip almost. Mead knew a man that knew the vice president of the company as well as I know you, and—and ——"

At the table behind the palms a tired, fidgety old man of thirty-six had ceased to inhale his long brown cigarette. It was perhaps just as well he had not asked the captain to move him. Apartment-house talkers were not always so interesting—and the old lady was the straightest, primmest thing—like you see in moving pictures.

She was speaking again:

"And the vice president was wrong, wasn't he, O. J.?"

"Yes; but, Henny, this is different! If a tip was ever straight this is. I got this straight from Ashbrooke himself. Why, Henny, he laid his hand on my shoulder an' ——"

"You said that before. They were always straight—until it was all over and we were starting again. No! I said to myself the last time that it would never happen again. Never! Not even if the farm never comes. If I never do open my bedroom window and feel the salt in the air."

"But listen!"

"Oliver Peavy," said the lady with cold finality, "there is no use talking. I won't give up the bank book! We're going to take the long way round, but the way that is sure. I may look out the window at soft-coal dust for many a year, but in the end I may sniff the salt. The Massachusetts Baileys were always a long-lived clan. If you were only sober now."

"Sober!" The little man's knife fell with a resounding clatter. "What do you mean, sober? That's what you said over the phone. An' furthermore, Henny, you know better! You know I haven't had even a touch of elderberry wine in fifteen years. You know ——"

"Sobriety," said the last of the Bailey clan slowly, "isn't always a matter of elderberry wine, Oliver! In—in your case it isn't. It's—it's money drunkenness; and this is your third jag."

"Why ——"

"I've watched it for many and many a year. It begins when the deposit book begins to draw close to the thousand mark. You begin to get uneasy! You—you talk loud and read the stock page instead of putting on your slippers and demanding double Canfield. You get abusive with folks and talk about getting a raise or knowing the reason why. You—you smoke cigars instead of your pipe. You—you get as uneasy as Luke Tullo down home when his spree time is approaching. And then it happens. Only this time it won't! Because, Oliver J. Peavy, the bottle is going to stay locked up!"

It was the moment for a determined stand. The money was his! He had worked for it. Hard! Half was his by any code. And the opportunity! It was the moment for any man—no matter how easy-going—to arise and declare himself.

Mr. Peavy reddened liberally and half arose for the declaration of rights. But he didn't. Old Tam Bailey had had the same cold eye. He sank back into the plush of the golden chair.

"All right," he laughed wildly. "All right! Go ahead. Keep me working another hundred years. I—I—I ——" And then inspiration came. "But just the same I didn't leave the damn old rubbers at

(Continued on Page 38

Performance as Notable As its Appearance

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☐ Commercial Spanish
☐ Effective Speaking
☐ C. P. A. Coaching

Name

Present Position

Address

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the door. I didn't wear them down here a-tall. I'll never wear them!"

Behind the palms the tired Wolf of Wall Street grinned and looked almost youthful. The old lady was a peacherino. If all the lambs were of the Clan Bailey the grist would be mighty small. But the little man had spoken of Ashbrooke. Thoughtfully he drained his coffee.

Ashbrooke! It was funny that one of Ashbrooke's tips would come to roost here! Loveret wondered what Ashbrooke would look like if he could sit at the table behind the palms and listen to his confidential clerk telling tales out of school.

Loveret thought. The security had not been mentioned. The old martinet had not let the jag get even that far. Loveret laughed softly. Was it a hunch? Or wasn't it? Somewhere he had heard once—from some cynical broken-down broker—"Out of the mouths of babes ——"

At least it wouldn't be half bad fun, and fun was uncommon. He paid his check and arose. There was still about this Wolf of Wall Street, the supreme gambler of the big slump, much of the boy who had chalked figures on a bright green board and joked with the dopesters.

Passing to the right of the aisle he slipped, and only the presence of the table by the wall prevented an apparently nasty fall.

"I'm so sorry!"

Popeyed with excitement, Mr. Peavy could only open and close his mouth convulsively. It was Henny who answered:

"Young man, you near had a bad fall."

Mr. Peavy regained his breath. "Don't mind her, Mr. Loveret," he apologized. "She didn't know you."

"I—I ——"

"You don't know me of course, Mr. Loveret, but I'm with Ashbrooke, Mead & Oppenheim. You know them. Peavy is the name."

The Wolf of Wall Street acknowledged the meeting with a smile. "A smart banker, Ashbrooke," he smiled, "but too conservative. But as far as that goes, all you bankers are too conservative—eh, Mr. Peavy?"

Tingling, Mr. Peavy managed a knowing wink. "Not always," he confided. "Sometimes we take a little flyer."

Mrs. Peavy sniffed, unnoticed in the glory.

"But I thought bankers never gambled?"

"They don't, Mr. Loveret. He, he! They don't have to! Not when they have sure things right in the office."

"Clever devils, you bankers," said Mr. Loveret thoughtfully. "Deep, too."

Mr. Peavy waved a deprecating fork aloft, a fork still impregnated with a cross section of astonished chocolate éclair. "Not that I wouldn't like to pass it along. But you understand, Mr. Loveret. Confidential. Eh?"

"Exactly. Highly confidential."

"Won't you ——" Mr. Peavy was reaching for another chair.

"No—er—thanks." The Wolf said it quite hastily but with a disarming smile. "I am late now. And—and I must stop at my room first and get—my rubbers."

"Well, you see," said Mr. Peavy slowly. "You heard him. The biggest gambler in Wall Street. You see what opportunities I have. Why, Henny, in two weeks the farm will be ours, an' besides ——"

"I was thinking," his wife interrupted with quiet calm, "about his stopping to get his rubbers—even with all his money."

III

AT 9:45 the telephone attached to the ornate desk of the first vice president of the National Trust Company tinkled musically, as became the telephone bell of a first vice president.

The vice president said "Hello" curtly.

"Loveret talking."

The v. p. said "Yes" cordially.

"I want you to confirm something I am almost sure of. Have Ashbrooke, Mead & Oppenheim anything in their shop now aside from poor old Stage?"

The v. p. laughed. His best customer's laugh. "To the best of my knowledge, not another fly."

"Certain? Nothing else that's listed on the Board?"

The v. p. thought not, giving certain reasons gleaned from financial back alleys.

"Thanks! For your trouble and frankness I'll tell you something: Stage isn't going by the board. They—they must be going to get their pound of flesh some other way."

The v. p. said "Thank you," and added, "But you know I never gamble."

At 10:20 the v. p. commanded an immediate connection with a downtown number and asked for the senior partner.

"Buy me a thousand S. S. P. at the market," he commanded, and then because the senior partner really was the best of good fellows, though inclined towards jumping to hasty conclusions, he added, "It's really not for me—but for the time being put it in my account."

The senior partner winked solemnly at the telephone and touched the button for his colleague.

"Our well-known v. p. is buying S. S. P. at the market in thousand-share lots."

The junior grinned. "Hot stuff?" he inquired.

"It looks that way. He's buying for the well-known friend."

"Would you pass it along?"

The senior nodded his head. "It—it looks pretty good to me; and because we happen to have a rule about employes and partners speculating in this firm I was just going to suggest that I have a well-known friend with a little spare cash that wants about two thousand shares."

The junior grinned again.

"Isn't that a coincidence now?" he said. "I have a friend that wants fifteen hundred."

In the building across the narrow cañon another man hung up a telephone receiver whose wire ran direct to a private suite in the Restmere Hotel. He lit a narrow flat cigar and whistled softly.

"Dynamite!" he said softly. "Ten thousand shares of S. S. P. at the market. Where does he get his hunches? Before this ten thousand is picked up they'll be calling it TNT."

He called a soft-footed man and spoke to him curtly. The soft-footed man nodded and took the slip of paper. On his way out through the clatter of shirt-sleeved operators he stopped over a scribbling form.

"S. S. P. at the market," he whispered and went on.

A few moments later the scribbler lounged carelessly through the door, then ran for an independent telephone. At the other end of the connection a fat man in a dirty little office grunted with satisfaction and hung up the receiver. He reached for a sheet of yellow paper whose imprint read:

AMOS J. McNULTY
SUCCESSFUL SERVICE FOR TRADERS

Under this caption the fat man scribbled, "To-day's best bet is S. S. P. Hop it for at least twenty points."

To a lanky girl in an outer office he handed the sheet. "Get this out pronto. And send Collison a check for a hundred—in a plain envelope."

The lanky girl giggled.

IV

IN THE private office of Mr. Payne Ashbrooke Mr. Oppenheim laughed nervously. "It's like throwing gasoline on fire. Spangling is nervous too! Simpson & Sayre have taken five thousand shares, and they grab every offering anywhere near the market."

Mr. Henry Mead nodded thoughtfully. "Well, that's what we wanted, wasn't it? We wanted a chance to distribute a little more stock before we greased the skids for the big drop, didn't we? That was why we called Peavy in, wasn't it?"

Mr. Oppenheim grunted contemptuously. "Sure it was," he agreed. "But Peavy and all of the little bucketshop fry that Peavy knows couldn't margin more than fifteen hundred shares at the outside. Does Simpson & Sayre buying thousand-share lots two points above the opening sale look like Peavy? Don't make me laugh!"

The telephone in the corner jangled.

Mr. Oppenheim picked up the receiver with a jerk. A moment later he returned it to its place with an oath.

"Coles just bought eight hundred, eleven hundred and a thousand-share block—and paid 85½ for the last thousand."

"Coles?" repeated Mead stupidly.

"Yes, Coles! And you know who Coles stands for. So does everybody in the Street. In ten minutes it will be in every trading room in the United States. Can't you see them reading it? 'Loveret buying S. S. P.' Hanged if I haven't half a mind to ——"

"Wait a minute!" It was the first words from the head of the house. He uttered them from his position by the window, where he had stood for a full twenty minutes gazing down into the busy crevice of Broad Street. "Don't be young! Don't forget that you are in the banking business. Don't forget that for a moment! What difference does it make if Simpson & Sayre do take stock at the market? What difference does it make in the end if a born gambler like Loveret, even if he is able to buy and sell anyone in the Street at the moment,

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"Swell! Eh, Henny?" "If You Can Afford Goldfish With Your Meals It Is"

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Actual Size

EL DALLO

"EACH CIGAR IN ITS OWN HUMIDOR"

"Invincible" Size 3 for 25¢

"Straights" Size 2 for 15¢

(Continued from Page 38)

thinks of Stage Steel Products? We know."

"True, but ——"

"We know that twenty million dollars owed to a banking syndicate headed by us must be paid in less than thirty days. And we know the money isn't there to pay it. We know the answer!"

"That's true"—Mr. Oppenheim licked his lips nervously—"but even when you know, it's nervous watching a market with that damned gambler in it. And then there is that old fool, Stage. I woke up the other night—cold, awake—and found myself wondering if he really meant what he said about my neck. If he found out ——"

Ashbrooke laughed. "The trouble with you and Mead," he said, "is, your nerve isn't as long as your avarice."

A moment later he answered the telephone.

"Stage Steel Products just came through on the tape at 38. Four thousand shares."

Oppenheim lumbered out of the room. In his private office he knew there was consolation in a squat brown bottle. It would help him to remember, perhaps, that he was a banker.

■

THREE weeks is, comparatively speaking, a short space of time, yet within its narrow confines lurk untold possibilities for a man who has something to say and the depth of feeling and dramatic ability to say it effectively. Such a man was Mr. Oliver J. Peavy.

On the evening following the dinner at the Restmere Mr. Peavy returned to his apartment and maintained a majestic calm throughout the evening meal. The meal itself disposed of, he removed from the inner pocket of his neat tobacco-brown suit a thin sheet of paper dotted with neat figures.

"It will interest you to know, Mrs. Peavy," he said throatily, "that Stage Steel Products closed to-day at forty dollars per share. If you will take the trouble to examine this sheet you will see that, had I been allowed to follow my own business judgment, a judgment—ahem—based on seventeen years' experience, we would have been two hundred and sixty-five dollars richer—or, at the rate we have been saving out of my salary, your ununderstandable obstinacy cost us to-day the savings of eleven months two weeks. I trust you are satisfied with your work."

After this he bowed stiffly.

On the following evening he carefully opened the evening paper to the financial page, folded it and thrust it dramatically before the calm face of his wife.

"Madam," he said, "please note! Don't take my word for it! Read it in cold print, fresh from the lips of one of America's foremost financial authorities. Here it is":

STAGE PRODUCTS TOUCHES
50 IN HEAVY TRADING

Following a steady demand at fractional advances throughout the early part of to-day's session Stage Steel Products jumped perpendicularly in the last few moments of trading to a new high for the recent move. In a turnover of less than five thousand shares the stock advanced from 43¾ to 50 in ten minutes just before the close.

Talk in the Street gives two reasons for the wide enhancement seen in this stock during the past two days. One is the operations of a big uptown speculator whose following, even on the merest hearsay, is very great. The other is the fact that the company's maturing indebtedness amounting to twenty million dollars will be met or extended.

As has been often pointed out in these columns, the enormous depreciation in this stock has been out of line with its book value for many months and with a clean-up of the affairs of the company a condition might easily be created which would leave speculators short of the stock far out on the limb.

Mr. Payne Ashbrooke, head of the syndicate underwriting the loan of the company, could not be reached, and in his absence other members of the firm refused to make any statement.

Mr. Peavy arose and held the evidence dramatically extended. "Six months' more savings we have been cheated out of! Ten points! I tell you, Mrs. Peavy, this thing can't go any further. If you insist on remaining blind to our mutual interests, I will not! We have lost nearly eighteen months' savings, but we are not going to lose any more. I won't stand for it!"

Mrs. Peavy arose and faced her vermilion spouse, and in her eyes was the cold Banty gleam of battle. Noting it, Mr. Peavy shifted nervously. He became less dramatic.

"Now look here, Henny ——"

She calmly arose and began to collect the dishes. Her hands well filled, she moved quietly to the door leading into the kitchen. There she stopped.

"No," she said—and passed on.

The baffled eye of her husband alighted on a package wrapped in newspaper lying on the golden-oak buffet. It was printed in Greek. He had brought it home that night. He would show her. Package in hand he moved to the window and opened it with a jerk. He waited until he heard its thud in the court below, then he closed the window with a slam.

"There!" he said to the closed kitchen door. "I guess that'll show you who is boss around here!"

VI

ACROSS the city three other gentlemen considered the same newspaper article.

"—— left out on the limb," repeated the largest of the three, and his voice was thick. "I tell you no matter how safe it is I don't like it! Suppose he should dig up the money somewhere, where would I dig up the ten thousand shares I'm short—an' at what price?"

"You're not the only one, Oppenheim. Think of someone else for a change. I'm short ten thousand—and so is Ashbrooke."

"Thirty thousand shares in a market like this!" The large man shivered.

"Shut up! You and Mead ought to be out in the streets stealing pennies from children. There isn't a chance in the world, I tell you—unless—unless ——"

"Unless what?" They both demanded the answer.

"Unless we don't hang together in this market and have one try to get out at the expense of the rest. In that case the market might get to a point where Stage would have enough equity in his collateral to give us the money—especially if business increases with the return of this morale he talks about—and I give him credit for that. I think he knows whereof he speaks. Do we agree not to sell?"

Mead nodded his head nervously. "Sure," he said.

Mr. Oppenheim agreed. "Let's have a drink on it," he suggested.

But four hours later, in the privacy of his own chamber, Mr. Oppenheim found slumber impossible—even with the help of another squat brown bottle. A sentence formed in phosphorescent characters danced upon the wall: "Ten thousand shares isn't as much as thirty thousand." And another: "Number One comes first."

Mr. Oppenheim arose unsteadily and switched on the night light. By its uncertain gleam he found the telephone and hoarsely commanded a number.

"Spangling?" he demanded.

"Yes."

"Rudolph Oppenheim. I want you to buy in all the Stage I am short. An'—an'—Spangling—do it through some other broker. Get me, Spangling? This is just between you and me. No, nothing is the matter. Only what nobody doesn't know don't hurt them."

At the other end Spangling smiled grimly. "No use going to bed just yet," he soliloquized. "I might just as well wait until Mead calls up and completes the thirty thousand. And all just between friends—and as usual Ashbrooke beat them to it."

VII

ACROSS the country another man sat with the financial page of the local daily before him. He was a large man, even as large men go, and from the corner of his mouth a huge brier gurgled and shot ashes.

"A little more," he muttered. "Just a little farther."

He reached for a telephone and asked for a number.

"Anderson," he demanded, "give me those figures again—they're pretty hard to believe. In two days more business than we've booked in the last two months. Thank you, boy! Good night."

Stiffly he arose and stood in front of the old-fashioned marble mantel. Like a man long out of practice he raised his arms and held them far above his white old head. Jerkily he prayed.

VIII

STAGE STEEL PRODUCTS crossed 60 with a rush and 70 with ease. During the days that followed, Mr. Peavy continued to make pithy remarks relative to the obstinacy of certain people. On the twenty-third of April the Street and every trading room in the land waited for the word from the offices of Ashbrooke, Mead & Oppenheim. For the first time in three weeks Mr. Rudolph Oppenheim came downtown, having been suffering, according to his household, with a severe cold. Mead, who had left suddenly for a three weeks' vacation, returned also. He arrived exactly at the hour of meeting, rather shifty of eye and nervous. Ashbrooke gave no outward sign of anything. The partners greeted one another cordially—almost too cordially—and looked at the clock. It was ten o'clock.

In an outer room Mr. Peavy, bustling with importance, presided over a group of waiting newspaper men.

John Stage came—alone, his ancient brier sending a whirling wake of smoke over his huge rounded shoulders. Preceded by the bustling Mr. Peavy he passed through the ornate walnut door of the conference room. He walked straight to the table and laid on its shiny surface a strip of light blue paper.

"I left the receiver at home," he said grimly, "and brought you this instead. I thank you—on behalf of the company for the—the accommodation. Good day."

The silence was broken by the opening of the door. Mr. Peavy apologized, but the newspaper men were insistent. But before they were admitted he, Mr. Peavy, had a few words to say. A few words of gratitude for the interest they had shown in his welfare—an interest he, Mr. Peavy, would never forget as long as he lived—even if he was prevented from realizing on it by the unexplainable obstinacy of a female.

Had he but known it, Mr. Peavy saved the partnership of Ashbrooke, Mead & Oppenheim by that little speech. It furnished a safety valve that was badly needed—a football upon which the things that could not be said might be expended.

"You get out of here!" roared Mr. Oppenheim.

"And stay out!" from Mead.

The senior member of the firm took his satisfaction in a lower tone—almost pleasantly. "Get your money at the cashier's window, Peavy," he said, "and get out for good."

Somehow Mr. Peavy found his way through the maze of early noonday traffic. Some way he found his way homeward. Fired! Nearly home it came to him. The cause of it all! If she hadn't been so obstinate the thing wouldn't—couldn't have happened. And if it had happened it wouldn't have made any difference. They would have had the money—the money to do the things they had dreamed of during all the days and years of scraping and paring. A cold rage cleared the numbness from Mr. Peavy's brain like a shower laying the first spring dust. His step became firmer. He moved with more purpose. Everything was gone! There would never be anything but scraping and paring for all the days to come. For once, however, he would speak his mind out.

In the doorway to the sitting room he stopped. Subconsciously he noticed that she had the window open.

"Well," said Mr. Peavy, "here I am."

"So I see, Oliver."

In vain did Mr. Peavy try to begin calmly. A torrent can never be a brook. Hot tears blinded his fat little eyes. His lips quivered as they uttered chaotic, blustering things.

At its close, through the blur he saw that she was holding out a letter and an envelope. His watery eyes the letters refused to focus until they had been wiped time and again. Finally he read:

MRS. OLIVER J. PEAVY.

Dear Madam: Allow me to send you this very small commission, which I feel that I more than owe you. To your husband, to whom please convey my best wishes, I am also enclosing a remembrance, as yours is, for a rainy day.

Sincerely yours,
HENRY LOVERET.

From the envelope Mr. Peavy drew with fingers that could hardly retain their power to grasp two brand-new thousand-dollar bills!

"Here is yours, Oliver."

Breathing hard Mr. Peavy untied the string and slowly removed the wrapper. Silently he placed a pair of shiny black rubbers upon the table by the door and walked slowly over to the window.

"I tell you what, Henny," he said finally, "they're just what I'll need down in that Cape Cod country."

To Merchants:

Our Lighting Service Engineers have prepared three practical guides covering the lighting of the following

Large Dry Goods and Department stores.
Small Stores
Show Cases and Show Windows

Your request, mailed to the Edison Lamp Works, Harrison, N. J., will bring you the proper booklet or booklets at once

Your Edison MAZDA Lamp Agent can supply you with the right lamps.

People buy
where the lights are bright

"OUR experience has proved it," says C. A. Whelan, President of the United Cigar Stores Company.

"We know positively that Light not only attracts buyers but actually sells goods," he adds. "Next to our salesmen, Light is our greatest selling force. That is why we have increased the wattage of our lamps and doubled our current consumption in the past seven years. That is why proper lighting is an essential consideration when we open a new store.

"We value our windows for advertising purposes at millions of dollars a year in sales. Without proper light our windows would be worth only a fraction of their present sales value—*yet the cost of the lamps is so little in comparison with what they add.*"

* * * * *

A glow of light in the store window is the outward mark of a progressive spirit inside. Good merchants everywhere realize this. You are pretty sure to be safe if you buy where the lights are bright.

EDISON
MAZDA LAMPS
EDISON LAMP WORKS OF GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY

Too bad!

But that won't help your next car. *What will?*

YOU give your car every care it should have, perhaps—save one. You may always thoughtlessly say, "Give me a quart of oil."

Queer, unexpected knocks come. Repair bills seem high and frequent. Operating troubles multiply. The repair man simply can't seem to keep the engine sweet. You expected to keep the car five seasons. But the engine already shows signs of age.

All around you are men who *don't* turn cars in every season or two—who *aren't* constantly face-to-face with unexpected repair bills—who climb long hills easily and quietly even when the car is old.

They are the men who fondle their cars a bit, keep them up well. And they are particularly careful about lubrication.

Have you ever noticed how many of them are enthusiasts on Gargoyle Mobiloil?

Now for Economy

People are learning that they have a right to expect more from their lubrication. More automobile owners will learn the lesson this year than ever before. More will wake up to the fact that incorrect lubrication doubles engine repair bills. Instead of saying "Give me a quart of oil" they will ask for the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil.

If your car is not listed in the partial chart shown here, ask the dealer. He has the complete list of recommendations—covering every car built.

Not a gasoline by-product

Nine out of ten lubricating oils on the market are simply by-products in the manufacture of gasoline.

Gargoyle Mobiloil is *not* a by-product.

It is produced by lubrication specialists who are recognized the world over as leaders in lubricating practice. Gargoyle Mobiloil is manufactured from crude oil chosen for its *lubricating* qualities—not for its gasoline content. Gargoyle Mobiloil is manufactured by processes designed to bring out the highest *lubricating* value—not the greatest gallonage of gasoline.

Warning:

Don't be misled by some similar sounding name. Look on the container for the correct name *Mobiloil* (not Mobile) and for the red Gargoyle

Domestic Branches:

New York (Main Office)
Boston
Philadelphia
Pittsburgh
Buffalo
Chicago
Detroit
Indianapolis
Minneapolis
Des Moines
Kansas City, Kan
Dallas

Mobiloil

Make the chart your guide

Chart of Recommendations

(Abbreviated Edition)

How to Read the Chart:

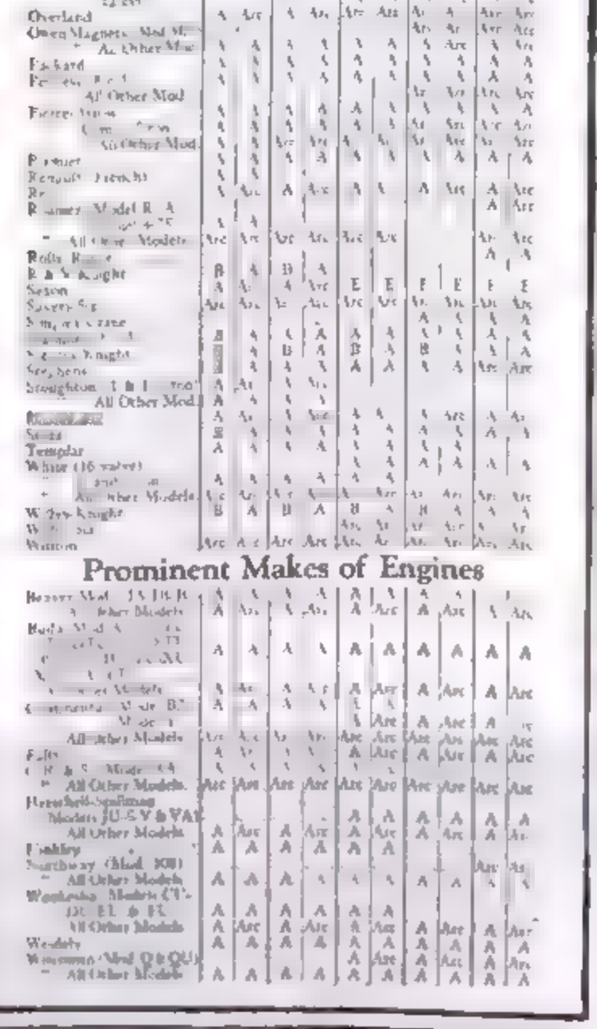
THE correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil for engine lubrication of both passenger and commercial cars are specified in the Chart below.

A means Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"
B means Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"
E means Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"
Arc means Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic

Where different grades are recommended for summer and winter use, the winter recommendations should be followed during the entire period when freezing temperatures may be experienced.

The recommendations for prominent makes of engines used in many cars are listed separately for convenience.

The Chart of Recommendations is compiled by the Vacuum Oil Company's Board of Automotive Engineers, and represents our professional advice on correct automobile lubrication.



VACUUM OIL COMPANY

THE PRINT OF MY REMEMBRANCE

(Continued from Page 16)

A Group of Caricatures. At the Left—Frederic Remington by Augustus Thomas. At the Right—E. W. Kemble by Remington. Below—Augustus Thomas by Remington

of Mr. Palmer, it never occurred to him to depart from the arrangement made to sublet his theater. To get ready money he was therefore obliged to sell a half interest in the play to Charles Frohman and Al Hayman. Both these men urged him to continue its run at the Madison Square. They argued that Miss Morton's play was as yet untried; that other theaters as suitable as the Madison Square could be got for it in the city and that Miss Morton had no right other than the most technical one, and none whatever in justice, to impair Mr. Palmer's property by forcing it out of a theater where it had such momentum. As a matter of fact, the new partners were right. Miss Morton's manager would have benefited rather than have lost by some financial accommodation that would have deferred their *première*. The Merchant was produced in warm weather and was not successful.

Charles Frohman knew nearly all the men then playing in the American theater. He had traveled with Haverly's and Callender's Minstrels, with modest ventures of his own; he was a most approachable and human person, and with his little office just one flight of stairs up from the Broadway sidewalk, where anybody entered without knocking in those days, his acquaintance and his popularity rapidly grew. After Shenandoah he acquired a lease of the Twenty-third Street Theater, between Sixth and Seventh avenues, and produced Men and Women, by Belasco and De Mille, on the model of the plays they were then supplying the Lyceum. This was followed by other dramas and a string of farces provided by the skillfully original as well as adapting pen of William Gillette. This success built for him the still beautiful Empire Theater at Broadway and Fortieth Street, which he opened with Belasco's fine melodrama, The Girl I Left Behind Me, in which Frank Mordaunt, William Morris, Theodore Roberts and others appeared with the boy actor, Wallie Eddinger, as Dick.

Frohman's Cheerful Philosophy

Clay M. Greene, in a burlesque of that play, had the colonel in agony, reading news of an injury to little Dick, hand the telegraph tape to the major and say, "Take it. I must get back."

"Back where?"

"To the center of the stage."

I'll talk about me.

We were friends, Charles Frohman and I, from our first meeting in 1882 until he was lost on the Lusitania in 1915—thirty-three years. After 1892 he produced nine plays of mine—Surrender, Colorado, The Man Upstairs, The Other Girl, Mrs. Lethngwell's Boots, De Lancey, On the Quiet, The Harvest Moon and Indian Summer, and five others which I had rewritten but did not sign. I don't remember that we ever signed a contract, and I am sure that we never had a difference. He was among the first men upon whom I called when I first came to New York to go with the Marlowe company, and when I returned with the thought reader Bishop. He was the first manager to ask me for a play after my coming to the city. I wrote for him many bits not mentioned above. These little things were often written in his presence as he pushed a piece of paper across the desk when a subject came up in some related talk. He had a fashion of doing that with other playwrights Gillette or Fitch or Carleton and it was great fun to give him some but for one of his girl stars and hear him say, "That will go in to-night."

There was never any talk of remuneration for these little things, as the burden of obligation, if obligation existed, was always so heavily on the other side for the hundreds of little courtesies that he found one way or another of extending. Charles Frohman had a fine dramatic sense, and without attempting exactly imitation had the mimetic faculty that suggested the object of his portrait quite as definitely. Men amused him much, and when he told of his last visitor the interview was likely to be vividly dramatized. I remember a report of a visit of Colonel Alfrend, the Southern author of whom I have written.

C. F., with his irresistible twinkle, said "The colonel was here to see me," and then without another word there was the pantomime of the high hat laid carefully on the table, one finger after another of one glove carefully withdrawn, then the entire glove straightened out and laid across the hat; the same treatment for the other hand; the silk-faced overcoat carefully taken off, shaken out at the collar, folded, laid over the back of the chair; the button of the surtout carefully adjusted at the waist; mustaches stroked, and the victim transfixed with a steady and piercing gaze. The scenario of a play was drawn from one inside breast pocket.

But C. F., *in propria*, interrupted—"I am going to do a play by J. M. Barrie for Miss Adams. If you had brought me in something for Miller ——"

Then C. F. was stopped; another scenario came from the other inside pocket. This was not exactly the kind of story that was wanted. Then, still as the colonel, C. F. put one hand over his head like the legendary Westerner getting a bowie knife and drew a third phantom scenario from the back of his coat collar, this last gesture burlesque, but so in character that it was impossible to find the line dividing it from preceding comedy.

Charles Frohman had a bit of philosophy that he carried through life. He had learned that existence was supportable if he had one real laugh in the day. Among men interested in art and the theater as connoisseurs and patrons the wisest that I know is Mr. Thomas B. Clarke. I was at a loss to comprehend his standard of excellence in the drama until I heard him say one time that any play which for two consecutive seconds made him forget himself, made the playhouse disappear and him to feel that he was in the presence of a real event was for him a notable play. He said:

"One seldom gets from a studio a canvas of uniform excellence throughout. There will be one feature of it better than the others. I can prize it for that feature. And if I get a play with the scene I have indicated I go three or four times when the scene is on to get the same pleasure from it that I get from the excellent note in a painting."

C. F. seemed to apply an equal theory to relaxation and the day's conduct. The thing that amused him he would write upon a blotting pad, and recover somewhat of its joy by telling it to many a subsequent visitor. During the rehearsals of The Other Girl referred to in previous chapters we had on our third or fourth day reached the first repetition of the second act. I was on the stage with manuscript and a blue pencil, the company standing about, slowly marking positions on the parts, when C. F.'s office boy came with an envelope carrying across its back the well-known blue display of Maude Adams' name. As the boy waited for an answer the rehearsal stopped long enough for me to read the sheet inside.

It carried in large and hurried handwriting, in colored crayon, "How are you getting along at rehearsals without me?"

C. F. Wins a Bet

Taking the inquiry at its face value from a busy man, I wrote across the note one word "Great," handed it to the boy and forgot it. Two days later I stopped in at the office for some necessary conference. His letter with my comment was pinned on the wall.

He said, "That furnished me laughs for two days. I showed it to everybody."

He was also a practical joker, and would go to considerable lengths, but never with any of the cruelty or lack of consideration that practical jokes sometimes breed. When Alabama went on its second visit to Chicago he was interested in the management.

He said, "I'll bet you that it'll do a bigger business than it did the first time."

As it was to be in the same house and we had played to capacity the first time, I didn't see how that could be, and said so. He wanted to bet, nevertheless, and rejecting cigars and hats as stakes he fixed upon a suit of clothes. I demurred, feeling that it was unsportsmanlike to bet on a sure thing. He generously gave me that advantage, however. The business on the second trip was nearly double, because of the fact, of which C. F. was aware and I not when he made the bet, that the play had been chosen for the local police benefit and all patrolmen of Chicago were selling tickets. The increased royalties reconciled me to the loss of the bet. The bill for the suit of clothes came in with C. F.'s indorsement. The price, one hundred dollars, amused him greatly. We must remember that back in 1892 fifty or sixty dollars was a fair sum for a suit of clothes. C. F. was fond of telling all this when he had me and some other man in his office.

Considerably later he was to open with a new play, the name of which did not please him. On his blotter he had a half dozen alternative titles suggested by persons who had called during the day. The man who gave the winning title was to get a suit of clothes. He told me the story. I suggested Never Again, which C. F. wrote on the blotter and said would be taken

(Continued on Page 45)

Eugene Wiley Presbrey and Francis Wilson, Caricatured by Augustus Thomas

HAVE the pistons of your automobile been playing any pranks on you lately?

They do that sometimes. But you will know when they commence to cut capers.

When your cylinder walls become worn and out-of-round; your pistons vibrate and tremble and the oil begins to squirt up around them—then you will know that your motor is having a little party with you acting as banker.

You will find it expensive if you don't crab this little game, particularly when your motor begins to loaf on the job and displays a lack of pep and vigor.

You'll have to feed the kitty with oil pretty regularly and donate a few spark plugs to the cause. But that won't stop those piston pranks. They'll keep right on cutting into your roll until you insist on a new deal with new faces setting in. Now I don't want you to feel that we're mercenary—but here's a bit of free advice that you can follow and make some money.

It's simply this: If you want real action under the hood, just slip Spencer-Smith Pistons into your engine.

Then they'll receive sledge hammer blows at every explosion and grin; they'll race up and down the cylinder walls with never a skip, falter, or miss—developing the power that pulls you through hub-deep mud and speeds you over the highways to the *buy*ways. No oil pumping and no carbon griefs with Spencer-Smiths, because we encircle each piston with a groove into which the oil is wiped by the lower piston ring. From the groove the oil drains through holes into the crankcase. This is a patented Spencer-Smith feature and it works so perfectly that I am surprised somebody hasn't tried to imitate it.

So I say: Junk your old, overweight, sluggish, wasteful pistons and replace them with a set of economical energetic Spencer-Smiths after regrinding your cylinder walls. Honestly you won't believe it's the same old chariot. Smooth? Smooth as the mahogany above the old time brass rail. And power? Why you will be accusing someone of dissolving a stick of dynamite in your gas tank.

Did I hear some doubting Thomas ask "How does he get that way?"

Well, it's a fair question. But we have the evidence—in print, too. The boss is the author and he surely has given a dry subject a punch that would almost be convicting evidence for the prohibition officer—wherever he is.

Just drop me a card in care of the Spencer-Smith Machine Company, Howell, Michigan, and I, personally, will mail you his booklet, "Making Your Pistons Pay a Profit."

SpenSmith

P S

A Patented Oil Drain Groove

Notice that oil groove and the oil holes. This prevents carbon trouble caused by burning it. On the down stroke of the piston the oil is wiped off the cylinder by the lower piston ring and then drained through the holes back into the crankcase.

© (11)

SPENCER-SMITH PISTONS

Built by the largest manufacturers of piston exclusively

Big as Cords, Cost less than Cords

Defects Kept Out Mileage Built In

Our mechanical process of building Hydro-Toron Tires—vulcanizing by Internal Hydraulic Expansion with water under pressure heated to the proper temperature—prevents those unseen defects which are real causes of Stone-Bruise, Rim-Cut and Blow-Out in ordinary tires.

The scientific chemical process of treating fabric—the Toron (no-rot) treatment—proofs each tire against the damaging effects of moisture and decay. The Toron treatment not only seals the tire against oxidation in all its forms, but gives the fabric a greater affinity for rubber, increases tensile strength, and insures a greater holding power between the layers of the tire.

This mechanical process, and this scientific chemical treatment, result in the unusual mileage represented by Hydro-Toron's fearless guarantee.

Besides this guarantee of 10,000 miles against Stone-Bruise, Rim-Cut and Blow-Out, Hydro-Torons are as big as cords, yet cost less than cords. Be sure to ask for them the next time you buy.

Tire dealers seeking a real money-making opportunity—a better proposition insuring good profit and satisfied customers—should write for our plan.

HYDRO-UNITED TIRE COMPANY

Factory and Eastern Sales Office
300 Hanover St., Pottstown, Pa.

Western Sales Office
1053 West 35th St., Chicago

Pacific Coast Branch
420 Beach St., San Francisco, Cal.

Fearlessly Guaranteed
10,000 Miles
Against Stone Bruise Rim Cut and Blow Out

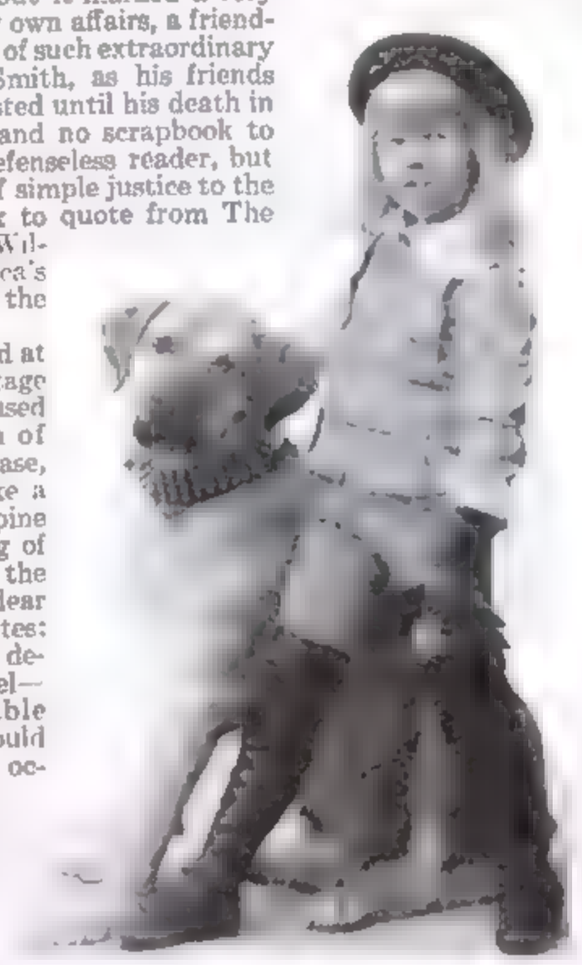
HYDRO TORON

(Continued from Page 43)

under consideration. My wife and I dined downtown that night and went to a play. As we were coming uptown to the Grand Central Station all of the exposed ash barrels, boxes and temporary scaffolds were being covered with stripe advertising of Never Again. I went to an expensive firm and ordered their best suit, the price was one hundred dollars. I asked them if there wasn't some way to increase it, and after fastidious additions induced them to boost it to one hundred and fifteen. C. F. added that to his story.

With the success of Alabama the continued avidity of the public for the Southern type drew Mr. Palmer's attention to Colonel Carter, by Francis Hopkinson Smith. The story, which had appeared in one of the magazines, was already in book form and was probably a best seller; one heard of it everywhere. I had *carte blanche* as to material, but felt a little overawed by the popularity of the book and the authority of its author. The play was only mildly successful, but it marked a very notable date in my own affairs, a friendship with that man of such extraordinary versatility, Hop Smith, as his friends called him, that lasted until his death in 1915. I have at hand no scrapbook to spring upon the defenseless reader, but I think it an act of simple justice to the author of the book to quote from The Wallet of Time by William Winter, America's greatest critic of the theater:

"Coming as it did at a time when the stage was being freely used for the dissection of turpitude and disease, that play came like a breeze from the pine woods in a morning of spring." And of the wonderful artist, dear Ned Holland, he writes: "His success was decisive. The Colonel—with his remarkable black coat that could be adjusted for all occasions by a judicious manipulation of the buttons, his frayed wristbands, his shining trousers, his unconsciously forlorn poverty, and his unquenchable spirit of hope, love and honor—was, in that remarkable performance, a picturesque, lovable reality."



Wallace Eddinger in "The Girl I Left Behind Me"

With the production of Cartar completed, and with plays for Goodwin, Crane and Charles Frohman to write, I ended my connection with Mr. Palmer and turned to the wider field. Mr. Palmer had about decided to abandon management anyway, although with his caution over any considered step he did not do so for two years.

Mr. Palmer's Retirement

During those two years he produced Trilby at the Garden Theater and one or two plays at his own house, in which the beautiful Maxine Elliott made her first appearance. Mr. Palmer, who had been a public librarian in his youth, was the most cultivated manager I knew personally—I never met Augustin Daly. But Mr. Palmer's culture made him timid in a business that was fast offering premiums for adventure. I remember the melancholy of the man in his gradual retirement, as during that period he said to me, "I'm an old man"—he was considerably under sixty at the time—"and I cannot compete with these younger men who are coming into the field." He named particularly Charles Frohman and Mr. Erlanger.

It would be of interest to remember the kind of world in which we then were living in that period beginning in 1892 and covering the next five years of which I now write. The President of the United States was Grover Cleveland. William McKinley was governor of Ohio. Roswell P. Flower was governor of New York. The state of Massachusetts had just elected to the United States Senate, to succeed the veteran Senator Dawes, a person comparatively young and described as a man of letters, named Henry Cabot Lodge. The national legislature was considering the favorable report of a Senate committee upon a proposed Nicaragua Canal. We had reached a decision that it was essential to have our Navy doubled. Gold had been discovered in quantities in Colorado, and there was an excited movement to that state. Andrew Carnegie and Henry Frick, declining to consult with their men, with whom they were having some labor disputes, had been responsible for the precipitation of the Homestead trouble.

On the other side of the water Charles Stewart Parnell had just died under something of a cloud. In England Gladstone was preparing to retire from the premiership after explaining his home-rule bill. Bismarck was being charged by the Socialists of Germany with corrupting the press with money improperly collected. There was a famine in Russia. In France Ferdinand de Lesseps had been indicted because of irregularity in the conduct of the Panama Canal enterprise; five deputies and five senators were under arrest charged with complicity therein. Deputies Clemenceau and Déroulède had fought a duel, firing three shots at each other, and concluded by shaking hands.

The Early '90's

Thomas F. Gilroy was mayor of New York City; the community was busy discussing rapid transit and the prospect for a first subway, for which it seemed impossible to borrow money. There was a great stir in municipal consciousness all over the country. L. S. Ellert had just been elected mayor of San Francisco on an independent ticket and a promise to give clean business as opposed to the sand-lot variety of politics. Mayor Pingree, of Detroit, had won on a campaign for city lighting. Mayor William Henry Eustace of Minneapolis was closing a business administration, and although contracts with the lighting companies had five years to run, Minneapolis was resolving at the termination of that time to have her own electric plants. Chicago was hoping to elect Mayor Harrison in order to have his direction during the period of the World's Fair. And Nathan Matthews, mayor of Boston, had been elected on a ticket for municipal lighting and an extension of the transit.

For the season of '91–'92 my wife and I had resumed possession of our apartment on the upper floor of the Oriental Hotel on the Thirty-ninth Street side, overlooking the roof of the Casino. In the summer and early autumn evenings we could sit at the window or on the little fire-escape balcony thereby and see the operatic performance on the Casino roof as comfortably as if from a private box, though a bit remote. Part of our royalties that were coming in I devoted under competent advice to the collection of a small library, good for working purposes, and occasionally getting here and there a little picture that was worth having. Somebody has said that when you have once thoroughly seen a picture you may safely take leave of it; it will never again have for you its first effect.

For some reason that is not the truth for me. A picture that I have really chosen and that I like grows more and more to be a part of my environment, and I feel with Dr. Henry van Dyke, who wrote that his pictures were for him windows through which he looked out from his study on to the world.

In that apartment, thus agreeably situated and surrounded, I began to think about the story for Goodwin. He had been so successful in a sentimental bit in A Gold Mine, written for him by Brander Matthews and George Jessop, that though he was willing to have his new play largely comedy, he hoped that it would have a serious backbone. At that time Goodwin was slight, graceful, and with a face capable of conveying the subtlest shades of feeling:

HEINZ
Spaghetti
Ready cooked ready to serve

EVERYONE likes spaghetti—if it is prepared right. Everyone likes Heinz Spaghetti, for it is prepared *just* right.

The dry spaghetti is made in the Heinz spotless kitchens. So is the famous Tomato Sauce. The cheese is a special selection. The recipe by which it is cooked is that of a famous Italian chef.

It comes to you in a can ready to heat and eat. No work or fuss on your part. Keep a supply of this delicious food on hand. Serve it often—for guests and for every day meals.

Some of the 57

Vinegars
Baked Beans
Apple Butter
Tomato Ketchup

ALL HEINZ GOODS SOLD IN CANADA ARE PACKED IN CANADA

Here's a Tie for You!
Spur Tie
50c
Patented — Trade Mark reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
GOOD looking! Stylish! —you bet. The Spur Tie is setting the pace in neckwear this year.
Fashion has dictated—and common sense approves. Why? We'll let you in on a secret—the Spur Tie is all made up for you, ready to slip on. Saves your time and your disposition. A new patented feature gives it that jaunty effect, and holds it in shape.
Your dealer will show you the Spur Tie in two attractive sizes, large and small—two styles—elastic neckband or slip-on-grip, guaranteed not to rust or soil the collar. Numerous patterns;—black, polka, fancy and many others. Get your Spur Tie today.
If your dealer won't supply you, send $1.00 for two ... one ... state ... size ... preferred and whether ... the bow or slip-on grip
LOOK FOR THE NAME SPUR ON THE TIE
Hewes & Potter, Boston
Makers of
BULL DOG SUSPENDERS (double wear), BELTS, GARTERS (wide and narrow web), and VESTOFF SUSPENDERS (worn out of sight, under the shirt), 75c.
On the Pacific Coast, PAUL B. HAY, Inc. 120 Battery Street, San Francisco
MR. DEALER: Write for 3 dozen Sample Assortment of Spur Ties on approval.
ASK YOUR DEALER FOR
75c BULL-DOG 75c
SUSPENDERS
MORE AND BETTER RUBBER-LONGER WEAR
GREATER COMFORT GUARANTEED TO WEAR 365 DAYS

his voice was rich and modulated. My problem was to find a story for a blond hero five feet seven inches tall, weighing under one hundred and fifty pounds, with a Roman nose and a steady, steel-blue gaze. I stood the Goodwin photograph on my table and looked at it until it talked to me. The slight physique couldn't explain the solid confidence of that look except there was behind it a gun. I clarified my problem a little by deciding that the gun should be carried lawfully, and as there was nothing suggesting the soldier in Goodwin, nothing of the setting-up type about him, I was urged to the idea of sheriff.

Persons interested in play writing—and I am persuaded they are not few in number—will see how that clears the atmosphere. When you must or may write for a star it is a big start to have the character agreeably and definitely chosen. To secure the love interest I thought of a girl who would be of a little finer strain than the sheriff type indicated, and the necessity for conflict suggested a rival. The rival should be attractive but unworthy, and to make him doubly opposed to Goodwin I decided to have him an outlaw, someone it would be the sheriff's duty and business—business used in the stage sense—to arrest.

I have told in earlier chapters of my experience with Jim Cummings, the express robber, who had given a messenger on the Missouri-Pacific road a forged order to carry him in his car and then after some friendly intercourse had tied the messenger and got off the train with a suitcase full of greenbacks. The need for a drama criminal decided me to make use of Cummings as Goodwin's rival, a glorified and beautiful matinée Cummings, but substantially him. This adoption rescued the sheriff and the girl from the hazy geography of the mining camps in which my mind had been groping and fixed the trio in Mizzoura.

Newspaper experience in those days before the flimsy and the rewrite emphasized the value of going to the place in order to report an occurrence, and I knew that aside from these three characters and their official and sentimental relationship the rest of my people and my play were waiting for me in Bowling Green, Mizzoura. I told Goodwin of the character and the locality, got his approval of the idea that far, and took a train for Pike County.

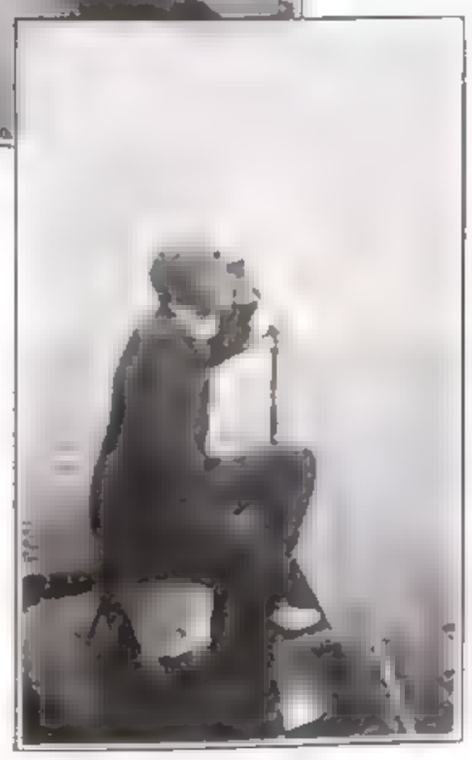
Getting Characters in Mizzoura

In those days Mrs. Thomas and I used to hold hands on our evening promenades; but I think it was really our foolish New York clothes that made the blacksmith smile. At any rate, we stopped at his door and talked with him. He knew Champ Clark and Dave Ball, another Missouri statesman, and had the keenest interest in the coming convention for the legislative nomination. It was fine to hear him pronounce the state name Mizzoura, as it was originally spelled on many territorial charts, and as we were permitted to call it in the public schools until we reached the grades where imported culture ruled. The blacksmith's helper, who was finishing a wagon shaft with a draw knife, was younger and less intelligent, and preferred to talk to Mrs. Thomas. A driver brought in a two-horse, side-seated depot wagon on three wheels and a fence rail. The fourth wheel and its broken tire were in the wagon, and the blacksmith said he'd weld the tire at 5:30 the next morning.

We went without breakfast to see him do it. He was my heroine's father by that time—a candidate for the legislature—and I was devising for him a second comedy daughter to play opposite to the boy with a draw knife. That day I also found the drug-store window and the "lickerish" boxes that Cummings should break through in his attempted escape; and I recovered the niggers, the "dog fannell," the linen dusters and the paper collars which in my recent prosperity I'd forgotten. I also nominated Goodwin for the legislature, which increased his importance and gave him something to sacrifice for the girl's father.

I was very happy over what I felt was the backbone of a play as I started from Bowling Green to St. Louis on the return trip. In the day coach my wife and I were the only passengers except a man who sat well forward by the heater and seemed in trouble. When the conductor, whom I knew, came along I asked him about the man. He said, "That's Nat Dryden. You must know him."

On the Ramona. William Crane in an Eccentric Dance. At the Right—Harry Woodruff



I did. I went forward to Dryden's seat. He was weeping and muttering to himself, though slightly consoled by liquor.

When I spoke to him he turned to me for sympathy and said, "Oh, Gus, Gus, Nancy died last night."

Nancy was his wife, and was known as one of the handsomest women in Missouri.

"Yes, last night! And oh, Gus, how she loved you!"

"Why, I don't think I ever met your wife."

"I know it. But you remember that convention at Jefferson City when I was a candidate for attorney-general ——"

I nodded.

"The fourth ballot was a tie between me and that blankety-blank-blank from Calloway County. You were at the reporters' table. At a pause in the proceedings you rose from your impotent and inopportune seat, and addressing that convention in which you had no rights whatever you said in a loud voice, 'I want it distinctly understood that the press of this state is for Nat Dryden.'"

I nodded.

"Dear boy, it beat me. But I went home and told it to Nancy, and we've loved you ever since."

My wife and I stopped only a day in St. Louis, and then we started back for New York. There are few better places than a railroad train for building stories. The rhythmic click of the wheels past the fishplates makes your thoughts march as a drum urges a column of soldiers. By the time our train pulled into New York I was impatient to make a running transcript of speeches of my contending people. But that is a relief that must be deferred. Like overanxious litigants, the characters are disposed to talk too much and must be controlled and kept in bounds by a proportioned scenario, assigning order and respective and progressive values to them.

Nat Goodwin Orders Breakfast

Before beginning to write I submitted the story to Goodwin. He was playing at the Fifth Avenue Theater at the time, I think, in Henry Guy Carleton's Ambition, but I am positive about his rooms at the Worth House annex of the Hoffman House just across Twenty-fifth Street. I called by appointment at twelve o'clock. Nat had been a little wild the night before, and was now propped repentantly against his pillows. As I entered the room a German waiter was standing at the foot of the bed with an order blank in his hand. Nat was studying the menu with a most regretful discrimination. Faintly assuming my permission, he gave his order, the obsequious German responding and writing down.

"Bring me a wineglass of orange juice."

"Vineglass, oranch juice."

"Dry toast."

"Jez-air, try doast."

"Piece of salt mackerel."

The waiter answered and wrote. Long pause by Nat.

"Cup of coffee."

"Coffee, jez-sir."

"Curtain."

Following Nat's appealing look, I explained to the puzzled waiter the significance of the last instruction.

Goodwin was so enthusiastic about the story that it was an added stimulation to the writing of it. I got a little inside room near our apartment in the Oriental and began work on the play, which as far as dialogue went almost wrote itself. One night in particular, after talking in minute detail the third act to Goodwin, really playing it with him, I went to my table after an early and light dinner, but with some coffee that I had the bell boy bring at irregular times, and other reënforcements not so deadly, and wrote the entire third act of the play before the daylight came through the windows. I was a good deal of a wreck when it was finished, and the handwriting was difficult to read; but when finally transcribed it was never altered, and the play could be prompted from that script to-day.

A First Night

Early in the World's Fair time there came a chance to do the play at Hooley's. Goodwin had a fine company, somewhat miscast in some particulars, but all of ability, with handsome Frank Carlyle as the villain and a tower of strength in McIntosh, whom I persuaded Goodwin to take when he had been rather set on getting McKee Rankin, a much more expensive and older actor. We had exactly eleven days in which to produce the piece. It was one of Goodwin's greatest first nights. I had frequently been behind the curtain with Nat in other plays, but never saw him begin one. That night in Chicago he had a perfect case of seasickness, and with difficulty controlled his nausea during the acts. He told me then that his nervousness always affected him that way with a new play.

I shall never forget his pale face nor his descriptive line as during one of the intermissions he looked up at me and said, "My boy, a first night is a hoss race that lasts three hours."

After the Goodwin contract I had engaged to do plays for William Crane and for Charles Frohman. The most imperative of these was for Crane, then playing in The Senator and looking about for a play to follow it. Crane some years before had had a play by Clay M. Greene called Sharps and Flats, in which he and Robson had jointly starred, and Greene had rewritten for Robson and Crane some other script. Joseph Brooks, Crane's manager, wished Greene and me to write together. It was arranged that Greene and I meet Crane at his summer home, Cohasset. Greene was to be in that neighborhood with a yachting party. My wife and I planned to stop on our way to Ocean Point, Boothbay Harbor, Maine, where Mr. Eugene Presbrey and his wife, Annie Russell, had a bungalow to which they had invited us for part of the summer.

At Mr. Crane's home I found a request from Greene for Crane and me to come to Boston, where a yacht on which Greene was a guest was anchored. This was agreeable, as Crane had his own steam yacht, the Senator, and was in the habit of running up to Boston once or twice a week on excuses not nearly so good. Greene's host was Harry M. Gillig, owner of the schooner yacht Ramona. The Senator anchored near by and our party went aboard the Ramona, where, with Harry Gillig playing a tarepatch and Frank Unger strumming a banjo, the distinguished comedian showed the boys that he could still shake a foot. Crane began professional life as a basso in a comic opera company, and went from

(Continued on Page 49)

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Besides, Sunbeam prices are now lower than ever before, so, this is the season to see a Sunbeam dealer.

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TWELVE BODY TYPES

LINCOLN MOTOR CO. DETROIT MICH.

LELAND-BUILT

(Continued from Page 46)

that into Rice's burlesque, Evangeline, in which as Le Blanc he had not only to sing and act but to dance. Besides the jollity of it there was an amusing incongruity in the sight of the sedate "Senator" in yachtsman's fatigue doing a rattling jig on the deck of the schooner. After a jovial afternoon Crane went home alone to Cohasset and my wife and I joined the cabin party of the schooner yacht under Gillig's promise to sail us up to Presbrey's, an easy cruise of two or three days.

Harry Gillig, Californian, had recently married a daughter of a California multimillionaire. This young couple were on their honeymoon. The Gilligs had with them a Western party, including, besides Mr. and Mrs. Greene, Frank Unger, father of Gladys Unger, the young playwright of to-day; Theodore Worres, painter; Charles Warren Stoddard, poet, author of South Sea Idyls; Harry Woodruff, actor; and Charles Thomas, partner of Charles Hoyt, of the younger group of managers. Gillig and Unger, as members of the Bohemian Club, San Francisco, were also members of The Lambs, where I had met them and begun an intimate friendship that lasted as long as both men lived.

By the time the Ramona reached Boothbay Harbor, Gillig and his cabin party were opposed to my wife and me leaving for the visit to Presbrey. The amiable contest was adjusted by our spending a few days ashore while the boat cruised near by and our then rejoining for a run to Bar Harbor and back, when our host took Presbrey aboard, too, for a sail back to New York. Any cruise so composed and dowered can fill pages with its record. I shall not write a line, but will leave all to sympathetic understanding under the embracing words of youth and fellowship, sail and song and sea and summer.

It would be with the greatest regret that I would eliminate from my experiences that summer and parts of two subsequent ones on the Ramona, and yet I think that nearly all the embarrassment that comes from having one's expenditures exceed his income I could trace to standards accepted at that time.

Eugene Field was wise when he refused the winter strawberries, as Mr. Melville Stone relates, because he feared they would spoil his taste for prunes; and then we people of the theater are so easily misled by appearance, and also by a creative wish to realize a fancy. Only three or four years ago I met Henry Miller in San Francisco, where, like myself, he had come to put on some plays in that summer.

"Hello, Henry! Why aren't you on a vacation after your busy season at your New York theater?"

From Pathos to Bathos

"Because I was not content with a place in the country good enough for any man to live in, but being a damn fool theatrical person had to build stone walls around it, and terraces, and make a production. Now I'm still working to pay for it."

On the Ramona, Greene and I hammered out a story we thought would do for Crane's play. It wasn't easy, because Crane, like all the comedians at that time, wanted a comedy-drama, something that would give him a chance for the untried substantial powers he was sure he possessed. With this story in hand we had a season ahead of us in which to write the dialogue.

Although again getting a little out of the order of events, for the sake of cohesion I will jump ahead to the production of the Crane play which we called For Money. It was a four-act construction, and with a dominant serious note. Crane played a man who had been embittered by finding in his dead wife's locket, which he had thought contained his own portrait, the picture of another man. This unhappy discovery had been made many years before the opening of our story, and the ingénue of the play, who had come under his protection, speaking in pride of her antecedents, showed to Crane a portrait of her father. The unhappy star was to regard it and say in a quiet undertone to himself, "The man whose picture I found on my dead wife's bosom."

Charles Thorne or John Mason or Lucien Guitry might have got away with that line, but when Crane spoke it, registering a startled surprise, and spreading his hands in a manner that had been irresistible in the old-time comedy of Forbidden Fruit, the house rocked with laughter.

Greene said, "Some of 'em wanted to cheer for the man in the picture."

The performance was in Cleveland, where Greene and I had a few friends. Sympathetic people tried to restore the equilibrium of the play by appreciating its other serious values, but as Greene said at our little post-mortem when the evening was over, "Yes, people came to me in the lobby and said they liked it, but they didn't slap me on the back."

By the end of the week Brooks and I took blame for our fall-down in equal shares. The play wasn't as good as it might have been, and Crane didn't handle serious stuff as well as he hoped he would.

I once made a caricature in my guest book of Francis Wilson, under which Frank wrote, "*Du sublime au ridicule il n'y a qu'un pas*," which some years later I was able to translate. But the fact of the easy step from the sublime to the ridiculous I knew by experience. Two weeks ahead Crane's time for his New York season at the Star Theater was waiting for him.

I said, "Joe, I think I can save the printing, the scenery and most of the company and make a farce of this thing in time for New York."

Brooks said, "For God's sake, do it!"

Unintentional Repartee

My wife and I went back to the Oriental Hotel. With close application to the work, with the brave use of scissors and paste pot, I rejoined the company in four days with a new script and parts for a broad farce. We rehearsed it in Baltimore, tried it in Washington, came to our dress rehearsal at the Star in New York with a good company and everybody in high spirits. There occurred at that dress rehearsal a commonplace inquiry of mine which I have seen quoted in newspapers as an example of my brilliant repartee, when it was only the most honest-to-God inquiry a man could make. In the middle of our second act at the Sunday-night rehearsal Brooks loudly clapped his hands after the fashion of the interrupting manager, came down the aisle of the theater, calling my name. I came into the prompt entrance, from where I had been readjusting a light.

Brooks said, "Gus, there are a whole lot of funny things that could be said right there."

Having written myself out on the rush work with the script and worked myself out at rehearsals, and willing to take help from any quarter, I simply answered, "What are they, Joe?"

When I heard the peal from the company that had been interrupted, and from the few people in the otherwise empty parquet, I let the answer go as an example of agility.

For Money played a fine eight weeks in New York, but, as I remember, Crane never did it on the road.

My first play for Charles Frohman was called Surrender. I believed that we were far enough from the Civil War to take a comedy view of some of its episodes, and that after the many serious plays that had handled it the public would be glad to have the subject treated humorously. C. F. thought so too. He liked the script as I gave it to him, and it was turned over to Eugene Presbrey to rehearse in Boston. Presbrey was so appreciative of its values that he thought it a mistake to make a farce of it, and after a conference with C. F., who went over to look at the rehearsals, they decided to play it seriously, stressing melodramatically every possible point and introducing a horse. When I arrived at about the dress rehearsal the enthusiasm of those two men overbore my first conception of the story, and we went to the public with it as a serious play. It lasted on the road only some sixteen weeks.

Maude Banks, the daughter of General Banks, was playing in the piece the part of the only Northern girl. A requirement of the script and of the part was a blue silk sash on her white dress, as I remembered the young women of war days declaring their loyalty. At the dress rehearsal Miss Banks declined to destroy the effect of her white dress by putting any color on it, preferring to leave the company rather than be disloyal to her dressmaker. C. F. said it was too late to do anything about it, and the young lady's whim prevailed. I don't think she ever played under Mr. Frohman's management again.

Louis Aldrich, a stalwart actor who as a star had won great reputation in Bartley Campbell's My Partner and other dramas, played a Southern general with a line that

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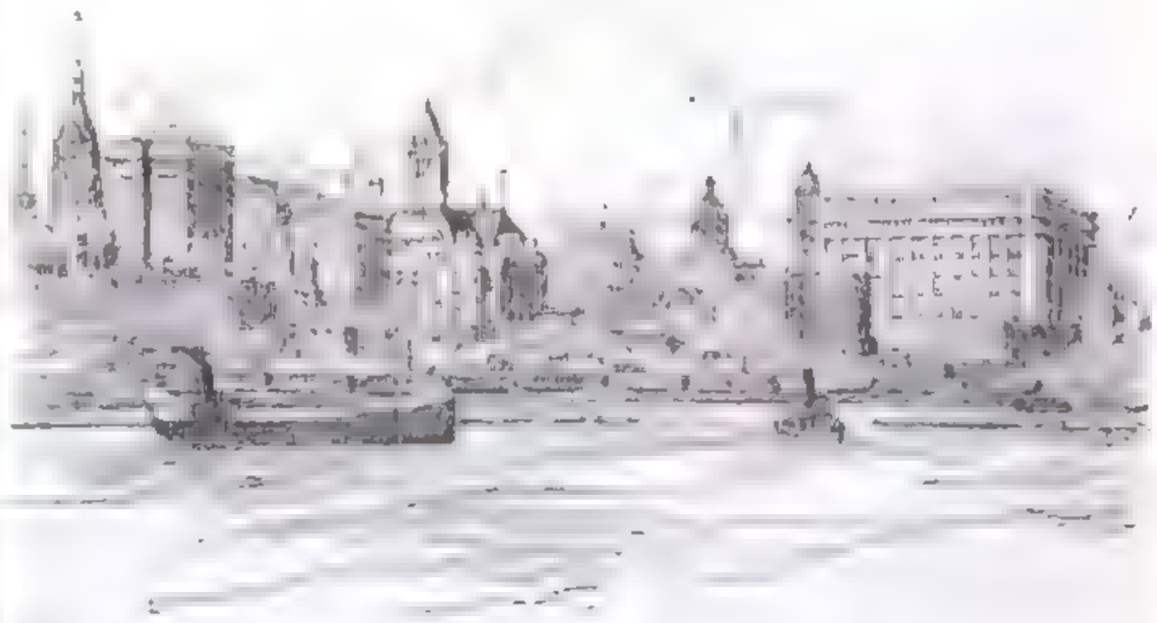

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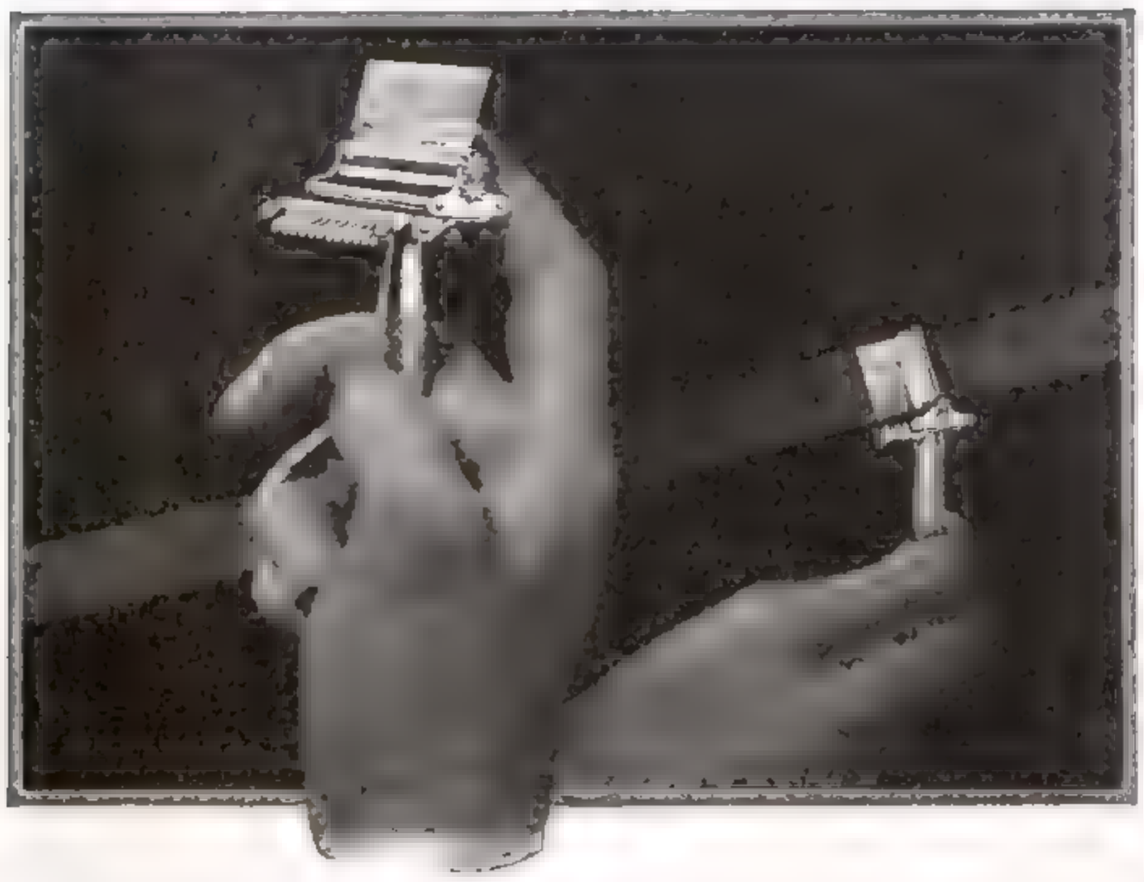

Without removing the blade this razor strops, shaves and cleans

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I had taken verbatim from an assertion by Colonel Alfrend that the South had whipped the North on a thousand fields and had never lost except when overcome by superior numbers. Aldrich declined to deliver this speech, because personally he was a Northern man, so that altogether we had considerable trouble with our temperamental actors. There came a time in C. F.'s experience and development, however, when he was somewhat more insistent on the effects that he wanted, and when actors were not so ready to oppose him.

In the spring of 1892 we built at New Rochelle the house which is still our home. The versatile, volatile Sydney Rosenfeld at that time was among the first if not actually the principal librettist of America, and a writer of comedies. He had one or two successes on Broadway, and he and I were very closely associated in the Lambs. At his suggestion we went to New Rochelle to find land on which to drive our stakes. For some reason or other Sydney postponed his building and finally abandoned the intention. I recall our first day's negotiation with Sydney's friend from whom we hoped to buy the land. Mr. Leo Bergholz, ever since that time in the United States consular service, was showing us a little pine thicket on his own land, densely grown, the ground covered with fallen needles. He had a pretty wit, but stood somewhat in awe of the great Rosenfeld, who wrote smart dialogue for the Francis Wilson operas and had also been an editor of Puck.

Very Much Incognito

Commenting on the seclusion of this copse, Bergholz said, "No ray of sunshine ever penetrates this gloomy fastness."

When neither of us smiled at this mediæval utterance, Bergholz repeated it. With some difficulty we continued serious. As Bergholz approached it for the third time he lifted his hands after the manner of a *coryphée*, and dancing in most amateurish fashion a feeble jig, he said again, "No ray of sunshine ever penetrates this gloomy fastness."

Sydney, looking solemnly at Leo's feet, remarked, "That's the gloomiest fastness I ever saw."

It was great fun to plan a house. In the old days on the St. Louis Post-Dispatch architecture and real estate had been one of my departments. William S. Eames, one of the youngest and most talented architects of St. Louis, associated with Thomas Young, a pupil of Richardson of Boston, had been a member of our old life class at Washington University. He tried to tell me something each week about the beauties of his art, and I came to believe that an essential feature of domestic architecture was a roof that could be seen. According to Eames, the house should droop its wings and hover its sheltered brood like a mother hen. A memorandum sketch that I turned over to our New York architect, and which my wife still has in her scrapbook, was drawn on the back of an envelope after many conferences as to our joint needs. When we began to build we went to New Rochelle to board in order to be near the enterprise. There was no hotel. The best boarding house in the place was kept by two elderly ladies, one of them a Mrs. David, whose husband had been the principal merchant of that little city, and after whose family David's Island, now occupied by Fort Slocum, had been named. We were satisfied with their references, and they inquired for ours. With his permission, I gave them the name of Bronson Howard. They had never heard of him, and asked his business. I told them and named his prominent plays, The Banker's Daughter, The Henrietta and Shenandoah. They had never heard of any one of these.

I said, "He is your neighbor and owns the house just around the corner," giving them street and number. They had never heard of that.

This story of Howard's obscurity was a favorite one of mine for many years to illustrate the indifference of the general public to the men who write plays, until it was superseded by an experience of my own. In 1909 Mr. Shubert asked me to go to Chicago to overlook the performance that the John Mason company were giving in my play, The Witching Hour, at the Garrick Theater. I purposely stood in the lobby until the curtain had gone up, and then in my most humorous manner asked the man in the box office if he passed the profession. The lobby was filled with posters bearing Shubert's and Mason's names, and my own, in that order of importance and display. The treasurer asked my name, the branch of the profession in which I was. I told him. He asked me the name of some plays I had written. I named four or five, omitting The Witching Hour. He said he would have to ask the manager. The manager came to the box-office window, put me through the same questionnaire and shook his head; and it was only when I told him how he would disappoint Mr. Shubert, and pointed to the three-sheet bearing the name I had given him, that he in any way associated the sound with the type.

At New Rochelle I became intimately acquainted with Frederic Remington and E. W. Kemble. These two illustrators had been friends for some time elsewhere, and were great companions; but the most beautiful side of their friendship needed a third for its precipitation. Kemble is universally amusing when he cares to be. Few men are his equal in putting the spirit of caricature into ordinary verbal report or comment; even his famous "Kemble's Koons" do not show such sure fun. Remington responded promptly to Kemble's comedy, however expressed. Most men who know it do the same, but Remington went further. When Kemble had left him after any interview, all of Kemble's woes of which Remington had been the repository were suddenly dwarfed in the larger horizon of Remington's experiences and transmuted into side-splitting jokes. In his mind, Kemble was never grown up; and Kemble reciprocated.

Remington's throes, viewed through Kemble's prism, were just as amusing. They took even each other's art as playfellows take each other's games. There were years when much of their leisure was passed in company. Their understanding was mutual and immediate. One night after the theater, on the train home from New York, sitting together, Remington was by the car window, Kemble next to the aisle. An obstreperous commuter was disturbing the passengers, men and women. The busy conductor's admonition had been ineffective, the brakeman's repeated expostulations useless. The men passengers seemed cowed; the rowdy was gaining confidence. On his third blatant parade through the car, and as he passed Kemble's side, Remington's two hundred and fifty pounds of bone and muscle reached out into the aisle, and with the precision of a snapping turtle lifted him from his feet like a naughty boy and laid him face downward over Kemble's interposing lap. With the spirit of perfect teamwork, as Remington held the ruffian, Kemble spanked him, while the legs in the aisle wriggled frantically for a foothold. The correction, prolonged and ample, was accompanied by roars of laughter from fifty other passengers. Being done, Remington stood the offender on his feet. The man began a threatening tirade. Before half a sentence was uttered Remington had him again exposed to Kemble's rhythmic tattoo. This was enough, and when again released the fellow promptly left the car for the seclusion of the smoker.

The Hartranft Statue

In those early '90's my sculptor friend Ruckstull's relation to life was not unlike my own. He was working in a department of art where there was no regularity of income, and where his opportunities were the result of competition. Next to getting an order for a play and finding a story satisfactory to a star or manager was seeing Ruckstull win a commission in a competition where his sketch had been approved. When he got the order for the Hartranft equestrian statue to go up in front of the Capitol at Harrisburg it made quite a little stir in our colony. Besides myself, both Remington and Kemble were artistically interested.

After one had submitted a sculptured model sketch which is perhaps eighteen or twenty inches high, the procedure toward the heroic group that is finally to be in bronze is through what is called a fourth-sized model—say, for horse and man perhaps four feet high. Ruckstull decided to make his final clay model of the finished group in France. Studio rent, plaster casting and the final bronze, together with one's own living for the year that the work would require, would all be so much cheaper that such a foreign residence, with somewhat of a holiday color to it, would about pay for itself. His fourth-sized model, however, he would make in this country,

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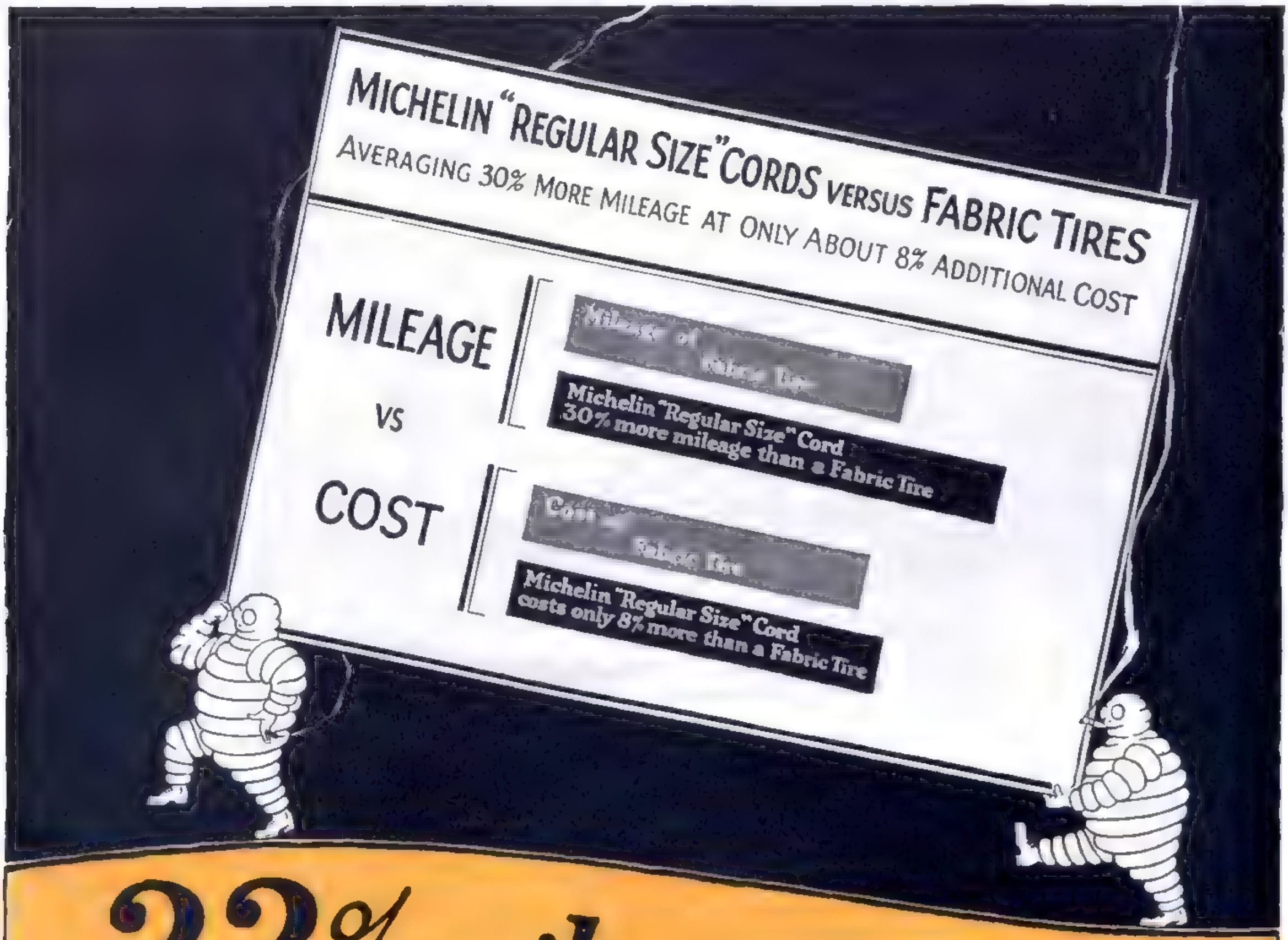
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(Continued from Page 50)

and for the fun that it would be for all of us I persuaded him to put up a half shade on some open ground back of our house at New Rochelle and do the work there.

Remington, a very methodic worker himself despite his ability to play in off hours, got up early, put in an entire forenoon, and with the interruption of a light lunch worked until nearly three o'clock. Then every day during this stay of Ruckstull's Remington came over to look at the progress of the model. He once said that when he died he wanted to have written on his tomb "He knew the horse." And that could be said of Remington about as truthfully as of any other artist that has ever lived in America. Ruckstull also knew the horse, but from another angle. It was interesting to hear the disputes of these two experts as Ruckstull's horse progressed in its modeling, Remington always arguing for the wire-drawn Western specimen and Ruckstull standing for the more monumental, picturesque horse of the Eastern breeders.

During that time I went to Remington's studio one day, where he was drawing a Westerner shooting up a barroom. That hulking figure in the foreground, however, obstructed other detail that he wished to show. Remington immediately dusted off the charcoal outline, and instead he drew his gunman in the background shooting down the room.

I said: "Fred, you're not a draftsman; you're a sculptor. You saw all round that fellow, and could have put him anywhere you wanted him. They call that the sculptor's degree of vision."

Remington laughed, but later Ruckstull sent him some tools and a supply of modeler's wax, and he began his Bronco Buster. It was characteristic of the man that his first attempt should be a subject difficult enough as a technical problem to have daunted a sculptor of experience and a master of technic. His love of the work when he got at it, his marvelous aptitude for an art in which he had never had a single lesson, are some evidence that it was possibly his *métier*. His few bronze groups and figures that rapidly followed the Bronco Buster and his heroic equestrian monument of The Pioneer in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, are the work of one who surely would have excelled in sculpture if he had lived to follow it.

The Lost Tribe of Dramatists

Back in those days there was a wish to improve the theater, not unlike the general desire so prevalent now, and which has never been entirely absent; a feeling that the box office should not so largely dominate in the selection of a play, and that its verdict should not be the final one on a dramatic offering. Prominent in this opinion was Mr. Henry B. McDowell, a young man of enthusiasm and high purpose, and, what was equally valuable at that time, with somewhat of a fortune. Mr. McDowell decided upon a winter's series of plays which should be produced under the repertoire idea and be shown in both New York and Boston. To launch his enterprise he began in the spring of 1892 with a dinner of fifty men, about thirty-five of whom were novelists, magazine writers and poets, the remainder being already engaged in the business of writing plays. I remember among the literary men Mr. William Dean Howells, Charles Dudley Warner, George W. Cable, Frederic J. Stimson of Boston, Richard Hovey, the poet, Richard Harding Davis, Edmund Clarence Stedman, Frank R. Stockton, and others.

I sat to the left of Mr. Bronson Howard, who during the meal said to me: "These literary gentlemen believe that they constitute the lost tribe of American dramatists, and that the theater will be elevated, if not saved, as soon as they turn their attention to it."

This critical attitude startled me somewhat, as I remembered so pleasantly Mr. Howells' little comedies, The Elevator, The Garroters, Register, and the like, printed in 1884 and 1885 in Harper's. Slightly opposing Mr. Howard, I took the liberty of suggesting that that might be the case.

Very definitely this veteran then asked me, "Thomas, what is a dramatist?"

I answered, "A man who writes plays."

"Exactly! What plays have these men written?" Then reënforcing his position he told me that the capacity to write plays invariably evinced itself in a disposition to do so before middle life. When called upon to speak, however, Mr. Howard took a sympathetic attitude toward the venture and talked encouragingly. One other speech that I remember in a general way is that of Mr. William C. De Mille, father of the present De Mille boys of dramatic and motion-picture fame. One line particularly had a considerable influence on my way of thinking. De Mille reported a proposition by Harper Brothers that he should write for them a set of rules for playwrights.

He said: "I at first accepted the commission, but later declined for the reason that I feared that if I once formulated a set of rules for writing a play I might some time be tempted to follow them."

It was about that time that Frederic Remington, speaking of his own art, as illustrator and painter, said to me, "Tommy, if I felt cocksure of anything about my business I would begin to be afraid of myself."

The resolution of each of these experts to keep a perfectly open mind about the things they were doing went far toward retarding my own ossification.

Mr. McDowell established his Theater of Arts and Letters and gave the five performances. Plays by Mr. Stimson, Richard Harding Davis, Frank Stockton, Clyde Fitch and some other author were produced under the stage direction of Eugene Presbrey. Mr. Howard took a definite pleasure when the enterprise had closed in calling to my attention the fact that the only play that had made any worthwhile impression was one offered by a professional dramatist, Clyde Fitch, a little thing called The Harvest, which he subsequently elaborated into The Moth and the Flame. Besides a very generous subscription fund, McDowell lost a substantial sum of his own—as I remember it, thirty-odd thousand dollars.

A Reformation That Failed

I saw these performances, and after a lapse of thirty years I remember three distinct features: The small talk of a fashionable company waiting for the bridal couple in a church which made up the background of Fitch's little play; a line from Frank Stockton's Squirrel Inn spoken by Mary Shaw, who played the part of a trained nurse applying for a position, and who when the anxious mother asked her if she understood babies answered, "I ought to, I dissected one"; a third incident wherein Joseph Wheelock, Sr., played the part of a harassed husband whose wife was a drug fiend. Each sympathetic friend that came upon the stage took the husband's hand and gripped it in silent sympathy. As the audience began to titter over the repetition of this business Wheelock became sensitive. He put his hand behind him when Nelson Wheatcroft, the next member of the company, came near him in a succeeding scene. Feeling that something depended on the gesture, Wheatcroft took Wheelock by the elbow, recovered the hidden hand and shook it to general laughter that almost closed the performance. It is interesting, at least to me, that out of this expensive essay these somewhat technical points should be the lasting impressions, and that all the fine literary offerings intended for the reformation of the theater should have so vanished.

In these early '90's Joseph Brooks conceived the idea of having a play written with George Washington as the central character. This was suggested by the resemblance between the portrait of Washington and that of Joseph Holland, then at the height of his popularity as an actor. Brooks' idea was to associate Joe and his older brother Edmund. I undertook to write the play, and made a fairly thorough study of Washington's life and times. Avoiding the error of the biographical play which tries to cover too much, I confined my story to the period when Washington was a colonel of the Virginia militia, and before he had married Martha Custis. I found a character for Ed Holland in Virginia's Scotch governor, Dinwiddie. When the play was done the professional engagements of the two men did not allow them to undertake it immediately, and before both were at liberty one had fallen ill. The joint project was abandoned. Having faith in the play, I wanted to see it tried, and for that purpose went to Boston, where the Castle Square Stock Company at that time had as leading man Jack Gilmour, bearing considerable resemblance in face and figure to the

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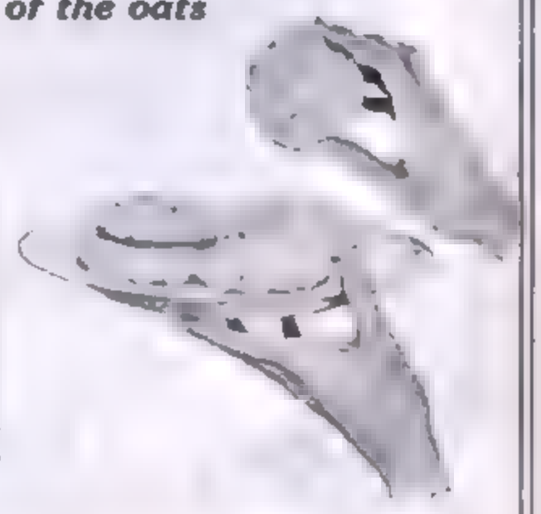
Cream butter and sugar. Add yolks of eggs. Add Quaker Oats, to which baking powder has been added, and add vanilla. Beat whites of eggs stiff and add last. Drop on buttered tins with teaspoon, but very few on each tin, as they spread. Bake in slow oven. Makes about 65 cookies.



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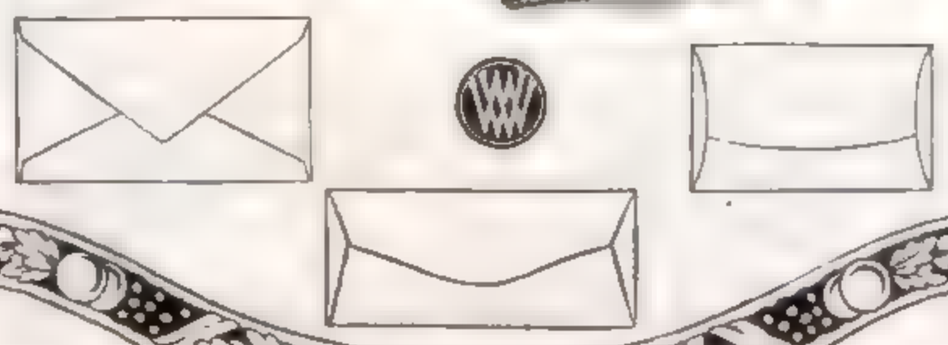


traditional Washington. This stock company played a new play every week, having only five rehearsals in which to prepare.

On our first night a young actor who was playing Bryan Fairfax, with two scenes in the first act, was not at hand when we reached his second one. The usual efforts to hold the stage were made, but we finally had to ring down. The young man when found was in his dressing room in his underclothing, having forgotten his second scene and begun to dress for his second act. This was explained to the audience, but when we rang up again the whole thing had taken on such an air of unreality that two or three other mistakes which have a fashion of running in groups on hard-luck nights in the theater destroyed any impression we might have hoped for. Later performances convinced me that I had a good play, but it was never done after that week.

Brooks went to the production of a new play for Crane called The Governor of Kentucky, written by Franklin Fyles. At the end of rehearsals, star, manager and director felt they were in bad shape as to story. At their dress rehearsal, at the request of the author, I indicated what I thought were the weaknesses, suggested the remedies and told them what I thought the Tuesday morning papers would say. Remembering our quick revision of For Money, Brooks hoped something of the same kind could be done with The Governor. On Tuesday I was waked by telephone at daylight, and at his request came at once from New Rochelle. By arrangement we met Presbrey and Fyles. Fyles approved of all the proposed changes, but not being in good health left the work with Presbrey and me. Between us we had a revised script that evening, and the version went on before the end of the week. Brooks insisted on paying for the day's work. When I hesitated to name a figure he suggested the canceling of a thousand-dollar note of mine which he held. I agreed.

Willie Collier and the Tailor

A little later than this Harry Woodruff came to see me at New Rochelle. He had then left the stage and been two years at Harvard College under romantic conditions. Harry had won the affections of a daughter of a wealthy family whose members objected to an actor as a husband for the young woman. They agreed, however, that if Woodruff would go through Harvard and equip himself for another profession the objections would be withdrawn. They also agreed to pay his way. While Woodruff was at his studies the family took the young girl abroad, and with a change of scene and her wider opportunities succeeded in arranging for her an alliance with one of the nobility. With this accomplished, the family had notified Woodruff that the financial support they were giving him at the university would be withdrawn. Harry was courageously making arrangements to pay his own way through the remaining two years, and regretting that he had not secretly married the girl as he had an opportunity to do.

This possible set of relations—a young man in college secretly married and the family trying to marry his wife to a foreign nobleman—struck me as a pretty complication for a comedy. Having a contract with Goodwin for something to follow In Mizzoura, I developed that story into a three-act play which I called Treadway of Yale. Goodwin accepted both the scenario and the finished script, but before the time came for production he married Maxine Elliott, of whose dramatic ability he had such high opinion that he thought the comedy gave her insufficient chance. He therefore forfeited his advance payments on it and returned the script. It was produced some time later under the title of On the Quiet by William Collier under the management of Will Smythe, and later revived by Charles Frohman when Collier passed under his direction. Collier went to London with the piece. During his successful run with it there Willie had occasion to be measured for a suit of clothes. An English tailor, amused with his American manner, endeavored to spoof him, a risk that no American tailor would have taken.

As he ran his tape over him he said in his blandest manner: "I saw you last night, sir, in your very amusing comedy. Have you played that before the King?"

Collier said, "I played it before anybody. I'm the original."

Along in this epoch that I am so informally trying to describe I was one day in a dark theater listening to a rehearsal of a song intended for Marie Cahill, at that time, I think, still with Daly, or maybe with Duff. In the syncopated accompaniment there was a hesitation not unlike that intermitting heart jump that so frightens one until the family doctor with his fingers on one's wrist says "Too much coffee." The radiant composer-piano-player bawled above his racket to Miss Cahill, "Hear that ragtime?" She did. I was at some loss to distinguish it, but that was my introduction to the term and to the manner. Soon thereafter, a year or two, "ragtime" was a stock word. Some more years and it divided space and attention with jazz. Both are negroid. On the border line of the black belt I had been brought up on darky music. While the melancholy of slavery was upon them the negroes, intensely responsive to and expressive in music, had found a solace in the Stephen Foster Kentucky Home kind of melody and a racial cadence woven into the tunes of the Baptist hymnal. Their lighter output just after abolition was of the rap-tap-a-tap-tap school of sand dance, the McNish silence-and-fun variety. When full equality got onto Sixth Avenue, ragtime, the African tom-tom in a red vest, made its appearance. Jazz was its offspring. Jazz is ragtime triumphant and transfigured, the Congo arrived at kingdom come.

Plato on Jazz

The nation's feet kept time. The two-step gave way to the fox trot and the shimmy came along with jazz. Central Africa saw ghosts. Some moralist speaks of a certain ferocity in Nature which, "as it had its inlet by human crime, must have its outlet by human suffering." Why may not jazz be the cutaneous eruption of the virus of black slavery? If Davies and Vaughan are accurate in their translation of Plato's Republic the idea is not so novel as the inquiry, for therein Plato says:

"The introduction of a new kind of music must be shunned as imperiling the whole state, since styles of music are never disturbed without affecting the most important political institutions. The new style," he goes on, "gradually gaining a lodgment, quietly insinuates itself into manners and customs; and from these it issues in greater force, and makes its way into mutual compacts; and from compacts it goes on to attack laws and constitutions, displaying the utmost impudence, until it ends by overturning everything, both in public and in private."

It might no doubt amuse Plato to take fifty years of musical progression in America and check its changes against our changing compacts, laws and constitutions.

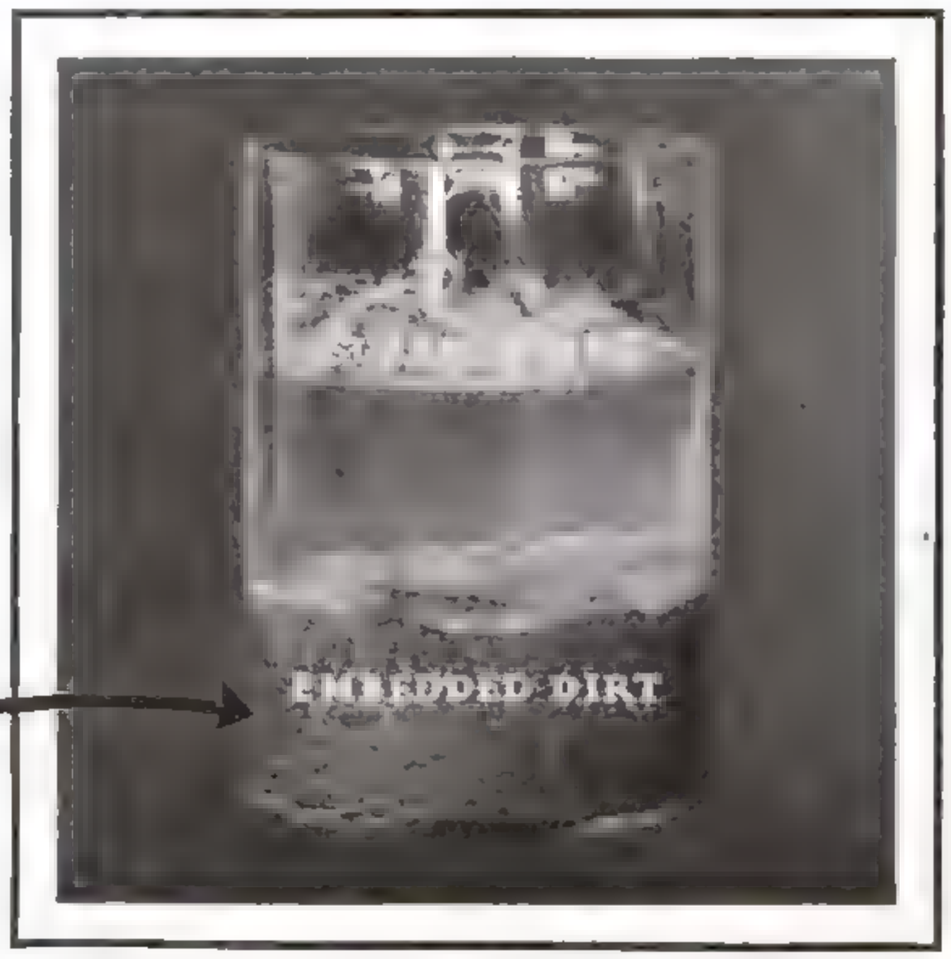
"But say, this guy Plato—where does he get that compax-and-constatution stuff? Who wised him to anything about show business? An' lissun! This Davus and Vaughan—words by, music by—I never ketch them on no big time neither."

Frederic Remington, with a natural social philosopher's view of them as they worked not only in the theater but in life, refused to believe that the overflowing tide of ignorance was destined to inherit the fruits of the earth. He disliked the growing influence of the unassimilated immigrants. He hated the political herding of them. He loathed all politicians because they talked. He loved the soldiers because the military acted promptly and without debate. In his day in the West the local advent of troopers meant sudden and inflexible order. He saw humanity's future safe only under military discipline. We differed, but I liked his mettle and his impatience with conditions. At Remington's I met several of his soldier friends, among them Gen. Nelson A. Miles, then the commanding major general; also Capt. Francis Michler, decorated for gallant service against Indians in Arizona in 1872 and 1873.

When finally confused with the rewrites and inventions for the theater in which I was then becoming involved, I resolved again to go for a subject to the plain and primitive things as far as one could find them. Encouraged by Remington, and definitely interested by his enthusiasm, I took a mandatory letter that Remington got from General Miles to all commandants in the West instructing them to give me information and assistance, and with no preconceptions as to story went to Arizona in 1897 to get a play. It was an important turning point in my career.

Editor's Note—This is the ninth of a series of twelve articles by Mr. Thomas. The tenth will appear in an early issue.

No rug is really clean until this dirt is removed



This laboratory test shows how the Royal removes the EMBEDDED dirt, as well as the SURFACE litter.

Much of the embedded dirt is gritty and injurious to rugs. Much of it is unsanitary and laden with germs.

Notice that the Royal not only picks up all SURFACE DIRT but removes all of the EMBEDDED DIRT.

When you select your suction cleaner, keep that important fact in mind

MRS. John Thompson, 1531 E. 82nd Street, Cleveland, O., was sure that her 9 by 12 Axminster rug was *clean*. She smiled a little when the Royal Man proposed to get dirt out of it.

But the Royal Man smiled, too, plugged in the cord, pressed the convenient trigger-switch, and ran his machine over the rug for exactly 6 minutes.

He then emptied from the Royal's bag *10 ounces of dirt!*

The most and worst dirt is IN your rug—not ON it

The 10 ounces of dirt that came out of Mrs. Thompson's "clean" rug was largely *embedded* dirt. The jar-of-water laboratory test shows how much of this unsanitary dirt there is as compared with surface litter.

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How Royal's powerful suction gets this dirt

To get out all of this dirt a cleaner *must*, we believe, do three things. It must produce a *powerful* suction. This suction must be *uniform* all along the nozzle. And the nozzle must be *adjusted "directly"* to the rug surface.

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Yet the Royal, thorough as it is, is absolutely harmless. You can clean even your Orientals daily without fear of the slightest injury to them.

Easy to use—and built to last a lifetime

The Royal is so light, it weighs barely 11 pounds, and it requires so few strokes over the rug (because it cleans so fast) that it will never tire you. The trigger-switch on the handle saves stooping to turn on the current, and the Royal nozzle is designed to get into corners and under furniture with greatest ease.

With such mechanical simplicity and precision is the Royal built that it is practically trouble proof. And it is made to last a lifetime. Remember, true economy and thrift lie in the purchase of articles of real value rather than at low price.

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Arrange with the Royal Man to clean a rug in your home—without obligation to you. He will also show you how to clean from cellar to garret—how to clean concrete, hardwood and linoleum floors; renovate mattresses and pillows; remove the dirt from upholstered furniture or hangings; and clean in and around fireplaces, registers, radiators, etc.

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ROYAL Electric Cleaner

Cleans By Air Alone!

JOSEPH'S COAT

(Continued from Page 11)

read my letter from Amanda. But I could not afford to quarrel with the old rascal; I was too used to him. I nodded my head at him and spoke to Valentine.

"Briggs has been with me a great many years, my dear; he is the person to ask if you want anything. He carries my mind and my money about with him. Briggs, this is my niece, Miss Valentine Forster."

I don't think either of them spoke. Valentine laughed a little, and her eyes lighted with mischief that was purely childish as she met the respectful glance of my servant. Did I say respectful? It was devoted. Yes, he knew who Valentine was, and he was already worshiping her family tree. Pshaw! The old snob!

I turned from him in disgust. Outside, the trees in Central Park were tinged with green; spring was here; the pool with the swans on it, up and down which the children sail in summer, had already been decked out with tiny boats. The sun sparkled on the mirrorlike surface, and the blue of the sky was the blue that only a young and slender woman can wear.

"Magic!" said Valentine, following my gaze.

"I had the picture framed especially for my windows," I said flippantly, and turned to pour out her coffee.

But Briggs had forgotten nothing; he had done that and withdrawn. Drat the fellow!

I urged her to eat, but she was almost too tired. The coffee and the warmth of the room revived her somewhat, and presently we managed to get round to the subject of Amanda's letter. To my surprise and relief I found her very direct. Most of the English girls I remembered were so vague and vaporish. Of course that was some time ago. Things change.

She told me that her father had been missing for two weeks.

"He just walked in one night, Uncle Magnus, and stood in the door of the drawing-room looking at me, his overcoat thrown back, his white shirt front gleaming in the light from the fire. He looked very excited somehow, and as if he had been keyed up to something tremendous; the way he looked sometimes when he had been doing a dreadful operation that no one else would undertake. He is so clever," she added proudly; "and so—so strange sometimes, although people don't guess that, ever. Mother had warned me about him when he looked that way. I must be very quiet and matter-of-fact, she said, and not disturb him by my manner; the thing to do was to get him to rest, anyhow, anywhere. I don't know, but I think that something had happened once when they were first married to make mother afraid of what he might do when he was in a tired mood like that—so I just called to him and he came into the room, throwing down his coat. You know, Uncle Magnus, our house is very old-fashioned and furnished almost entirely with things grandma gave to mother when she was married. Beautiful, in its way, but not a bit like your room here.

"Father had to pass several small tables to get to the fireplace, and they must have annoyed him, because he kicked one of them over and just left it lying there, and he is so polite; that wasn't a bit like him. I began to be more than a little disturbed, but I wouldn't have let him see for the world, and I kept on gripping my work and telling myself over and over inside that I must remember how mother used to act and try and take her place, when suddenly the dreadful thing happened."

She stopped, and the face she turned to me had lost every vestige of color; even her lips were white. And her blue eyes were almost black, she was so much in earnest.

"I don't suppose it will seem horrible to you," she said; "it doesn't to anyone except me, but I saw it happen, you see; that makes a difference. Father came to the fire and stopped dead, looking over at the ottoman. And then I knew that I'd done something terrible, though I did not see why it should be.

"Did you ever hear, Uncle Magnus, of Dick Forster, daddy's younger brother? He was just a baby, I think, when you and father were at college, and when I was little I used to think he was splendid, though I believe he was the most awful spendthrift, and quite wild. He used to visit at home a lot when I was at school at Miss Clayton's. He was house surgeon at one of the hospitals then—and once when I was home for the holidays he came in at lunch time and asked for the governor—that's what he called father—and heaved such a sigh of relief when he found he was not there nor expected. He had curly fair hair and always wore the most extraordinary clothes; at least mother said they were extraordinary, but I used to admire them like everything. This time he had on some pink socks with black silk clocks, and a most gorgeous waistcoat; it was of maroon silk, fine as could be. Mother laughed about it; she always teased him about things; and he said seriously, 'Mar'—that is what he always called mother for short—'you don't know what that waistcoat cost! I just wish I had the money I gave for it, now.'

"Well, we had lunch, and Dick was just as gay as he always was, laughing and chaffing mother all the time the servants were in the room; but when they had gone and we were drinking our coffee he sobered suddenly. 'Listen, Mar,' he said, 'will you do something for me? Will you promise to—to always be the same to me, whatever happens?'

"Mother grew a little pale, but she put down her coffee cup and smiled at him. 'Why, Dick, you know I will,' she said. Mother had an awfully comforting way of saying things like that. And when she spoke Dick stretched out his hand on the tablecloth—he had such beautiful hands—and he said huskily, 'Bless you, I believe you will too.' And he got up to go.

"Well, I don't know what happened exactly, because I wasn't there, but mother followed him out into the hall, and I heard them go into one of the reception rooms and close the door, and presently mother came back into the room and hunted in her desk for a check book and went out with it, and when Dick left he was laughing, and mother came back into the room with the maroon-colored waistcoat in her hand, and she was laughing, too, only she had tears in her eyes.

"'That absurd boy!' she said, and sat down with the waistcoat on her lap, smoothing it absently with her fingers every now and then, with a little frown between her brows.

"'What was it, mummy?' I said. 'Didn't Dick take his waistcoat?' And she laughed again softly, and said, 'No, the foolish boy; he insisted on taking it off and going away without it.'

"'Why?' I asked her, because, of course, I was still a little girl, and I didn't understand about not asking all the questions you want.

"'Why?' she repeated. 'Because I bought it, dear.'

"So that was all that happened that day, but often after that Dick would come in a waistcoat of some different design—once it was of moleskin, I remember, ornamented with little silver buttons—and he always left them behind him. Mother grew to have quite a collection, and she always kept them in the ottoman in the drawing-room, close to the fireplace, and once I remember she said to him that any time he wanted to be particularly gay he knew where they were; he could take which one he wanted. But he only shook his head, laughing the way he always did.

"'No, Mar, you've been an angel from heaven, but I won't take my trophies until I've earned them,' he said. 'Some day I'll pay you back and take them away in a taxi.'

"That was the last time I ever saw him, I think; the day he said that. For when I came back from school the next term he had gone, and mother was very sad about it when I asked her. 'Don't speak of him to your father, dear,' she said; 'he's very down on Dick. He didn't understand that he was just a boy; he is always so upright and honorable himself.'

"And Amanda told me there was a most dreadful scene once. Dick had been hauled before the governors of his hospital—he was a house surgeon, and so clever, they said—because he had been found gambling one night with some students. Daddy had been called in, and it was due only to his influence that Dick was allowed to stay. He begged and begged father to take him on as his assistant, but father—Amanda said he sneered.

"'Take you, and have the death of a patient on my hands—while you gambled and forgot!'

"'Take that back!' Dick cried furiously. 'I never neglected a patient in my life, and you know it.' They glared at each other like wild men, but father would not give in; he never gave in—he believed it, I suppose." She gave a tiny sigh. "But Dick wasn't bad, you know; just different. Mother always thought he'd come out all right.

"Once I heard mother and father talking about Dick—I think it was when daddy had been paying some of his debts—and he said angrily that he hadn't brought anything from Oxford but his bad name. Dear mother contradicted him—which is what she very seldom did. She said, 'Oh, you are wrong, Clement. He brought the best reputation as a fancy dresser of anyone in the varsity.' And she laughed a little, a sad laugh. She was awfully fond of Dick.

"So that night when father came home I had been looking at the waistcoats in the ottoman and thinking that I ought to wrap them up in mothproof paper before the spring came, and I suppose I hadn't set the lid down properly, for father caught hold of it with an impatient exclamation and instead of shutting it, jerked it open, and there, of course, lay all Dick's fancy waistcoats!

"He stared at them for a minute, and then he put down the lid quite gently and looked at me, and he looked just as he did when the news came of Toddy's death. Toddy was my little brother, you know, Uncle Magnus, and he died at Marlborough, while he was at school, the last year of the war. It wasn't anyone's fault; he simply had a weak heart and no one knew it, and the rifle exercises he did were too much for him. But father always laughed at him when he said he didn't want to be a cadet, the work made him so tired; and when he died, just because he had been one—though he wanted to, anyway, when it came to wartime, you know, because they were training even the little boys in all the schools—well, father felt as if he had had a hand in killing him.

"He'd taken up one of the waistcoats—it happened to be the one I remembered best of all, the one made of maroon-colored silk—and he felt it all over and he had the most dreadful expression. I can't describe it. It wasn't remorse, and yet it had a lot of that in it too. And he said, more as if talking to himself than to me, 'First the little brother, and then my son!' Then quite gently he dropped the waistcoat in the box and shut the lid, and muttered something to himself. I didn't quite catch it, but I thought he said 'Joseph's coat!'

"I said wouldn't he have some hot milk, or perhaps a whisky and soda, but he said no, he'd have some tea if I could get it for him when it was so late, and I went down to the kitchen myself—it is in the basement at home, and you can't hear what anyone is doing in the drawing-room, of course, because that is up two flights; you remember what English houses are like in the city, don't you, Uncle Magnus?—and made the tea. All the servants had gone to bed, of course, because it was really very late; about two o'clock in the morning.

"When I came back with the tea the drawing-room was empty; but all the lights were on, so I thought father would be back in a minute, and set down the tray and waited. But after a while the house was so still and I heard nothing of father in his room, so I went up to see where he was.

"No; he wasn't there"; she replied to my inquiring gaze. "We never saw him after that, and I think that when I was in the kitchen I heard the front door slam, though I didn't notice it at the time.

"Uncle Magnus, we've done everything to find him, everything we can think of. It was as I had thought at first, only his evening clothes put me off; daddy had done a difficult operation that night; he'd been dining out and they'd sent for him from the hospital. He was simply exhausted when he came home, and I suppose those waistcoats—— You see," she added explanatorily, "Dick had gambled away almost all his money, and he'd asked father time and again to let him come to him as assistant, because the particular work father specialized in was more interesting to him than anything in the world. But father told him to keep straight first and then he'd see. So when Dick simply hadn't anything more to sell he'd taken to his heels and flown the country, and mother told me once that he had gone to America and died there. Somehow that must have preyed on father's mind, you see. There isn't any other explanation. Sometimes people do strange things—the strangest people—the very ones you think never could!"

It was not in the least like my conception of Clement, but I could not tell his daughter that. He had always been selfish in his young days; why should he have changed now? It was plain that he had been a drag on Marie, and that drag had descended to his daughter. Why, this little girl should have been in school now, not hunting in a strange country for a lost father.

But I couldn't say any of this to Valentine while she sat with her eyes wistfully on me, her face tense for something—a crumb of comfort, perhaps, I don't know what else—her lips trembling with eagerness to pour out all that had been pent up in her heart during that long ride across the ocean.

"You see, Uncle Magnus," she said, "everyone else thinks that I am crazy to come here to find daddy, everyone except Clem. I've had to fight them all, all the uncles and aunts—all the people who even think themselves related to us."

She passed her hand wearily across her brow. I could see that for an instant she was back again in England facing them one after another, all wearing that implacable expression of right that is so antagonistic to the one who is determined to do something that is never done, all with some coldly wise argument that means nothing to the person possessed of a passion for doing, righteous or otherwise.

And suddenly I found myself violently on her side, championing her cause, wishing her well in a quest that could not be anything but futile. At least it would give the child a rest to visit me, to see something of that America that as yet she viewed so dispassionately merely as a hunting ground for a lost father. Desire to make her love the country for itself rose up in me. She would love—with passion—once she was aroused, this little girl.

For the first time I saw that she had possibilities of beauty, of something that distinguished her from the usual run of American girls, beauties though they are—and there is no more ardent admirer of the American woman than I—something that set her apart from most girls. It came to me with an accompanying mistiness of the eyes that filmed my glasses over that it was a sense of sacrifice. Valentine had probably never had simply a good time. What with one thing and another, lots of English girls don't.

During the slight inconvenience caused by the mistiness of my glasses I had missed some subtle change of mood in the girl before me.

When I regarded her again she was looking out at the park with an expression in her eyes I had not seen before, something wondering, almost ecstatic.

I did not wonder at her. After sixteen years in New York I never tired of looking at my view, the view of Central Park framed by blue sky and shining in rarefied air. You must have been born over there to know how clear the air of even New York is—the gold on the roof of the Century Theater glinting in the sun—the air of charm and hustle everywhere below. I believe even Briggs loved it. And now here was another one, sitting with her hands clasped before her, her eyes mirroring the glory of the whole.

"Magic, isn't it?" she said again without turning her head, just as if she had known me for a long time, and I believe the dear child felt that she had, somehow. "Isn't it—isn't it a foreign city—like a dream—when you think of London? And," she went on, not waiting for me to answer, "how father would love it! After he got used to it of course. Oh! I mustn't miss any time hunting for him!"

She started out of her chair so rapidly and with such grace that I was surprised. I stood up also, but laid a detaining hand on her shoulder.

"What makes you so sure he is here, Valentine?"

She flushed, but her eyes met mine steadfastly. She caught her breath a moment before she answered.

(Continued on Page 61)

BEAUTIFUL HAIR IN THE MOVIES

How Stars of the Screen Enhance Their Charms

STUDY the pictures of these beautiful women and you will see just how much their hair has to do with their appearance.

Beautiful hair is not a matter of luck, it is simply a matter of care.

You, too, can have beautiful hair if you care for it properly. Beautiful hair depends almost entirely upon the care you give it.

Shampooing is always the most important thing.

It is the shampooing which brings out the real life and lustre, natural wave and color, and makes your hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

When your hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh looking, soft and silky.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of free alkali, which is common in ordinary soap. The free alkali soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why leading motion picture stars and discriminating women, everywhere, now use Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure, and it does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look, just follow this simple method:

A Simple, Easy Method

FIRST, put two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a cup or glass with a little warm water. Then wet the hair and scalp with clear warm water. Pour the Mulsified evenly over the hair and rub it thoroughly all over the scalp and throughout the entire length, down to the ends of the hair.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

After rubbing in the rich, creamy Mulsified lather, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly—always using clear, fresh, warm water. Then use another application of Mulsified, again working up a lather and rubbing it in briskly as before.

You can easily tell when the hair is perfectly clean, for it will be soft and silky in the water, the strands will fall apart easily, each separate hair floating alone in the water.

Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

THIS is very important. After the final washing, the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water and followed with a rinsing in cold water.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is.

If you want to always be remembered for your beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage—and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

You can get Mulsified at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

Keeping a Child's Hair Beautiful

CHILDREN should be taught, early in life, that proper care of the hair is essential.

Get your children into the habit of shampooing their hair regularly once a week. Put two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a glass of warm water. Then moisten the hair with clear warm water and pour the Mulsified over it, rubbing it in vigorously with the tips of the fingers. This will stimulate the scalp, make an abundance of rich, creamy lather and cleanse the hair thoroughly. It takes only a few seconds to rinse it all out when through.

You will be surprised how this regular weekly shampooing with Mulsified will improve the appearance of the hair and you will be teaching your child a habit that will be appreciated in after-life, for a luxuriant head of hair is something to be proud of.

PALM

To Fair-M

—to those who give a hearing to men who try to please them

By V. K. Cassady, B. S., M. S., Chief Chemist

I am asking here for a simple test of a unique shaving cream. I spent a lifetime to qualify to make it. I consulted 1,000 men to learn just what they wanted. I made up and discarded 130 formulas before I attained this perfection.

Now I ask you to try it—free. And if you have something you are equally proud of, I'll do the same for you.

No ordinary soap

We are makers of Palmolive Soap. It is based on palm and olive oils—the premier cosmetics since the days of Cleopatra. To millions of women it has brought new beauty—skins like velvet, soft, clear, clean.

The makers desired to combine that blend in a shaving cream for men. But they insisted that we first create the best shaving soap in existence.

What men wanted

We first learned what men wanted, by 1,000 interviews. Then, step by step, we met those wants in scientific ways. In 18 months we made and tested 130 formulas.

They wanted abundant lather. We made a soap which multiplies itself in lather 250-times.

They wanted enduring lather. We made a lather which maintains its creamy fullness for ten minutes on the face.

They wanted quick results. Within one minute, with our soap, the beard absorbs 15% of water. And that's enough to make a tough beard cut like wax.

They wanted the skin left soft and vel[vet] irritation. The palm and olive oils do that. [Palmolive] Soap.

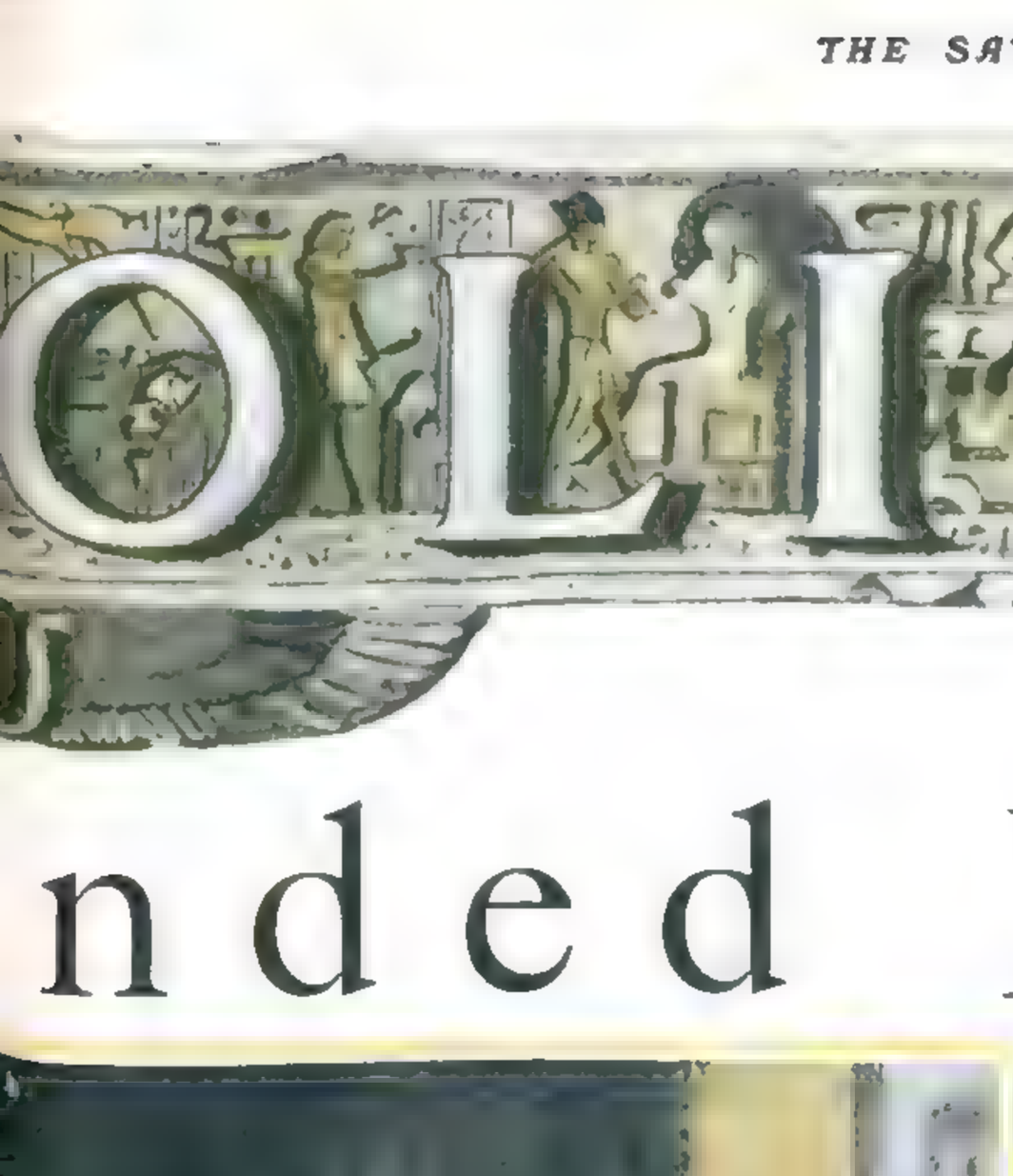
We've won the men

This shaving cream has won. Its sud[den] seemed like a fable. And every user has [left] some former favorite.

Now we ask your verdict. We have do[ne]

PALMOLIVE SHAV

nded Men



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men like you. In mutual fairness try it and tell us what you think.

Stop now and cut the coupon.

Just make this test at our expense

Send the coupon for this ten-shave tube. Compare results with the best shaving soap you know.

Then decide for yourself. We will accept your choice.

Multiplies Itself in Lather 250 Times

A tiny bit—just one-half inch—suffices for a shave. One tube supplies over a hundred shaves. A pea-size bit makes a lather ball as big as a potato.

Softens the Beard in One Minute

Within one minute the beard absorbs 15% of water. And that's enough. The horniest beard may then be cut like wax.

Leaves the Skin Soft and Velvety

No lotion required. This blend of palm and olive oils soothes all irritation. The after-effects are delightful.

NG CREAM

Copyright 1931 The Palmolive Co. 1551

10 Shaves FREE

Simply insert your name and address and mail to

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY, Dept. B-288
Milwaukee, U. S. A.

The Old Way and The New

OLD ways must give way to new ways. Time is too precious to waste. Back-breaking stooping to dust, clean and polish the floors is no longer necessary—it is a foolish drudgery. Compare these pictures—the old way and the new way. The new way is the O-Cedar way. It means even more than the pictures show. It means cleaner, brighter and prettier floors. The saving of time, work and money.

The O-Cedar Polish Mop has six decided improvements, besides being bigger, stronger and better than ever before and, best of all, a decided reduction in price.

Sold on Trial

Simply deposit the price (Large size, $1.50, Cottage size, $1.00) with your dealer. Put your O-Cedar Mop to every test, and if you are not delighted with the result your money will be refunded without a question.

Prices in Canada, $1.25 and $2.00.

O-Cedar Polish Mop

Evolution

Today's way of beautifying furniture and woodwork is to use O-Cedar Polish. For O-Cedar "Cleans as it Polishes."

In place of a greasy, dust collecting shine or liquid coating O-Cedar Polish cleans the furniture and woodwork of all dust, scum, finger marks and the like, brings out the beauty of the grain of the wood and then imparts a high, dry and lasting lustre that does not get gummy, sticky or collect dust. In this way O-Cedar really beautifies, cleans, polishes—all at the same time.

O-Cedar Polish is unconditionally guaranteed and your dealer will refund your money if you are not delighted with the O-Cedar result.

30c to $3 sizes at all dealers

Years ago people greased their furniture to give it a gloss

—

Then came a quicker method—a liquid coating to merely make it shine

O-Cedar Polish

CHANNELL CHEMICAL CO.
CHICAGO
Toronto - London - Paris - Cape Town

(Continued from Page 56)

"You'll think me foolish, but I think he came to punish himself. He's doing something different, something odd for him. Uncle"—she came a trifle closer; her eyes grew wide—"I—I believe he's wearing extraordinary clothes—making people stare at him; for a penance, you know. Perhaps even a—a maroon waistcoat. You see, he said that about Joseph's coat. Does it sound awfully silly to you?"

I never saw such wistfulness in a girl's eyes. I didn't know a girl could look like that. A lump rose in my throat; she was so little, so much in earnest. I didn't believe Clement had come here. It didn't sound to me like him; and yet his daughter ought to know. Whether her reasoning was right or not, I could follow it. I looked back at her gravely.

"No, it doesn't seem silly," I said.

She smiled. "I know it as well as if he had told me when he left home that night he was so tired. There isn't any reason in it, not as grown persons speak of reason, but there is plenty for me. When I knew that night that daddy had gone—it came to me suddenly that he had disappeared, that everything had been too much for him, just as mother had always feared it might—I sat down in a chair, numbed. I couldn't think of anything except that he had gone, gone now that mother was not there to take care of him. I went through such terrible fears—fears ——" She caught her throat at the memory of them, even. "After a bit I grew quieter, and then I prayed. I don't think I said much except 'O God! O God!' just like that, but after a bit the answer came. It wasn't in the shape of words; just that I began to think about America—and I remembered you. I seemed to know quite clearly that I must come here and search, that you would help me. That is why I came before they have nearly finished searching all the places they are going to in London. They pretend to think that he has just wandered off, that he may be in any of a hundred places. They say he had a nervous breakdown, and perhaps he lost his memory; that's what one of the doctors suggested; amnesia, he called it. They dragged the Green Pond, they have inspected everybody brought up from the river; but I haven't worried about that much, because I know that father is here."

The shining eyes, the voice gathering sweetness and vibrancy as she continued, the utter trust in her own absurd little dream somehow touched me as nothing else had. Let her believe it if she wished. Probably while she was here they would find Clement's body back in London somewhere, and the dismal details would be over while she was out of the way. Let the relations—the whole caboodle of 'em—attend the funeral and say "I told you so" to one another. I at least had the flower of the family here, and she should try her hand at America before she went back to them all.

"You're just like your mother, my dear," I said.

Which after all isn't a bit what I wanted to say—for Marie had been a good soul, but always a little dull, while this girl was instinct with grace and life and pep. But you'd have thought I'd paid her the finest compliment in the world. She flushed, and squeezed my hand suddenly with a convulsive clasp.

"I'm not half so good!"

"Probably not," I said dryly—I like 'em with a bit of fire in their make-up, myself—"but you suit me."

And then to my surprise she burst out crying and hung around my neck, and I found myself wiping her eyes with a handkerchief that was hopelessly inadequate, since I had taken it out of her own hand, and patting her back just as if she had been a baby.

She was tired out; I saw that.

And just as I was about to suggest that she go to her room and take a nap Briggs appeared in that suave way of his and said that Miss Valentine's room was ready, and since the boat had docked so early would she care to take a sleep, and in the meantime we could find out all the information from the steamship companies about passengers who might have a resemblance to the doctor.

I hadn't thought of that, but I had to admit that it was a good notion. I nodded my head wisely and assured her that I would have everything shipshape for the search by the time she was awake, and as she disappeared with Briggs—I hovered in the background, for when it comes to making arrangements I have to admit that the rascal is much better than I—I heard a female voice upraised in respectful welcome. Briggs had imported an elderly maid for my niece, a creature as perfect as himself. I heaved a sigh of relief as I saw Valentine consigned to her hands behind closed doors.

But that should not prevent me having it out with Briggs!

He did not even reply to my tirade, merely suggesting by his attitude that I spoke with the wisdom of Solomon—that he was humbled in the dust. When I began to repent my severity he made the suggestion he had been waiting to make:

"Shall I take in hand the gathering of information about the doctor, sir? I know you won't want to be bothered with that; too much detail. And Miss Valentine, sir, she'll enjoy society and the theater, but Jane says she only brought two suitcases and she has nothing fit to wear. Shall I order from Tendrin's, or will you go yourself, sir ——"

He didn't finish his sentence, just stood waiting respectfully, and I felt my heart give a great leap of pleasure. I wonder if there is an old bachelor in the world who hasn't longed at some time or other to dress a pretty woman—not as she wants to dress herself, but as he would dress her? For a long time I'd owned a half share in an island where they breed birds of paradise—the big plumes that had come to me were packed away in a storehouse. I'd been paying storage on them for years and years. Now I had a woman to dress, even if she were a very little woman. But oh, she was sweet and charming and almost my own flesh and blood! I sprang up with haste and told Briggs I'd go myself.

"And I'll telephone Mrs. James, sir?" said he.

"Eh, what?" said I, staring. For a moment I didn't follow him. Then I knew that as usual he had been perfection. Mrs. James is a stately old dowager with a heart of gold, who has been my good friend ever since I was a clerk in her husband's bank. Then when I got on and they gave me a position of trust she gave herself the joy of running me socially, as she called it. I didn't appreciate what it meant then, but later I'd known that anyone Mrs. James sponsored was bound to be in the proper running; she's a social arbiter, even in these hurrying days. Briggs of course knew this, too, and he intended Valentine to have the best start possible. As I was getting into the taxi he came running down the steps.

"Mrs. James will be pleased, Mr. Magnus, if Miss Forster and you will have tea with her this afternoon."

"Telephone Mrs. James we'll be delighted," I said, and slammed the door. Briggs is an excellent servant, but hang it all, a man does occasionally like to do a little thinking for himself.

Val, I could see, would need the most careful turning out. She might be a beauty or she might be almost p'ain. She was going to be a success, I declared, and I did not hesitate to get Tendrin himself out of bed to talk the matter over. He keeps late hours and usually sleeps until noon. The little man became quite excited after a bit, and sketched two or three of his pet ideas for me. In the meantime he had a velvet suit and some smoky fox furs and three or four befurred and befeathered little hats packed into big boxes for me and sent on to the apartment. He understood that the young mees had distinction, he declared so much better than beauty alone.

I chuckled to myself, because I believed that she might be beautiful as well.

But even so I wasn't prepared for the Val who appeared in the study. The elderly maid stood right behind her, her grim face relaxed in a smile as she watched me to see the result of her handiwork. I think she knew in that minute something of how an artist feels as he watches the public admire his latest picture. For I stared at Valentine with my eyes popping out of my head. Talk of your beauties! She was exquisite. I stared, and I chuckled, and she laughed softly. No girl could have helped liking the clothes and the sight her mirror had shown her. Val had cheeks the color of wild roses now, and her eyes were as blue as gentians.

"Uncle Magnus," she said, "you wizard!"

I squeezed her hand; a lump came into my throat. The pretty little thing—the pretty little thing! I felt as if my daughter had come to life before me, though I'd never had a daughter; but I imagined I felt as a father would feel.

Mrs. James was sitting very stiffly in her chair, but she stood up and peered at Val in amazement when I presented her. She became quite excited and whispered and pinched my hand behind Val's back. She scolded me for not having told her of Valentine's expected arrival.

"If you had," she said, "I'd have denied myself to everyone, and we'd have planned a sensation to introduce the child. Why, Magnus, she's a fairy, a fairy! Why didn't you tell me you had this in hiding? Man, she'll be the rage in half an hour, once she's seen. Oh, if I'd only known!" She rang the bell vigorously.

She was just a fraction of a second too late. The butler answered her ring and announced Young Jim at one and the same time, and the moment he did so Mrs. James looked at me with an expression that said "There, I told you so!" and waved the butler away. She couldn't very well let her other guest know that she had been going to deny herself to him, when he had caught her entertaining us. But after she had presented Young Jim she kept on muttering to me in an undertone that it was a pity—might as well not show the girl now. And her faded, shrewd old eyes would fasten first on me and then on the young people sitting side by side on the sofa—Young Jim, as we all called him, with his dark head and dark eyes and all his vigorous slim youth; and little Val, her head shining with its nimbus of red gold, her blue eyes dancing, her cheeks pink as a sea shell.

Old though we felt, we couldn't watch them without our hearts softening and our eyes shining a little too. It was so plainly a case of love at first sight for Jim—and Val was supremely unconscious of what was happening to him, it seemed. She laughed and shone and twinkled and talked of London and her wounded brother, and Young Jim listened as if he were entranced; and when we stood up to go he quite simply said good-by to Mrs. James and went with us as if it was the most natural thing in the world.

The last sight I had of the old lady she was sitting up, grimmer than ever, in her straight-backed chair, and she called after me as I followed Val from the room, "Telephone me, Magnus, later in the evening. You'll probably be bored."

She has the knack of being as right as Briggs, although not so frequently. But this was one of the times when she hit it, for I had been yawning for half an hour when I remembered what she had said. For Young Jim had insisted on coming back with us and staying for dinner—and he and Valentine sat and talked and talked and laughed—everything they touched on glittered.

Not that I minded! I loved Young Jim; everybody did! He was simple and manly and unspoiled, and he was Mrs. James' nephew and the heir to an enormous fortune, part of which I managed for him—or, rather, helped him to manage—and I could not suppress a really worldly satisfaction that he had fallen so desperately in love. As for Valentine, the child was made for love, and showed it! It was like Galatea coming to life out of the cold marble.

It did not take a minute to get Mrs. James on the phone, although she has usually quite a dignified ceremonial before she will take a call, but she must have been waiting close at hand.

"You tell Young Jim to come here. I want to see him!" she snapped.

In a few minutes she had the whole story out of me about Val's father, and her voice softened as she heard it. "A good girl," she said; "good and beautiful. Lord, Magnus, you're in luck—as usual."

"It's not my luck," I told her; "it's Young Jim's! After all, he's the right age."

I laughed to stifle a sigh, but all I heard in answer was a snort of wrath. There are times when you'd declare that Mrs. James has no manners -she expresses herself so oddly.

"Magnus," she said, "you make me tired; James used to say you were a financial genius. It's a good thing finance has nothing to do with women—you'd have been a failure all right. You talk as if you were eighty. Don't you know that at thirty-six —— Oh, pshaw!"

She hung up in disgust, jamming the receiver down on the hook in vicious disregard for my ears.

"Mum" is the word!

says The Dainty Woman

When after active exercise on a warm day—tennis, golf, or even walking you would like to feel entirely free from the odor of perspiration—

"Mum" is the word.

Or when, at the dance or other crowded social gathering, you want to enjoy the comfortable assurance that you are entirely free from body odors—

"Mum" is the word.

Think what it means to be always free from this embarrassment—to know that the delightful sense of personal cleanliness the bath imparts will be yours throughout the day and evening—no matter how warm the weather, how crowded the gathering, or how active you are. This assurance is yours by remembering that—

"Mum" is the word.

"Mum" is a dainty snow-white cream, which prevents all body odors without checking perspiration or interfering with any function of the body. "Mum" will not irritate the skin nor injure the finest waist or gown.

Get "Mum" today. 25c at stores, or from us postpaid.

Also try Amoray, the talc with a delightful, clinging fragrance that lasts all day—really a Powder Perfume. 35c at stores, or from us postpaid.

SPECIAL OFFER

In order to introduce "Amoray" (Powder Perfume), the distinctive feminine talc, we are making this special offer. Send 50c and your dealer's name and we'll send you both "Mum" and "Amoray" postpaid. Use the coupon.

Mum Mfg. Co.
1106 Chestnut St., Philadelphia

I enclose $_____. Please send me the articles checked below:

☐ "Mum" 25c ☐ "Amoray" 35c
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Address _____
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The metal you never see on your table —but which is there

THE friendly gleam of polished silver greets your dinner guests. Perhaps in the linings of spoons or cups there is the dull glow of gold. Your percolator is polished nickel. For tea you may use a samovar of copper.

Another metal is always on your table—invisible, but ever present, in the delicate finish on your plates, cups, and saucers. This metal is lead, used by makers of fine china in producing the smooth, hard glaze on the surface. In your cut glass salad bowl or fruit dish, lead is again invisibly present, for lead is used to give cut glass its brilliance. The hard rubber insulation on your percolator and toaster contains lead.

Here, perhaps, are uses of lead that are new to you. There are many others; lead enters your daily life in more ways than you might think possible. The electric wires that supply the light above your dining-table are fastened together with lead solder, protected by lead fuses, covered with a rubber insulation which has lead as one of its ingredients. The electric-light bulbs contain lead, which gives to glass greater heat resistance.

Good paint contains white-lead as its most important ingredient. Tons of metallic lead are corroded every day, to provide the white-lead used by paint manufacturers and painters.

Paint protects buildings from deterioration and decay—hence the maxim, heeded everywhere today, "Save the surface and you save all." The more white-lead any paint contains, the greater its protecting power and its durability. The lead-and-oil paint which painters prefer for outdoor use is simply pure white-lead, thinned with pure linseed oil.

National Lead Company makes white-lead of the highest quality, and sells it, mixed with pure linseed oil, under the name and trade-mark of

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There never has been any reasoning with Mrs. James. Five years ago she asked me brusquely if I was cherishing a broken heart. When my laughter had reassured her she attacked the subject from another angle. Thirty-one, she said, was a sensible age for a man to marry; she knew two charming girls ——

Assuring her gravely that I had no desire to follow in the footsteps of Brigham Young she swept my levity aside by handing me pictures—the débutantes of the year.

"Isn't there one that appeals to you?" she said.

But I couldn't tell her how I felt. Sometimes, wistfully, I'd thought I caught sight of a face in a crowd—the face of the sort of girl I might marry; but it had never turned out that way, and now I was afraid of women. What had an old bachelor to do with pretty, audacious girls? I was annoyed at Mrs. James—matchmaking, meddling old woman. Why couldn't she be content to watch the pretty idyl going on before our eyes, as I was?

As the days went by the thing became a byword. All the men were crazy about Valentine, but she seemed to me to have eyes only for Young Jim. They rode together every morning in the park, and often Young Jim came for breakfast. When we walked abroad he appeared as if by magic on the sidewalk, and when we went to dances or to the theater he was always there too. I used to tease Valentine about it, but she only glowed and laughed, though sometimes her beautiful eyes had a haunted expression. Each night that she had not found Clement she sighed, and each morning was exciting, because it held the possibility of finding him. Briggs reported no results from his many inquiries, even. Val had told Young Jim all about it, and he was as anxious as she. They neither of them doubted that they would find him either. Sometimes it seemed to me that youth is faith—because it has not suffered disappointment. And to what fragile threads it fastens its hopes.

Summer flew in that year. It was June before we knew it, and one evening in the first week Valentine came into the library before dinner and perched on the arm of my chair.

"Uncle Magnus ——" she said, and waited.

I felt a pang go through me. You know what it is to fear something—and suddenly know that you are face to face with it.

"Uncle Magnus," said Val again, burying her bright head on my shoulder for a minute, "I—I can't stay here unless I find daddy, you know. I have to go back to Clem."

I wanted to tell her that it was folly but I couldn't. I could see into her heart too well, and then somehow all the old tentacles of family life that I had thrown off came and gathered about me. I knew that Valentine, being herself, could not abandon her crippled brother Clement or the care of the household, and probably in their quixotic youth the two of them would decide that the old home must be kept open for their father. Unless they had proof of his death they'd plan for his return. And Young Jim would have nothing to say to which she would listen. I believed she loved him—but love, in her strange category, did not come before duty. It had been this idea of duty as an archenemy to all joy and freedom from which I had torn away, and here I was, up against it again.

It was hard—hard on me! At last I'd found something—something that made everything else seem small by comparison. Val was sweet and lovely and dear, and—she wasn't English, not at heart! She'd felt as if she came home, that morning she came to me. And with all her gentle sweetness she had a gayety and a happy charm that made her seem a part already of the country I loved.

How I'd dwelt on having her near me—an American! One of my own people—someone who really belonged to me—but free, free, no longer tied down by all their inhibitions and worn-out ideas.

Not that I don't admire the British—they're true blue all through; I'd fight another man who spoke disparagingly of them—but I didn't need to explain to Val what I meant. She knew.

Her little sigh told me as she looked out of the window to the fresh summer green of Central Park.

Nothing more was said just then, but I carried a heavy heart about with me all evening.

"Briggs," I said that night, stopping him as he came to lock the windows for the night, "Miss Valentine thinks she must leave us unless she can find her father. I'd give a thousand dollars to find some way to stop her."

"It's a lot of money, sir," said Briggs respectfully.

"Yes," I said, lapsing into gloom.

Briggs went on with his work; he knows better than to interrupt me when I am thinking. Presently I found him standing waiting by the door.

"Well?" I said impatiently.

"Nothing, sir," said my servant quietly, "except about Miss Valentine. Is she—does she really wish to find her father, sir? I'd thought him a bad egg, sir, if you'll excuse the expression."

"You saved me the trouble of using it," said I. "All the same, she wants to find him, naturally. But of course he isn't here; he probably jumped into the Thames."

"I wouldn't be so hopeful, Mr. Magnus," said Briggs gravely. "Men have been known to turn up when they're least expected. Good night, sir."

He left the room with the air of perfect solicitude that he adopts as a good night and good morning demeanor.

The next morning Young Jim came in and asked if I thought that Valentine would like to dine at the Adamantine Club?

"It's different from anything she'll see anywhere else, isn't it?" he said. "Briggs suggested it in the most deferential way as he took my hat. If you say the word, Uncle Magnus"—he'd adopted Val's title for me; it made me wriggle irritably. I was certainly not his uncle—"I'll invite Aunt James, as company for you." He grinned.

I wonder it had not occurred to me about the Adamantine Club. I'd been a member for years. Old James put me up before he died, and Young Jim often lived in the place for weeks at a time. It isn't the most distinguished, but it is certainly the most fashionable club in New York, and it excludes so many persons that it is almost distinguished for that fact alone.

But what I wanted Val to see, more than anything, was the clubhouse and the way we did everything. Style—they couldn't excel it in London. I had an idea that if Valentine had to go home she might as well see everything possible beforehand. I fell in with Young Jim's idea with enthusiasm.

In days of loveliness I had never seen Val so beautiful as she was that night as we waited for Young Jim to bring Mrs. James to the club. She had on a pink dress. I always love a young woman in pink. Tendrin and I had evolved it between us. It had been my idea to have bird-of-paradise plumes form the soft décolletage and the curve of the scalloped skirt, and so, although the dress appeared so simple, it really was rather a gorgeous affair. It looked as if a rainbow had been caught and twined around a pink cloud. There was a fan that went with it too. Val waved it to and fro as she watched the crowd, always with that half-smiling glance hiding the hint of wistfulness. Once she sighed. I may have been wrong—but I think it was because she hated to think of leaving America. I'd determined to prevent her, but how—how? I gave up thinking and sat and gloated over the child. When Young Jim arrived I saw him half stop as he followed Mrs. James across the room. Valentine was enough that night to give any man pause.

We went into the dining room, found our table by the window. Valentine was talking to Mrs. James—they were laughing and looking about the room. It is a beautiful, lofty place, a trifle dark for my taste on any but a summer day, but the oak paneling serves only to emphasize the uniforms of the waiters, which are gorgeous enough for a stage setting. The Adamantine Club wanted something different for its attendants, and it certainly got it. All that crimson and silver and brilliant blue—with the powdered wigs and silken calves—quite out of place, but gorgeous, all the same.

I don't think anyone else noticed at first, even Young Jim. But I saw Val glance across the room to a particularly splendid specimen wearing the waiter's uniform, and her eyes widened peculiarly. She looked again, and then bent across the table to me. She spoke very quietly, but with a supreme effort at self-control:

"Uncle Magnus, I have seen father. Can you go and take Mrs. James, please? Jim, I am dreadfully sorry to spoil the

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(Continued from Page 62)

party, but you see, if father did not find me alone—it is the only chance ——"

Her voice had a note of terror in it; not for herself; for this poor father. Before I could reply she went on with her speech:

"He's—it's absurd, but he's a waiter! He won't mind me, but if he sees you all ——"

Her eyes besought, she almost pushed me from my seat. Young Jim grasped the situation with his usual flashing insight.

"Yes, yes, we understand. Of course we'll go. If you want us, telephone! We'll be at the apartment, dear." She did not notice the "dear." It was like a knife in my heart to believe he must have used the word often. The pain persisted as I guided Mrs. James from the room.

"Extraordinary!" she muttered.

I excused it, for I knew that she was hungry and wanted her dinner. Mrs. James has lost, in her sense of appetite, the delicate flavor of romance that is the birthright of every lady.

As we reached the entrance I looked back. Val sat alone at the table set for four, and a sudden mist came before my eyes. She looked so little. I seemed to see two pictures of her—as she had come to me that first day in her battered velvet hat and ugly tweed suit, and as she was to-night in her foamy pink cloud and birds of paradise.

Mrs. James coughed, attracting my attention.

"A good girl," she said in a hungry voice. "A good girl. And Lord, how beautiful!"

Val sat on at the table until the waiter she had recognized came near. Then she signaled him quietly. He came towards her, stooping a little in his gorgeous uniform, a napkin under his arm, the interrogatory expression of the waiter born in his eyes. But there was something else there, too, a remorse that was sadder than grief, a dry-eyed endurance of inexplicable suffering. Val said that the tears rushed to her eyes as she looked at him.

How came so much wisdom to be locked up in her heart? That was the marvel as she told me about it. She knew as she met his gaze that he had lost all memory—of her, at least. The words that had been on her lips died away; she clutched the table with her small hands, forcing herself to speak in a gentle, aloof tone.

"Waiter, my party have not arrived. I feel a little conspicuous sitting here alone. Won't you take me to some quiet place where I can telephone—and wait?"

"Certainly, madam!"

He drew back her chair deftly and escorted her from the room. The big lobby was almost empty, but she shook her head at his suggestion that she wait there, and he led the way to a small writing room off the main one. She sat down and looked up at him.

"I wonder, would you telephone to my uncle, Mr. Magnus." She paused. "Does that name remind you of anyone?"

"No," he told her; and he drew his hand across his eyes as if to brush away a film.

"I think it does," she said quietly, "only you don't quite remember, do you? What is your name?"

"Clement," he said, and stared at her.

Once again he made that gesture, infinitely weary, infinitely pathetic, of brushing away something that had tantalized him. A sob caught in her throat, but she forced it back.

"You've been ill, haven't you?" she asked, seeing how thin he had become. "Have you any family, any friends here?"

He hesitated uneasily, moving from one foot to the other. His eyes were on her face now, and she kept hers on him, watching for a faint spark of recognition. He still stood, but she pointed to the chair facing her, and he dropped into it after an instant of hesitation, leaning back as if he were ineffably weary.

And then, as the silence persisted, she had the big idea, the thing that dazzled her as she thought about it. She would tell him the story, the story of himself as she saw it. Perhaps her voice, and the names she would use ——

"I used to know someone so like you," she said. "His name was Clement, too—Clement Forster. He was a surgeon, and people came to him from all over the world to have him cure them. He was a very clever man indeed, but so often he was tired. He had a brother called Dick, and a son named Toddy, and a daughter ——"

She didn't get any further. He stood up, pushing back the chair and peering at her with eyes grown suddenly keen. The shadow had dropped away as if the sun shone on it; he touched the little hand she held out to him, and suddenly his head dropped down on it and he began to cry. Val fell on her knees beside him, the pink dress billowing all about her, her little face a blur of yearning tenderness.

"Daddy," she said, "I've been searching for you everywhere, darling."

"You are like your mother," he said, and looked at her gently, a look that turned almost to criticism. "But your mother was never such a little queen of Sheba!"

And so by degrees the real Clement Forster, the father she had known, came back. But he seemed to her stronger, less dependent than she had ever known him. As she talked to him understandingly he picked up the threads with ease. His trained mind could trace readily just what had happened to him, and he told Val that he had gone out that night when he had disappeared to get a breath of air, to forget a phrase that rang in his memory like a tolling bell.

"Joseph's coat," it went over and over. "Joseph's coat, Joseph's coat."

Haunted thus mentally, and yet physically so tired that he found moving agony, he had run through the streets of the West End. A taxicab had appeared suddenly, and he'd hailed it, sinking down on the cushioned seat and saying only "Anywhere!" The man had driven him to the station, and he'd boarded the train for Liverpool in subconscious effort to escape the sounds within his troubled mind.

Of all that happened when he had finally reached New York he did not know, nor how he got there. He'd come to the end of the money he carried, and then, passing the Adamantine Club one night, had seen the gorgeous uniforms of the waiters, and to stifle that old refrain had gone in and asked for a job. He said it had rested him at first to do that work, but lately he had begun to be troubled because he could not remember who he was nor why he was there; and he hadn't dared to tell his fellow workers that. He shrank from their laughter.

"At first," he said quite simply, "I used to see two faces—Dick's and Toddy's—then gradually they faded. I did not know why I saw them, but I knew they hurt. Val—my little girl!"

"Oh, daddy!" she cried yearningly. Yet as they clung together she knew that he had come back from the shores of forgetfulness with no longer any real need of her.

I don't know, but I think that Clement Forster was glad to drop his enforced rôle and emerge once more as the distinguished surgeon. He never knew that I had heard the whole story. When he came into the apartment with Val later that evening, wearing ordinary evening clothes, it was in his old easy, rather self-assertive manner. I saw then how wise she had been; he would never have brooked the knowledge that anyone of his own, save Val, had seen him. He had accepted her explanation as quite an ordinary thing. Realizing that he had suffered from an attack of amnesia brought on by strain and repressed remorse, he never spoke of it afterwards, even to Valentine; he knew enough to be sure of his cure.

Inwardly she clung to that idea of hers—that he'd worn that gorgeous clothing, done this extraordinary thing—as a penance, even though he hadn't known it. How right she was I do not know. I'm not a psychologist. The only thing that mattered was that she'd found him. That she should have sensed his feeling did not seem remarkable at all to Clement himself. I suppose it came from having lived for many years with poor Marie, whom we always looked upon as stupid.

"Of course, Uncle Magnus," Val said to me late that night, when she had seen her father safely to his room and crept out to me in the library, "he was very upset at first. For such a long time he'd suffered because he'd been harsh with poor Dick and—and perhaps hadn't always understood Toddy. It is very pathetic, really, when you think of it; not even mother suspected how he felt."

"Pathetic?" I growled. "Leaving you to suffer and drag the Green Pond—never a line, just walking off like that! Oh, I know he couldn't help it, but—but he ought to have helped it; and now—to look at him—you'd think he owned the earth."

(Continued on Page 67)

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Rochester, New York

(Continued from Page 64)

She smiled at me forgivingly. Did she give a faint sigh? "Of course you don't understand daddy. No one really did, ever, except darling mother. I—I don't, quite. But I can't help thinking of how awfully glad he was I found him, Uncle Magnus. He was frightfully tired of wearing Joseph's coat!"

"I dare say!" I said grimly.

I wouldn't even flash back the tiny twinkle of humor that showed as she finished. I didn't approve of Clement Forster, and I never shall. I could hardly make myself sorry for him, and yet without Valentine's faith what a fate might have been his! Perhaps he'd never have remembered; perhaps he'd have lived and died a waiter. Oh! I was sorry for him when I thought of that; but something troubled me. I couldn't sleep until I had questioned her further.

"Your father ——" said I.

We were interrupted by a knock. Briggs entered; his manner was so perfect as almost to be unctuous. He carried a salver in his hand, and before us deposited some cablegram forms.

"Mr. Jim suggested before he left, Miss Valentine, that you might want to send a message to your brother. Something after this manner, miss?"

He indicated a message written in a clear, legible hand.

Something dawned on me, something that had not previously been clear. I reached for my check book.

"Something of this kind, Miss Valentine, coming from the hospital in London, would cheer Doctor Forster greatly. Also, there is a boat on Saturday; we might secure transportation."

He waited gravely. The message was long, but it was very clear. Clem would understand exactly what to do. He could reach from his couch, call the hospital, have them send an urgent cable to the clever surgeon asking him to make all haste in returning. Val read it through twice. I saw her lips twitch. Then she bent and signed her name.

"That is an excellent idea, Briggs. I—I think it had better be sent at once, don't you?"

"Yes, miss; very good, miss."

I could have sworn that he strutted, though he hurried from the room.

"Uncle," said Val, "has it occurred to you—wasn't it strange that Briggs had dinner all ready for you here when you and Jim and Mrs. James got back? Jim told me he laughed. I—uncle, do you think Jim thought of that cable?"

I shook my head, sighing. "No, honey, I don't; the message was in Briggs' own writing."

"And Jim said that he suggested our going to the Adamantine Club. Of course it doesn't seem possible, uncle, but it almost—doesn't it look to you as if he must have known—about daddy?"

"He probably did," said I bitterly. "He has undoubtedly already engaged staterooms on the boat sailing on Saturday, and —and passage for two."

My voice grew a trifle husky. I swear I couldn't help it; when a man is older he wants a pretty young thing of his own close to him. It seemed too bad that Clement Forster should have everything. I worked myself up into quite a state about it.

"If he has," I said, "he loses that thousand dollars, and I swear I'll dismiss him. I want a servant, not a secretary. Briggs is altogether too perfect."

"Oh, he hasn't taken passage for me, has he?" said Val in alarm. "It—it is all right about daddy, of course. I really think he had better go. He fits best in London, I think, don't you? But I couldn't go, Uncle Magnus, could I?"

She seemed to be waiting for something.

"You are going to marry Jim?" I asked. How heavy my heart felt! I could hardly bear the light in her face.

"Marry Jim?" Her voice was strange as she repeated my words. She began to laugh. "Oh, no," she said, shaking her head in the adorable way she had brought over from babyhood; "I couldn't marry Jim. He wouldn't want me, really; he just thinks he does. Why, Jim isn't old enough; he's just a boy."

"He's three years older than you."

A shadow flitted across her face. "It seems as if you wanted me to marry him," she remarked resentfully.

"No, no!" My words were vehement. She turned from me, but I could see her eyes as she faced me in the mirror. I don't know just what exclamation fell from my lips. "Mrs. James said I knew nothing about women!" I added, almost as if the words were forced from me.

"Mrs. James? Mrs. James? What has she to do with us?" Val shot at me; there was something like a flash of fire in the quicksilver voice.

At that minute Briggs tapped and entered again.

"The cable has gone, Miss Valentine," he announced in his best manner.

She thanked him, floating from the room silently like a gay butterfly. Something went with her, the doors of paradise shut. What a gray old world!

"Damn you!" I roared at Briggs. "Don't you know when you aren't wanted? No, don't go; now you are here we'll have a little explanation. When did you learn of Doctor Forster's position in the Adamantine Club?"

Briggs did not falter. He appeared to meditate. "I think it was three days after Miss Valentine arrived, sir."

"And you kept this knowledge to yourself? You allowed my niece to live in anxiety about her father? You ——"

"Well, Mr. Magnus, I kep' my eye on him, sir; he wouldn't have escaped me, I assure you. And it isn't as if Miss Valentine were really your niece; that's all a pretense, of course. Why, she never even speaks of you as uncle to Jane or me, no more. It didn't seem to be giving the thing time, sir, to find the doctor in three days."

His eyes had grown almost wistful; he looked at me respectfully.

Then he drew himself up and resumed his normal manner, standing back for Val to enter.

"If you please, miss," he said quietly, "I've taken passage for the doctor, Stateroom B—17, on the upper deck."

He seemed to melt from the room.

Valentine came towards me quietly, her blue eyes shining through tears.

"You see he didn't take passage for me," she said. "Will you fix it with him? I—I don't want to ask him myself."

But even then I didn't understand. I had to turn away from her, I felt so strange. Life had grown so gray. Now at last I knew that I was really old; I'd been playing with the idea before.

"Yes, I'll ask him," I said tonelessly, and picked up my pen. That silver voice was murmuring in my ears.

"Three days until Saturday—three days more."

As if she had taken a sudden resolution she stood up, her eyes brighter than I had ever seen them, the flush in her cheeks a brilliant rose.

Over and over in my mind went that phrase of Briggs: "It didn't seem to be giving the thing time, sir, to find the doctor in three days."

What thing?

I lifted my eyes to Val, and heard her catch her breath. She came closer, leaning over my shoulder, watching me write.

"A thousand dollars," she said curiously, "for Briggs?" She flashed a glance at me.

"Payment, little Val, for something he did for me; even perfect servants have their price."

A smile twinkled deep down in the blue eyes, came gasping to the surface in a half incredulous laugh. She looked at me, puzzled, radiant, the sudden clear joy of love shining through. The lovely, lovely thing!

The world rocked about us. I caught her to my breast. Not even to her father did she use the exquisite tone that now carried her thoughts to me. The spring wind floats the breath of violets to the stars in some such melody.

"It only took three minutes to make you love me, Magnus, and I had three days!"

"I've loved you from the first moment—only I didn't understand. Briggs did, the old rascal!"

I told her what he said.

She smiled up at me, her small face transfigured.

"We'll always keep him, won't we, Magnus dear? He's almost perfect, I think."

"If I hadn't asked you to marry me he'd have given me the idea—before Saturday."

She laughed in gentlest mockery—but I believe it. Then as I looked at my little love I forgot all about Briggs. I kissed her dazzled eyes softly. The frail feathers of the birds of paradise framed the lovely face—the face I had first seen beneath an old and battered hat. How thankful I am that she ever had that odd idea about Joseph's coat!

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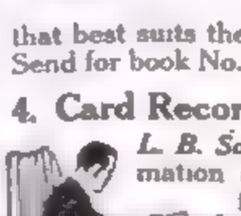

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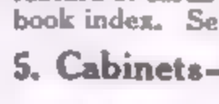

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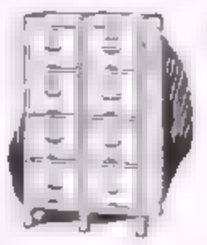

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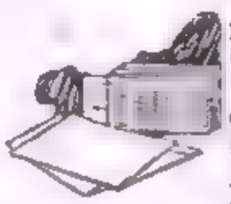

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RITA COVENTRY

(Continued from Page 19

animals, she became enthusiastic as a child, and challenged Parrish to a match.

"The loser to give the winner a prize," he specified.

"All right. What shall it be?"

"That's for the loser to decide."

It was his purpose to allow himself to be defeated and to make his vanquishment an excuse for giving her a present. He had been wishing to give her a present. What it should be he had not determined beyond the fact that it should be something exquisite and precious; something worthy of her and of his feeling for her; a piece of jewelry, doubtless; perhaps a linked bracelet of platinum and diamonds such as he had thought of giving Alice for her birthday—except that for Rita the diamonds must be larger to bear comparison with her other jewels. Not that he had the least thought of overlooking Alice's birthday. Of course he would get her something: something nice, though less expensive than a diamond bracelet. He simply could not afford two.

Rita having emptied the magazine of her rifle and made a not discreditable score, Parrish began to shoot.

"I must miss about every other shot," he said to himself, and he commenced by doing so. Then it struck him that Rita might notice the even balance between the hits and misses; wherefore he began to vary his program, with the result that he lost count of his score. He found it, moreover, curiously difficult deliberately to take false aim. Two or three times he said to himself, "I must miss this one," yet when he fired he would not miss. The targets drew his rifle barrel as the magnetic pole a needle. It was easy enough to miss if you didn't want to, but difficult to do it by intent. Trying to miss was like trying to lose at cards. To bring oneself to do it—in a competition and against a woman who had never held a gun before—was absurdly difficult. Yet Parrish, as he fired his last shot, believed that he had thrown the match to Rita.

"Well, you win," he said, laying down the little rifle.

"Why, no!"

"Certainly you do!"

The attendant set him right.

"You trimmed the lady by three hits," said he.

Parrish was surprised. However, it didn't matter. Really he needed no excuse for giving her the bracelet.

"You shot well for a beginner," he said as they proceeded up the Boardwalk.

"I'm glad you think so. It's lots of fun. Now you shall have your prize."

Like a child at a party he was wondering what the prize would be.

"Now?"

"Yes. We'll go in here." She was heading him up a short connecting walk leading to the door of a hotel grillroom.

"For the prize?"

"Yes. The prize is an ice."

He was a little disappointed. Not that he desired a handsome gift from her—had she proposed such a thing he would have protested, and sincerely—but he wished that she had thought of something more personal and less trivial; something he could keep.

This grillroom was one of the gayest dancing places on the Boardwalk. The half dozen negroes who supplied the music were not playing when they entered and the vacant central space with its surrounding banks of tables made Parrish think of the sandy bed of some drought-stricken stream. Then the drum rolled and there came a burst of jazz music, whereupon the empty space was inundated, becoming a whirlpool on whose surface dancing figures drifted round and round, bobbing, swaying, spinning this way and that, like flotsam at the mercy of capricious currents.

"Aren't you going to ask me to dance?" demanded Rita presently.

The proposal came as a mild shock to Parrish. In his twenties he had enjoyed dancing, and though his interest in it had diminished with his advance into the thirties, he had remained a dancing man until, more than a year ago, at the time of Clara Proctor's protracted visit to Alice, in New York, he had found it expedient to renounce the pastime.

In this renunciation Clara had been the determining factor, for there had come to the apartment in her train a following of sleek-haired, facile-footed youths whose entire thought and talk was of dancing places, orchestras, tunes and steps; and though Parrish had tried at first to make himself agreeable to Clara and these friends of hers, on Alice's account, taking the two girls and the young men on several nocturnal jaunts to realms of jazz, he had soon perceived that Clara and the youths—her troupe of trained seals, she called them—regarded him as nothing more than a convenience: someone to provide liquor and a limousine and settle restaurant checks. Neither for Alice nor for him did they show the least consideration; once they became ensconced in some noisy half-disreputable dancing place, they were never ready to go home. He did not care for Broadway night life and knew that Alice liked it not at all; each time he took them out he saw her growing fatigued with the din as the night wore on, and, himself tired and bored, would finally suggest that it was time to go, but only to be overruled by Clara and the youths, who under the combined spell of jazz and highballs seemed to contract a mild hysteria, a dancing frenzy which possessed them like some demon that only the light of dawn could exorcise.

After several of these unsatisfactory experiments Parrish ceased to invite them out. But they continued to go, and Clara, who did not wish to be the only woman in the party, was constantly tugging at Alice, endeavoring to persuade her to accompany them on their jaunts about town. This put Alice between two fires. She did not wish to go, and knew that he did not wish her to, yet she sometimes felt obliged to accompany her visitor.

It was when he perceived Clara's persistent selfishness that Parrish put his foot down. Partly to protect Alice from further imposition, partly to protect himself from the continual intrusions of Clara and the youths when he and Alice wished to be alone, he declared his purpose of giving up dancing altogether and asked Alice to join him in so doing. Of course she agreed; she always did as he asked her to. From that day to this he had not danced; that fact—of course without the details—was his excuse to Rita now.

"I haven't danced for a long time," he told her.

"Oh, never mind. Come on."

She had already risen. There was nothing else for it. Reluctantly he accompanied her to the floor. Then all at once reluctance turned into delight; the flow of music caught and wafted them away as easily as if they were adrift on a swift stream in a canoe; he might have known that it would be like this!

"And you didn't want to," said she in light reproach.

She was all music. Her speaking voice, rich and mellifluous, was like her tread in walking, while her dancing—ah, it was like a song expressed in motion.

"I want to close my eyes," he said.

"Do, then. I'll guide."

He let his lids fall, and in that artificial darkness, surcharged with melody and movement, experienced an exquisite sensation as of soaring with her in a perfect oneness through a vast sweet night.

"Now," he murmured, "we are far up among the stars. How huge the heavens are! We must hold to each other, Rita, or we may get lost."

His eyes, opening, encountered hers. Not since the night of their first meeting had he looked into them at this close range; now, as then, he gazed like one who seeks to penetrate the depths of some unfathomable sea.

"Are you sorry we danced?" she asked with the shadow of a smile as the music died away.

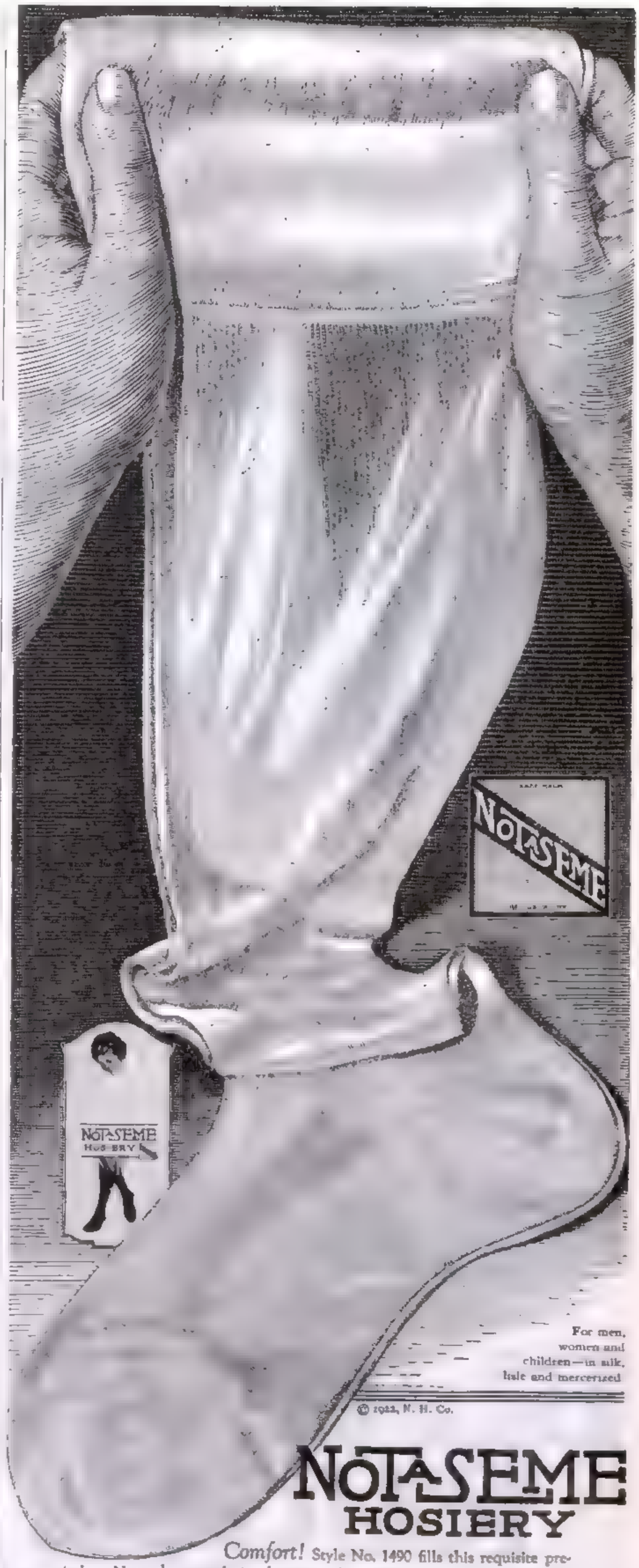
She knew he was not sorry, and he told her so as they moved toward their table.

"And yet," he added, "I don't want to dance again—not now; perhaps never again. I want to keep this memory."

She nodded, then suggested "Shall we go?"

"Yes, if you'd just as soon. Let's go out and look up at those stars we were among a little while ago."

But when they first emerged from that brightly lighted place they could not see the stars. Above the glitter of the Boardwalk lamps the sky looked black. Not until they had walked halfway to their hotel, accustoming their eyes to this lesser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brilliance, could they discern dim pinpoints of light overhead.

"Let's go out on the balcony," he suggested when they reached Rita's sitting room.

How different now the aspect of the heavens! Half the universe seemed to be spread out before them, the great dome, star-dusted, overhead; and below, stretching away to a mysterious horizon, a sea of blackness on which white lines of surf continually formed and faded.

"It's our world," he said when they had stood for a time by the railing looking out at the stupendous spectacle. "It's all ours. No one else can look at it without permission from us. We'll issue a few tickets; but only to a select group, and they mustn't stand where we can see them; and of course they must be lovers."

"Yes."

His arm stole around her. He leaned and let his cheek touch hers. How cool and sweet it was; how soft her hair against his brow! His arm about her trembled. He turned her toward him, closed his eyes, and with that power of divination that comes in the dark to lovers found her lips.

One of her hands was resting on the sleeve of his overcoat, and now he could feel it creeping upward slowly along the collar of his coat and so around his neck.

"Tell me you love me, Rita!"

She moved her head as though in acquiescence.

"But tell me! Say it!"

She drew away a little.

"I love you," she said. "That is ——" And there she stopped.

"A lot?"

She did not answer instantly; she seemed to be questioning herself; then, "Yes," she replied, "I think a lot."

"But if you love me a lot," he asked her, "why did you want to qualify at all?"

"Only because these things—if I shouldn't love you always so much as you wish me to—if it should end—why, then I ——"

He did not hear her out.

"But it's not going to end!" he cried, drawing her close to him again. "It's going to grow! It's going to be the big consuming thing in both our lives! You'll see! You'll see!"

XX

HE WAS already thinking of Rita when early next morning he awoke. Sunlight was streaming into his open windows with the fresh salt air. His sleep had miraculously refreshed him. He leaped out of bed like a happy boy, and sang to the accompaniment of his running bath water and the metrical click of his razor on the strop.

Few people were in the dining room at that early hour, and when, having breakfasted, he passed out to the Boardwalk he was astonished at its emptiness. It was like Wall Street on a Sunday, he reflected; and it occurred to him that there was something as startling in the spectacle of emptiness where usually there is a crowd as in the spectacle of crowds in unaccustomed places.

For a moment he leaned upon the iron railing, watching the surf break on the golden sand and drawing deep breaths of mild, invigorating air. It seemed to him that he had never smelled a breeze so sweet or seen a sun so brilliant. What a pity, he thought, as he walked briskly off, that everyone was not out to enjoy the morning. What a pity that Rita was not up to walk with him.

She had told him that eleven was her hour for rising.

By half past ten he was back at the hotel, waiting in his room, and promptly at eleven he telephoned to her. His good morning had the sound of a caress.

"How did you sleep?" he asked.

"Splendidly. And you?"

He told of his early start, his walk, the glory of the day.

"You never saw such a morning. You must hurry and get out."

"But you won't want to walk any more, will you?"

"Just try me! When will you be ready?"

"I'll hurry all I can."

"Let me come and sit while you have breakfast."

"I've had my breakfast."

"Then let me wait in your parlor while you're getting ready."

"The piano tuner's there."

"Oh!" He wanted so much to see her. It was hard to wait.

"I'll meet you downstairs in the lobby in an hour."

This morning, however, she was not punctual. Five minutes—ten minutes—fifteen minutes past the appointed time he sat watching the elevators. There began to return to him dimly, like memories of a nightmare, recollections of other times when he had waited for her thus—in vain. Matters were, however, on a different footing now; there would be no more of that miserable uncertainty; this was the merest little tardiness.

Still—what was keeping her? She ought surely to be down by now. He would go to his room and ring her up again. He ascended, and alighting from the elevator moved down the corridor; but instead of stopping at his own door as he had intended to he continued until he came to hers. As he drew near he heard the muffled sound of a piano, and he was raising his hand to knock at her door when he realized that the music was coming from within.

Ah, that then was the cause of the delay! Naturally. The piano tuner having completed his work, Rita was trying out the instrument and, artistlike, had lost all track of time.

Without knocking he paused. Save on the night of her dinner party in New York, when she had accompanied herself in Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes, he had never heard her play, and he was astounded now by the brilliance of her virtuosity.

The composition she was playing was not familiar to him. It was a strange air, full of curious melancholy cadences. He stood motionless, listening, until the last notes had been struck. Then he knocked.

"Why didn't you let me know that you were playing?" he said to Rita when she opened the door. "I should have loved to sit and listen."

As he took a step toward her she stepped back, raising her hand in warning.

A young man was seated upon the piano bench. His back was turned and he did not look around, but it was unmistakably a young back, and there was something youthful, too, in the look of the brown curly hair, thick and short cropped, which stood up upon the head like sculptured hair upon a Greek statue.

"Oh!" said Parrish vaguely, looking at the back.

"It was Mr.—ah ——" Rita paused, giving the stranger time to announce his name; then, as he neither spoke nor turned his head, but did a light swift run with his left hand, she raised her voice slightly to indicate to him that he was being spoken to, saying, "I don't think you told me your name?"

At that the other pivoted slowly.

"Delaney," he said, looking up at her.

"This is Mr. Parrish, Mr. Delaney."

The young man seemed to see Parrish now for the first time. He gave him a nod, making simultaneously a slight throaty sound which the older man interpreted as meaning "How are you?"

"How do you do?" said Parrish, advancing and holding out his hand. Meanwhile he was thinking, "He doesn't mean to be rude; he's shy and awkward."

Thus cornered, Mr. Delaney got up from the piano bench and shook hands hastily, as one who would fain get something over with. Though his hand was not large it was square and strong, but there was a nervous quality in the grip it gave, and in its quick escape. Parrish felt as if his hand had been dropped.

The young man's glance was like his handshake. The light-blue eyes, large, intelligent and slightly prominent, held a vague expression as they encountered Parrish's, and they dropped quickly, seeming first to study his scarf and then his watch chain.

If Mr. Delaney's manner was unusual, so was his physiognomy. His was not one of those faces that fall conveniently under some everyday classification; Parrish had never known anyone who looked in the least like him, yet he was perplexed by a paradoxical feeling that the face was familiar. It was a Celtic face, although the strongly modeled features had the kind of regularity we associate with the art of classic Greece—a fact rendered the more striking by the sculptured hair, growing well down upon the forehead. Suddenly Parrish knew why the face had seemed familiar. Mr. Delaney was a prototype of the Hermes of Praxiteles—a slenderer Hermes in a shoddy suit of twentieth-century clothing. Of course! Why, he even had the soft cheek of Hermes and the

(Continued on Page 73)

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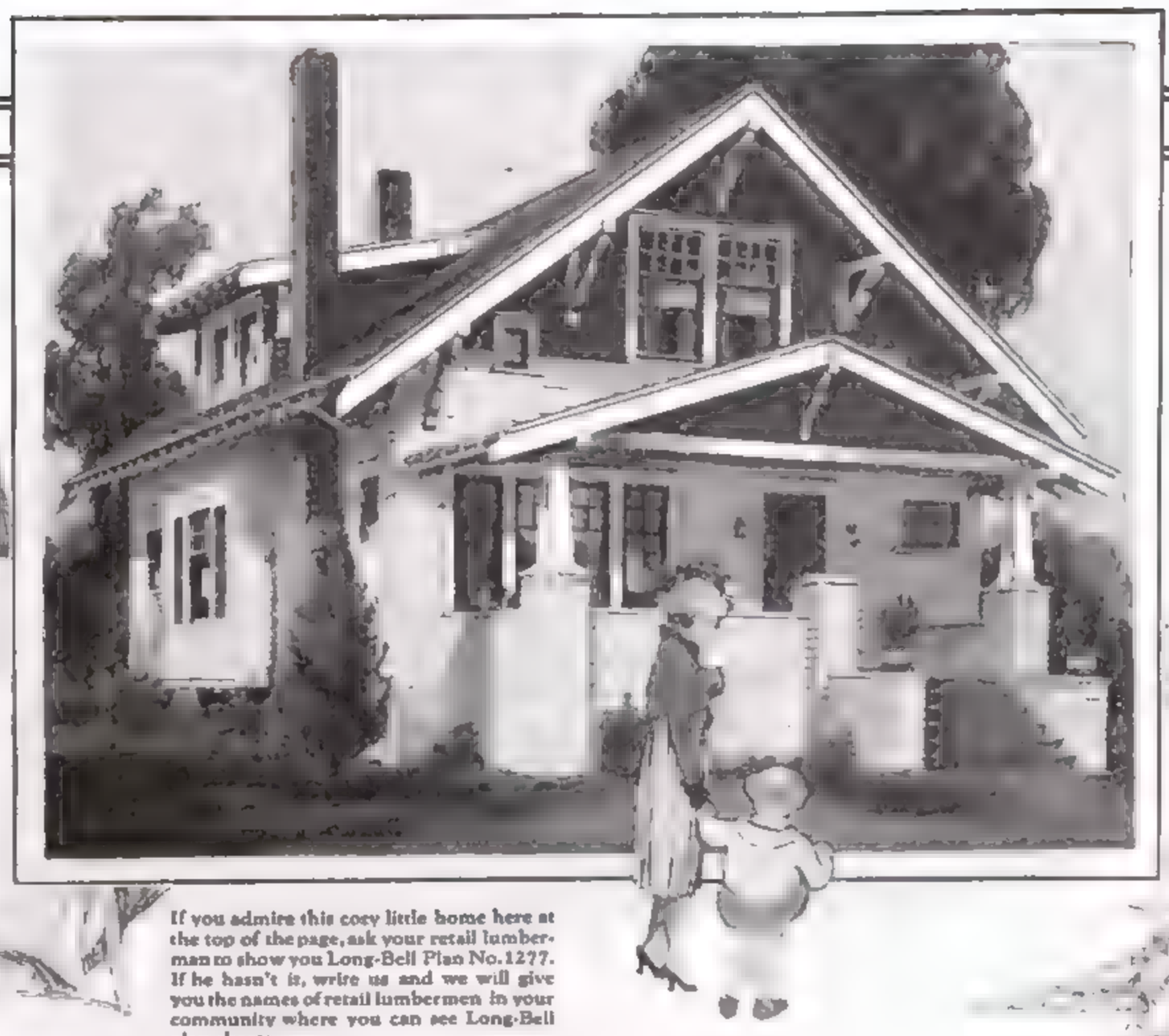

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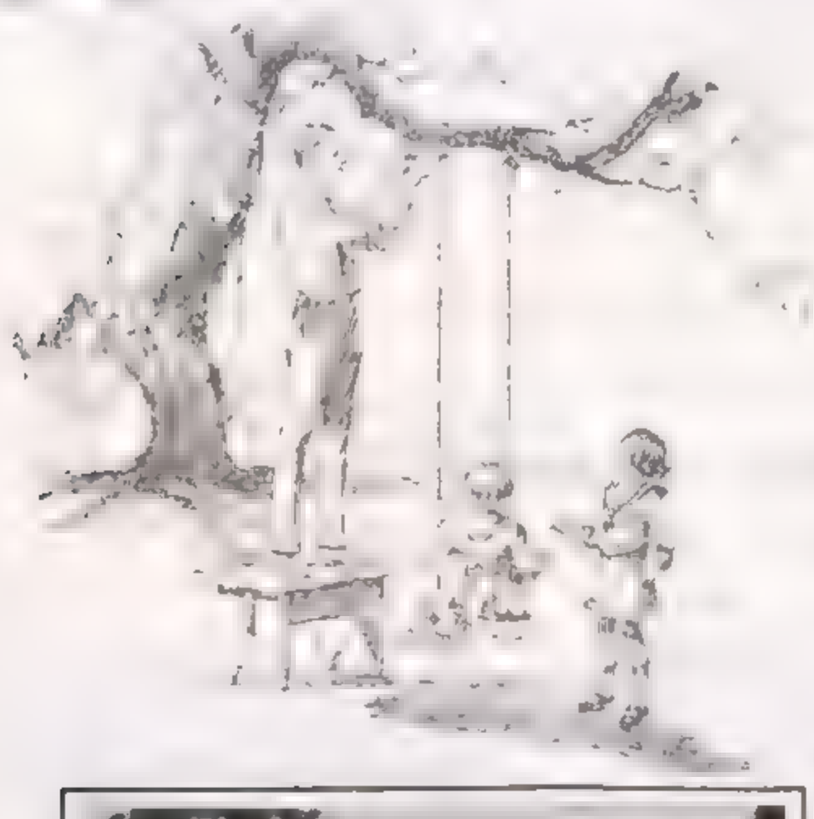

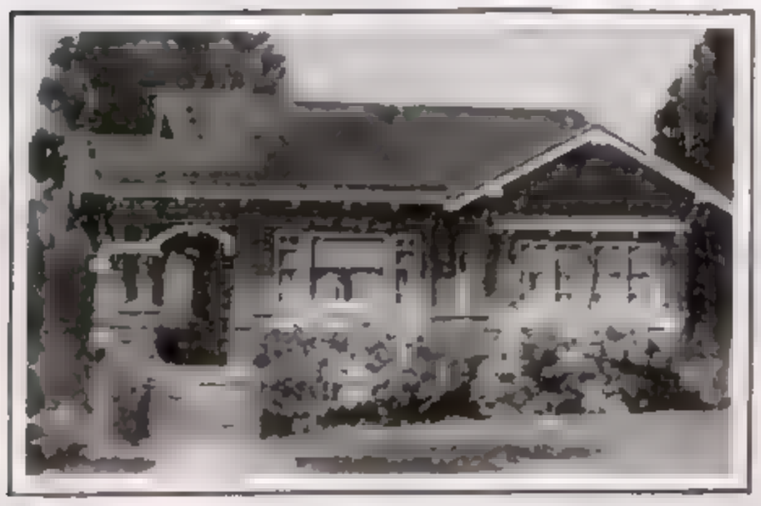

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(Continued from Page 70)

look of immortal youth, albeit Parrish judged his age to be twenty-six or twenty-seven.

Now, wishing to put the other at his ease, the older man spoke cordially.

"That was a lovely thing you were playing," he said. "I waited outside the door. What was it?"

Delaney thrust his hands deep into his trousers pockets, bent his head forward as though studying his feet, and took a few steps down the room.

"You wouldn't know it," he declared. "It's part of a concerto."

"His own " Rita put in quickly.

"You don't say!"

The youth had turned and was now by the piano again.

"Play it over, won't you?" said she.

He glanced at her quickly, shaking his head, then looked down at his shoes again.

"No. I told you I hadn't worked it out."

"Why, yes, you have. Certainly that andantino movement is ——"

"Not andantino—adagietto," he corrected.

Rita smiled.

"There's very little difference," she replied.

"I beg your pardon," returned Mr. Delaney, showing the faintest shadow of a frown and raising his voice to a slightly higher tenor note, "but there is every difference. There is exactly the same difference as between andante and adagio."

Parrish looked expectantly at Rita, but she only answered, "Perhaps you're right."

"Certainly I am right. Otherwise, why the term?" Then, as she failed to reply, but stood gazing curiously at him, he said, "Let me show you—in this song," and slipping down to the piano bench again, began to play.

Rita followed him to the piano, and stood behind him, watching his hands closely.

"Here," he said. "When I play it this way it's andantino; but if I do it like this, then it's adagietto." He looked around at her. "You see?"

She dismissed the elucidation with a little nod, asking:

"Is that yours too?"

"Yes."

"Unpublished?"

"Yes. I've had nothing published."

"It's a folk song, isn't it?"

"An arrangement of Bonnie Doon," said he. "The familiar arrangement always irritated me. It's such a silly jig tune."

To Parrish, Bonnie Doon was one of several folk songs that were sacred. He remembered his mother's singing it long ago at the old square piano. He did not like to hear it spoken of with disrespect. Moreover he was revising his first impression of Mr. Delaney.

"Silly jig tune?" he repeated in a tone slightly hostile.

"Exactly," replied the other. "It's all chopped up." Then, lifting his light voice in song he cruelly burlesqued the ancient arrangement:

Ye banks and braes o' boh-honn-nie
Doo-hoon,
How caa-hann ye bloo-hoom sae fre-hesh
and fair

"You see?" he said over his shoulder. "The music doesn't fit the words at all."

"For a good many years," Parrish remarked dryly, "people have been under an impression that they fitted."

"Well, they don't," said the other. "That's only one of many queer impressions people have. They're full of 'em. Most people think that air was written for Bonnie Doon, but it wasn't. Not any more than my suit was made for you. It was written for an entirely different song."

"Nevertheless," pursued Parrish, "I contend that there is a delightful quaintness about it."

"Oh," said the other, "if you're talking of quaintness ——" He gave a shrug. "I'm talking about the fitting of music to words."

"Play your arrangement again," Rita put in quickly.

Delaney did so.

"Really," she exclaimed when he had finished, "it's lovely." She looked at Parrish, asking, "Isn't it?"

"Why, yes," he said; "but ——"

"And you mean to say," she went on, "that you haven't published any of these charming things of yours?"

"I've sent them around," said he.

"And nobody would take them?"

"Nobody except one fly-by-night firm that wanted me to pay to have them published." He smiled up at her.

"They will take them!" Rita cried.

"Maybe—some day," he returned coolly, still smiling up at her, while his hands fluttered over the keyboard in a light improvisation. "Some day after I'm dead, I guess."

The idea seemed genuinely to amuse him, as if it were a jest not at his own expense, but at the expense of music publishers. His smile was infectious; his face lighted with it, his eyes looked roguish, dimples appeared in his cheeks, and his lips, drawn back, revealed two rows of hard white teeth. Though the young man had incensed him, and though the smile was not for him, Parrish found himself almost betrayed into an answering smile. He checked the impulse. Rita, however, burst into a laugh.

"If you're planning to die before they publish your arrangement of Bonnie Doon," said she, "you'll have to hurry up."

"What makes you think so?"

"Because it's going to be published at once!"

Unmoved, he demanded again, "What makes you think so?"

"I'm going to tell them to. That's why!"

"And you think that when you tell them to ——"

"Right off!" she answered, amused. Plainly she was delighted with the situation.

"You just give me the manuscript of that song," she went on, "and two or three other things. I'll take them with me. I'll have contracts drawn. My lawyer will ——"

"There isn't any manuscript. I've never written it."

"Heavens! Make one then."

"All right. I suppose I could do it to-night "

"Not to-night—now."

"I haven't any ruled paper."

Again she laughed.

"Oh," she said, "I'll rule the paper for you."

"But my job—I've got two more pianos to tune to-day."

"Your job!" she repeated scornfully. "Why, it's ridiculous, with your gift, tuning pianos! It's a crime!" In her excitement she took him by the shoulder and shook him gently for emphasis. "Don't you ever tune another! Do you hear?"

"That's all very well," he answered, "but I have a family to look after. I have to get a certain amount of money every week."

"Oh," she said, showing mild surprise, "you're married? Children?"

"No! Married? I should say not! It's my mother and sister."

"You don't look married," she said. Then dismissing the subject, "Well, anyway, you're coming to New York right off, and I'm going to ——"

"I can't afford to go to New York."

"You can't afford not to! Don't you understand there's going to be business with music publishers for you to attend to?" As if at the vision of his attending to business she laughed again.

"You don't seem to get it through your head," he declared doggedly, "that I have my living to make. It's a matter of dollars and cents."

He was playing his arrangement of Bonnie Doon again, pianissimo.

"Oh," she cried impatiently, "forget those dollars and cents for a minute, won't you?"

"I can't."

"But that part is easy!" There was a note of triumph in her voice. "The point is that I'm going to sing your songs in concert. Do you see? I'll sing your Bonnie Doon at a benefit next week. You'll accompany me, and when ——"

"Not in E major," he interrupted. Hastily he transposed the song a half tone lower. "E flat is better for you."

"No, it isn't! Why is it?"

There was a sudden crispness in her voice, which Parrish thought boded ill for the young man. But Mr. Delaney was apparently unconscious of the menace.

"Oh, yes," he insisted in a matter-of-fact tone, "that song in E major would bring out all the worst notes in your upper register." As he spoke he thumped heavily upon three successive keys.

Parrish saw Rita clench her fist. There was a moment during which she stared speechless at the youthful back in its wretched belted coat. But though the lightning played for an instant in her eyes

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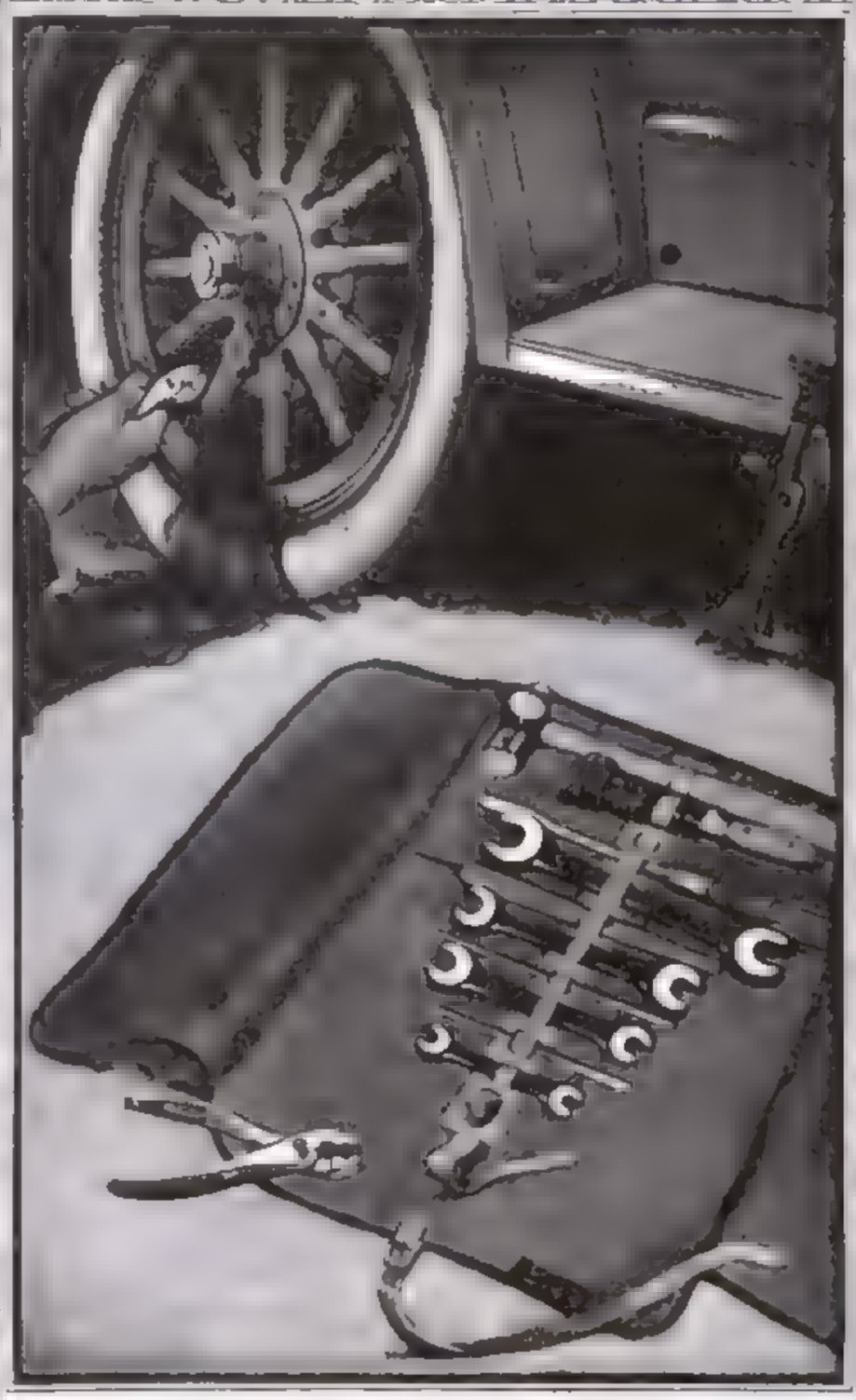

For the Motorist

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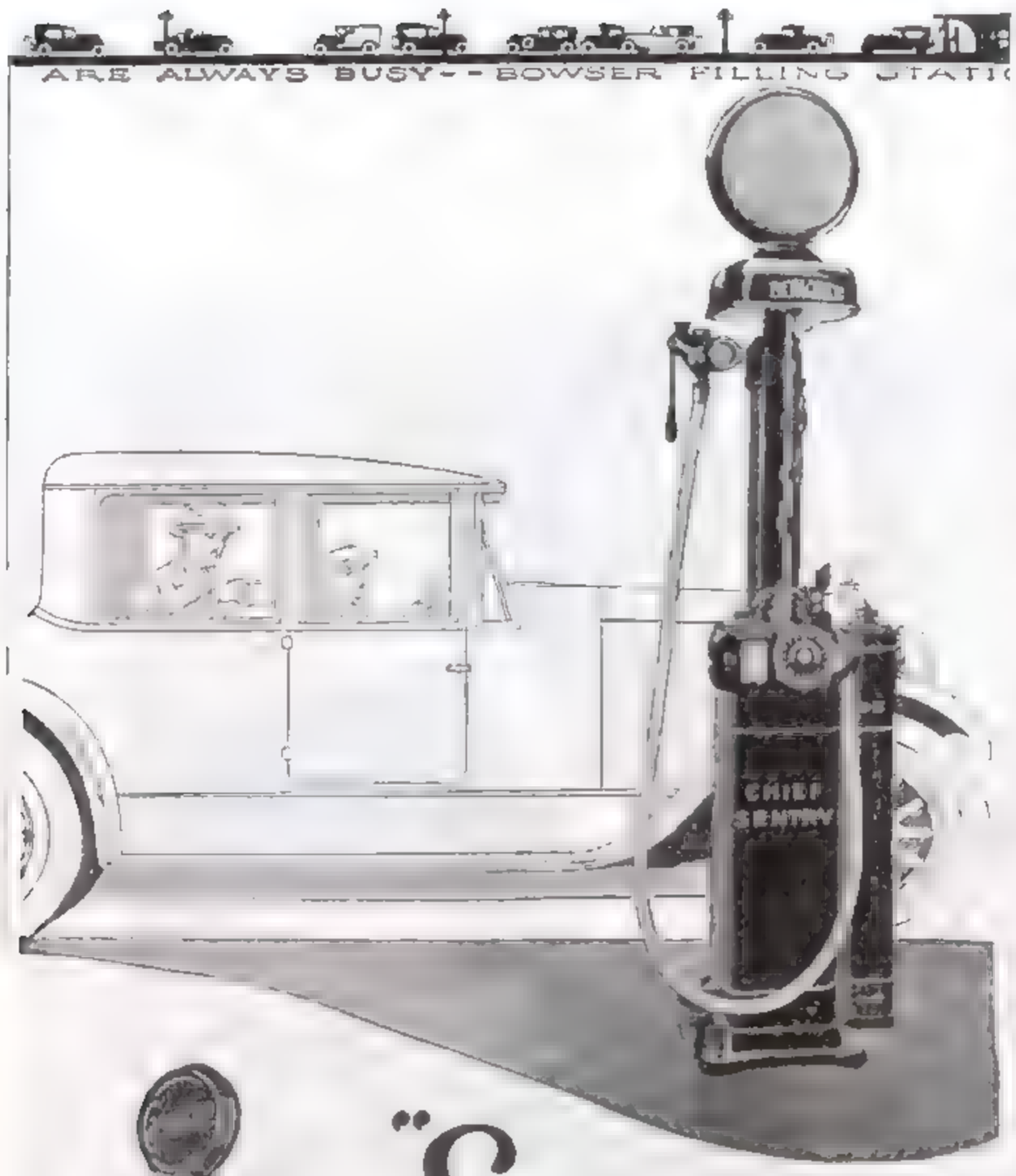

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it did not strike. When she spoke her tone was calm.

"Oh, you've heard me then?"

"A dozen times. I worked in New York all last winter. You're wonderful in Louise."

The little laugh she gave seemed to originate in the region of her solar plexus.

"Meaning, I suppose, that I'm not much good in my other rôles?"

At that he turned around and looked at her earnestly.

"Oh, I don't mean that at all! I meant musically. Histrionically, of course, nobody can touch you. Except perhaps in Butterfly."

Rita grinned.

"Thank you," she said, "for these very few kind words."

The other stared at her, puzzled. A flush like that of a rosy baby spread over his face. He rose, protesting.

"Oh," he blurted, "I didn't mean to—I—I didn't mean ——"

"Never mind what you meant," said Rita, shaking her head hopelessly. Then moving toward the desk, she ordered, "Come over here and write that music."

Parrish, who had been standing by the French windows leading to the now sunlit balcony, turned quickly.

"Look here," he said to her, "I—if we're not going to get that walk—if you're going to write this music—there's no use in my hanging around any longer. I'll just—ah ——" Without finishing, he moved definitely toward the door.

Leaving Delaney at the desk Rita crossed and laid a detaining hand upon his arm.

"I'm sorry," she said in a low tone, "but—you see?" With an expressive jerk of the head she indicated the musician, who was already writing busily. "He won't be long. Let's lunch at half past one—up here. We'll have our walk afterwards."

"All right," he said. But even before she pressed his arm and showed him the smile he was feeling that "all right" was not enough.

"That will be fine," he added.

XXI

WHEN, after a second walk, Parrish ascended again to Rita's sitting room he found Mr. Delaney all but ready to depart. The young man glanced at him quickly as Rita let him in, then took up his overcoat and made haste to put it on.

"Let me help you," said Parrish with politeness. Stepping behind the young man he lifted at the collar of the overcoat. But the garment did not slip on easily.

"Wait a minute," said the other after a moment's struggle. "This sleeve lining is torn."

He withdrew his arm from one sleeve, then carefully reinserted it and maneuvered it through. Having donned the coat he turned up the collar as if that were the natural way to wear it; then drawing a checked cloth cap from a pocket with one hand he reached down with the other and took from the floor a small tan satchel, which, though stamped in imitation of alligator skin, was plainly made of cardboard. A muffled clink of tools came from within the bag as he lifted it.

"Then it's all settled," said Rita, giving him her hand.

"Yes."

He snatched her hand, shook it quickly, dropped it and made for the open door, putting on his cap as he went.

"Don't lose the address," Rita called after him.

With one hand upon the outer door knob Delaney paused and turned in the aperture.

"I've got it safe," he assured her.

Finding himself thus arrested he seemed to have some difficulty in going on again.

"Well, then"—he said in the tentative tone of one about to depart; but he still stood there.

"Au revoir," called Rita, with a characteristically gay wave of the hand.

That seemed to supply the impetus the young man sought. With a quick smile and a jerky little nod he drew the door shut after him. No sooner had it closed than there came from the hall without a dull crash as of falling dishes. Then voices. The two looked at each other.

"I'm afraid," said Rita slowly—"I'm afraid he must have run into the waiter—with our luncheon."

"Of course," said Parrish with cynical indifference, "that's precisely what he *would* do."

He took a few steps away from the door as if to indicate his disassociation from any disaster in which Mr. Delaney might have become involved.

"I'll go and see," said Rita, and stepped rapidly toward the door.

"Hold on!" he cried, turning sharply. "Don't!"

She stopped.

"Why not?"

"He'll come back again!"

"No, he won't; and, anyway, if it's his fault he can't afford to pay for it."

Parrish gave in.

"All right," he said, moving toward the door. "You stay here. I'll go out and see to it."

Two or three minutes later he came back.

"Yes, it was our lunch," he said in a fatigued tone. "I fixed the waiter. He's gone down to duplicate the order. Now that Delaney's gone we may get it."

Rita laughed.

"Don't you like him?" she asked mischievously.

"The young whelp!" he burst out. "Why, the way he talked to you—talked *down* to you! A piano tuner! It was the worst piece of impudence I ever heard in my life!" He paced the floor. "I couldn't believe my ears. I wanted to kick him! One thing after another! I kept saying to myself, 'This is a little *too* much! Now she's going to nail him!' But you didn't. You just took it. Offering to help him, too, after what he'd said!" He stopped and stood staring at her. "Think of it!" he went on. "You tell him you'll sing some rotten little song of his; some song he had to write because Bonnie Doon isn't good enough for him—the same as telling him you'll make him—and what does he say? Does he say thank you? No! He tells you you can't sing!"

"Oh, hardly that," she said.

"Practically that. Telling you what keys you can't sing in! Telling you you've got a lot of bad notes in your upper register! Yes, and thumping them! Thumping them! Rita, I can't see why you stood for it. I can't get it through my head."

She smiled.

"He was a dog to do it," she told him, "but it's true."

"No, it isn't! And if it were, that would only make it worse. Tell me—just to satisfy my curiosity—how did you ever come to let him get away with it?"

She looked thoughtful.

"Well," she said, "in the first place he's gifted; he really knows. And being gifted, he's queer. One makes allowances. And there's something horribly pathetic about him, so poor and so talented and ——"

"So rude," he put in.

"Yes, but he's young. He must be very young. How old do you suppose he is?"

"Old enough to know better," he answered dourly. And he added, "Those pretty men always look younger than they really are."

"Yes," she agreed reflectively, "he is good-looking."

"Too good-looking," Parrish mumbled as the waiter knocked at the door. "He ought to have been a girl."

But he quickly forgot about Delaney. Never, it seemed to him, had Rita been quite so fascinating as during that luncheon. She seasoned the repast with amusing gossip—the story of a dog fight at a rehearsal, a little fight between two little dogs which rapidly became a big fight between two big prima donnas; stories of intrigue in the struggle for fame; droll tales of temperament, love and jealousy, of pranks played upon one another by the singers, and of misadventures during performances, making for Parrish successive pictures of a world new and strange.

"I've never been behind the scenes at the opera," he said.

"You'd like to? Come any time I'm singing."

"What do you sing Wednesday night?" he asked.

"Butterfly, but—you'd have to come during the first part of the evening. I have a business engagement later. Wouldn't you rather come Monday—it's Manon—and stay all evening?"

He put his hand over hers upon the table.

"What a question, when Monday is five days further off than Wednesday! Besides, I love you in Butterfly. You look just like a Toyokuni. I've always wished I could some day see you in those costumes, close to."

"All right," she said. "Come a little before eight. I'll leave word with the door man." *(Continued on Page 77)*

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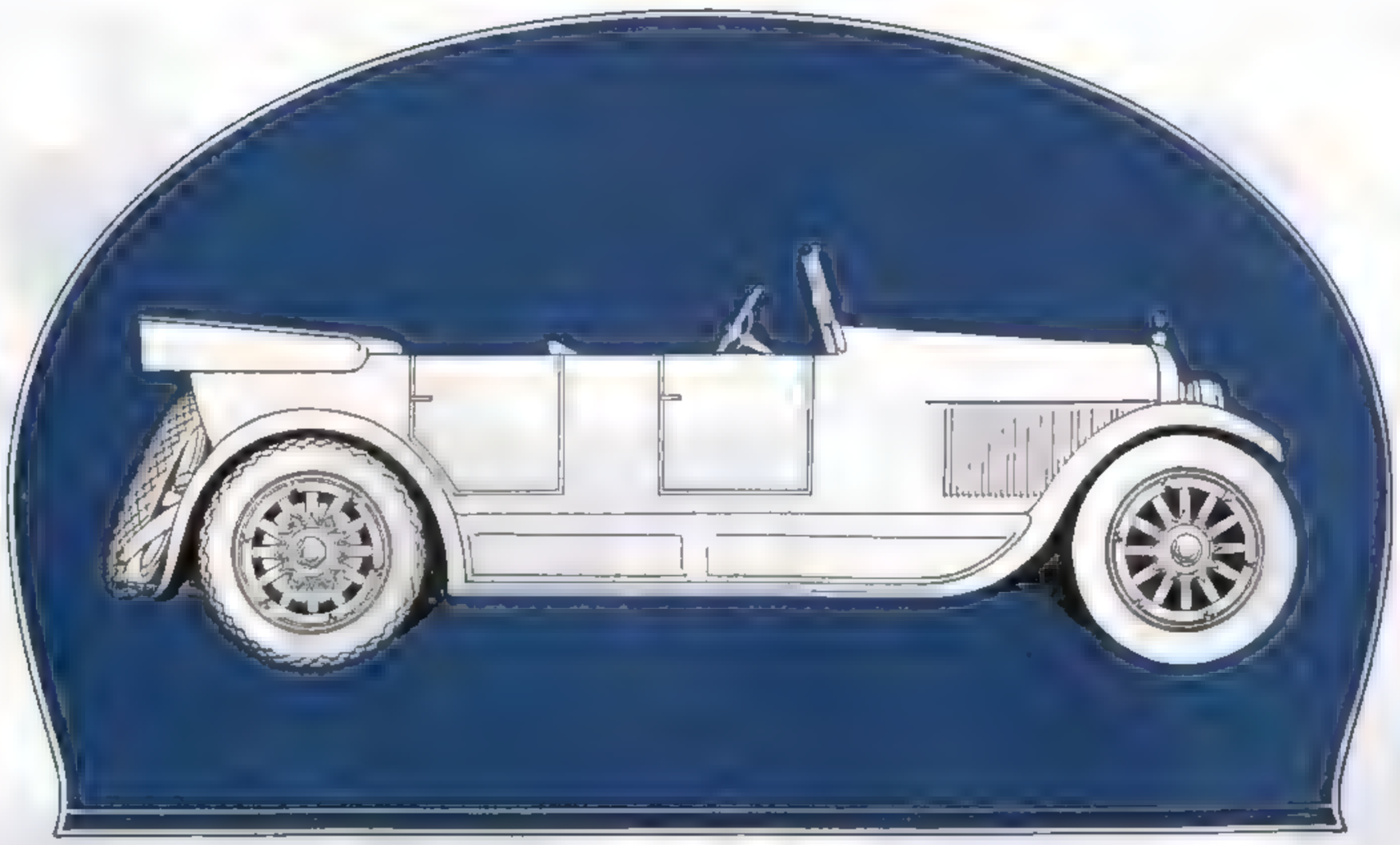

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The heart of this remarkable car is a new, distinctive and exclusive Jordan motor of a thoroughly modern, light, high-speed type.

Engineers have long been baffled in the effort to build a motor that combines silence with what we love to call a "punch". When they built for silence the power was not there.

This Jordan motor has what the small boy would call a "wallop"—a silent, thrilling something that makes the old driver turn and grin.

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You will enjoy its snap and go—the solid, sturdy feeling of the car—no wabbling on the road.

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Light as the needs of the hour demand, it gives that dependable, day-after-day performance which reveals true value.

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JORDAN

JORDAN MOTOR CAR COMPANY, Inc., Cleveland, Ohio

(Continued from Page 74)

She rose, passed behind him and laid her hands upon his shoulders.

"My dear," she said, "I'm awfully disappointed about something. Like a coward I've been putting off telling you. I must go back this afternoon."

He turned quickly in his chair and looked up at her, echoing stupidly:

"This afternoon?"

"Yes. They got me on the long-distance while you were out. Isn't it disgusting? It's that idiot Bonata. You remember, I told you about her? She's such a slow study. It's outrageous that they keep her."

"But why do *you* have to go back?" he demanded, rising.

"It's the new opera—goes on a week from Monday. I have several scenes with her. They've called a rehearsal for ten o'clock to-morrow morning."

"Oh, Rita!"

"I tried to get them to postpone it," she went on, "but they couldn't. I saw that myself when they explained." She looked disconsolate. "But there's no need for you to come if ——"

"Don't be ridiculous!" he cried. "You know perfectly well I couldn't stand it here!"

"Then," she answered, sighing, "there's nothing to do but pack and order the car."

Turning away from her he walked with a slow step to the French windows and looked out upon the balcony and the wide sea beyond as if to bid them farewell. Then he faced her.

"Well," he said, "they can't take *that* away from us, anyhow!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

TROPICAL GROWTH

(Continued from Page 9)

that their auctions were bona fide, that they were legitimate and sound, that they were without reserve, that they were absolute. "Absolute auctions" was the watchword of the hour.

This was what had been happening: Real-estate firms had advertised auctions, put up lots for sale, and, when those in attendance languidly refused to bid more than six or seven dollars for a lot, used professional buyers to make phony bids in order either to run up the price or get the lots off the market. It is possible that such a thing will never happen again, now that real-estate firms have the habit of advertising absolute auctions—possible, but scarcely probable. With five or six auctions being held each day, and with large numbers of lots being offered to stolid Middle Westerners who have come more for the free lunch and the automobile ride than for the real estate, it is inevitable that some lots will go for about $1.75 if everything is left in the hands of the legitimate prospects. Common sense tells us that no real-estate dealer could stand such a blow without emitting poignant shrieks of pain, no matter how persuasively and convincingly he may chatter about absolute auctions.

Some of the real-estate dealers allow customers to buy land on terms that would attract even Trotzky, who doesn't believe in that sort of thing. Four-hundred-dollar lots in one subdivision can be had for twenty dollars cash and ten dollars a month, with no interest or taxes for a year. In another subdivision $1250 lots sell for $100 cash and twenty-five dollars a month until 20 per cent of the principal has been paid, after which the buyer can sink back and refrain from paying any more on his principal for seven and a half years. A firm advertises island water-front lots at $5750 a lot, the terms being "$750 cash; balance $500 every six months; no interest first year; no taxes till spring 1925."

Blots on the Landscape

Subdivisions extend out of Miami in all directions—up the coast and down the coast and inland and out into the bay in the shape of islands. Palm Beach is seventy-five miles north of Miami; and there are almost enough subdivisions along that seventy-five-mile stretch to provide homes for a million people.

Some of the subdivisions are beautiful. Some have been thoroughly cleared of the tangled jungle of palmettos and other scrub that make a total mess of so much undeveloped Florida land; and flawless roads and pavements have been constructed, water mains put in, and gas, water and electricity provided. Restrictions are imposed in some of the good ones; homes costing less than $4000 cannot be built on certain lots, while on other lots they must cost at least $15,000.

In other subdivisions the streets are half laid, the location is vile, and the shacks that are run up on the crowded lots are little better than the marsh huts of Revere Beach and Coney Island, to which poverty-stricken city dwellers of Boston and New York frequently repaired during the heated terms of the early '80's.

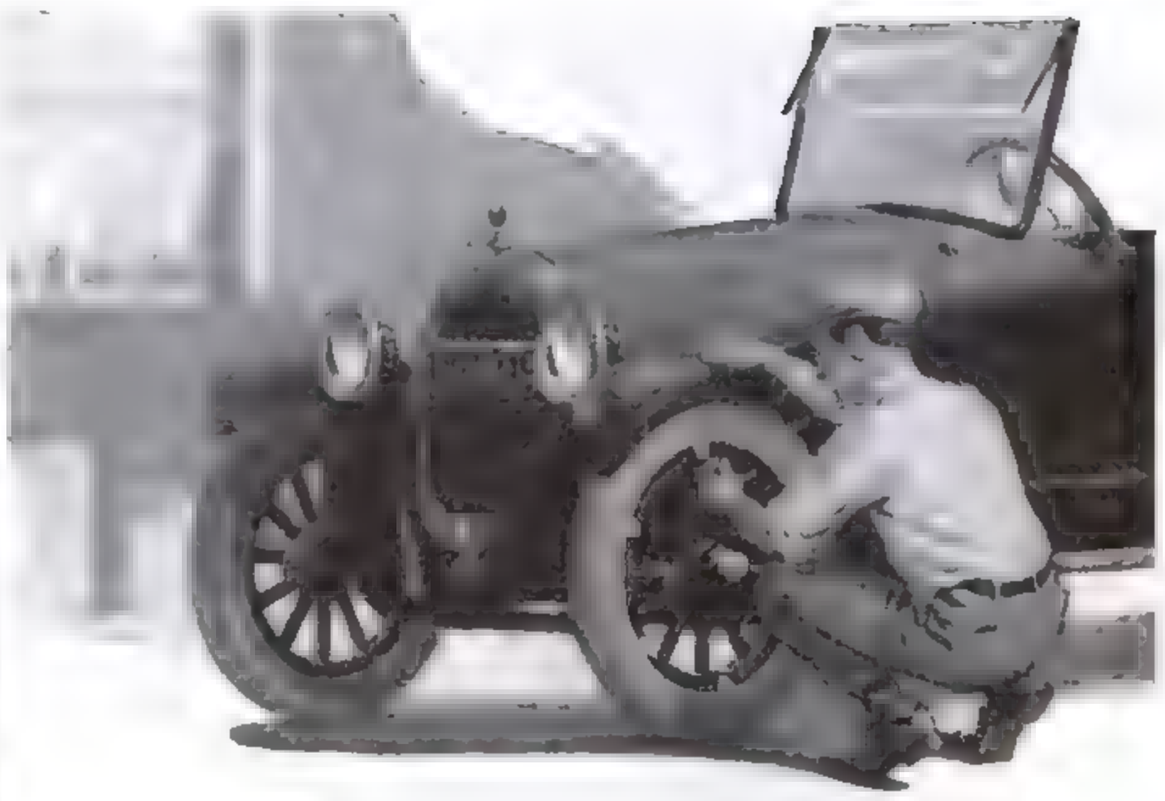
On top of these depressing spectacles, many of which may some day be partially obscured in tropical verdure, certain enterprising citizens of Miami have added to Florida's scenic beauties by lining the roadsides with blatant signboards setting forth the delights of garages, restaurants, clothing emporia and similar enterprises. Not content with building self-sustaining signboards which protrude gauntly and repulsively from the flat landscape and convince the newcomer that he is approaching a slum city, they have nailed countless numbers of huge yellow monstrosities to the palms and pine trees along the highways—signs which have no influence on anyone except the lover of beauty, and which serve only to fill him with contempt for people who can permit the natural beauties of their surroundings to be so befouled. In the North one expects to find—as he does find—a plague of signboards and hideous summer resorts whose predominant features are those of the awful and tasteless '80's. In the new South, however, which lures tourists with honeyed words and promises of every sort of beauty, the erecting of roadside signboards should be viewed with as much disgust and loathing as grapefruit stealing or murder—both of which crimes fall under somewhat the same head in Miami.

Sensitive Tomato Plants

Spreading through and beyond the subdivisions are the orange and grapefruit groves and the truck gardens and vegetable farms. Oranges and grapefruit are so common in Southern Florida that grapefruit are served free in many of the hotels, while many other hotels keep large bowls of free oranges alongside the ice-water tank. So far as is known, these are the only things that one has a chance of getting for nothing in Florida hotels.

There are hundreds of three-acre and five-acre farms owned by Northerners who didn't like winter and ran away from it with one or two thousand dollars in their pockets. Many of these little farmers not only manage to make both ends meet but even salt away comfortable bank rolls. One little town near Miami shipped 61,000 quarts of strawberries to Northern cities during the first six weeks of the 1922 season, and the growers' share of the spoils was fifty cents a quart. The wise strawberry farmers, who plant their land to velvet beans during the summer and plow them under in September, and otherwise indulge in the clever tricks of the trade, get some very snappy results. One of the best strawberry farmers near Miami had 4.1 acres of land planted to strawberries in 1921. His first berries came in on December twentieth, and he picked twice a week until July fifteenth. The total yield of his 4.1 acres was 41,059 quarts, his average price for each quart was forty-five cents, and his gross sales amounted to slightly under $18,500. His total expenses were a little over $6000.

More than 14,000 acres are planted to tomatoes in the vicinity of Miami, and nearly 500,000 crates were shipped North during the 1921 season. These tomatoes bring the growers about three dollars a crate, of which about $1.75 must be charged off to fertilizer, labor, hauling and crating. The life of a tomato farmer is not a happy one, for the crop is very sensitive to wet weather. It is also very sensitive to dry weather. The slightest nip of frost also puts a severe crimp in it. Some of the tomato farmers say that the plant is so sensitive that if a man cusses or chews tobacco in its vicinity it will refuse to bear. In spite of all this, there are plenty of tomato



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$6

lovers to plant tomatoes every winter, and some of them have made fortunes out of this popular fruit—or vegetable.

The cupidity of farmers who are sick of Northern winters is easily aroused by prices obtained for the best varieties of mangoes. "Their rich, spicy flavor, tempting fragrance and beautiful coloring," say the Miami prospectuses, "make them one of the most tempting table desserts that can be imagined." Miami, it appears, has a monopoly on this fruit, and the catalogues rub in the bad news by adding that "this monopoly is not only confined to the cultivation but also to the exquisite joy of eating it, as very few find their way to the Northern markets, the local demand far exceeding the supply." One reads that the choicest varieties "readily sell in the Northern markets for from $1.00 to $1.50 each," thus confirming the belief of the late P. T. Barnum that there was one born every minute. The weak spot in this argument is not visible at the moment; but there is some good reason why the Florida people prefer the exquisite joy of eating the mango to the even more exquisite joy of shaking down their Northern brothers for $1.50 per mango. Maybe it's because there aren't enough raised in Florida to make it worth while to ship; maybe it's because the mango ripens from June through August and the weather is too warm to ship. At any rate, there is an Ethiopian concealed somewhere in the woodpile. And one who aspires to become a mango grower will no doubt have his first fine enthusiasm dashed by the fact that trees begin bearing in from five to seven years after being set out. Seven years is a long time to wait. And Northerners may acquire a little sense in seven years and refuse to pay $1.50 for the exquisite joy of eating one mango about the size and general texture of a peach.

Reclaiming the Everglades

Off to the west of Miami lie the Everglades, first made famous by the Seminole War, when the United States Army spent upwards of fifteen years trying to chase the Seminoles out of the Everglades, but seldom saw more than three Seminoles at one time. The Everglades, not so long ago, was an enormous shallow lake 8000 square miles in area, dotted with half submerged islands out of which grew giant whiskered live oaks and countless varieties of tropical plants. The alligator basked in its shadowed streams and the graceful panther lurked among the undergrowth, constantly ready to emit a blood-curdling scream calculated to make the hardiest intruder think longingly of home and mother. Exploration was made almost impossible by a saw-toothed grass which grew throughout the Everglades and extended several feet above the water, so that the person who tried to force his way through it would cut everything to shreds up to and including his eyebrows. People talked for years of draining the Everglades; but such talk was usually received with screams of laughter that rivaled the yells of the Everglades panthers.

Several years ago the state of Florida settled down in earnest to the systematic draining of the Everglades. Canals were cut, giant locks were installed to control the water level, and the land was cleared. Thousands of acres are being reclaimed each year, settlers are moving in constantly and the reclaimed land is yielding vegetables and fruits of a size and quality to make a Maine farmer shake his head dubiously and wonder whether that last batch of licker that the sheriff sent him had affected his eyes. The soil is a rich black muck which has resulted from centuries of decaying vegetation; and anything that will grow will grow about twice as large and twice as rapidly in the Everglades as it will anywhere else. There used to be only two seasons in the Everglades—wet and wetter; but now there is a dry season; and in the course of a few years, when the fruit trees begin to bear, the Everglades alone will be in a position to supply every city in the North throughout the winter with all the newfangled and oldfangled fruits and vegetables that can be desired.

The thousands of farmers who have retired from active farming and are occupying their winters by absorbing the sun in Miami and pitching horseshoes in Royal Palm Park become fearfully excited over the various varieties of grass that are raised in the Everglade lands. Grass is not a thing that one would expect to mention at any length in an article on a winter resort; but the excessive wonderment over it on the part of the horseshoe pitchers requires some mention of grass. It appears that some of the grasses that have come in thick enough to get themselves talked about are Para, Bermuda, Rhodes, Natal, Sudan, St. Lucia, St. Augustine, Napier, broom-sedge, Guatemala, panicum, crab grass, maiden cane, billion dollar grass and several others. There seems to be everything but just plain grass. The chief idea in the minds of the farmers seems to be that with all this grass the Florida stock raisers can have evergreen pasturage, and cattle can be fed on about a third of the space that they need in the North.

This of course is important if true; but the average person who comes to Miami is not interested in grass except as something on which to play golf or sit. What he wants is usually holiday relaxation and plenty of it; and if that's what he wants he can get so much of it in and near Miami that one week of complete relaxation must usually be followed by two weeks of recuperation.

The Rise of Miami

The people who knew Miami prior to 1918 have an entirely different place in their minds from the Miami of to-day. The old Miami was a city first and a winter resort afterward. This statement will of course offend the touchy Miami folk; but it is true none the less. It was—and is—a hustling, bustling, booming, noisy city with about one automobile for each seven-eighths of an inhabitant, and with perpetual warmth and sunshine. In the long run, however, the big-money tourists—the people who roll down each winter with their money done up in bales and beg plaintively to be shown where and how to spend it—don't want to go to a hustling, bustling, rapidly growing city for their winter holidays, even though the city may boast perpetual warmth and sunshine. What they want is plenty of sun and sky, and a complete change from the scenery to which they are accustomed in their Northern cities, and a surcease from all noises except the noises they make themselves—which are frequently much louder than the ordinary noises of a city. For that reason Palm Beach was in a class by itself. The big-money tourists went to Palm Beach. Miami got a smattering of them, but a very small smattering. Palm Beach sneered at Miami Beach and called it the Coney Island of Florida. That, however, was prior to 1918. To-day Miami has been augmented by Miami Beach.

The story of Miami Beach is a remarkable one, and it should be told here, since without it Miami would scarcely be able to get out gaudy prospectuses with pictures of beautifully shaped ladies in red one-piece bathing suits on the covers. This is the way of it:

Miami's palm-shaded streets run down to the shores of Biscayne Bay, which is a strip of water some seven miles long and between two and three miles wide. Between the bay and the ocean is a long, narrow tongue of land, not much over a mile in width at its widest point. Prior to 1913 this narrow tongue of land was a worthless jungle. The man who owned practically all the land on it is said to have bought it for $12,000. The only way of reaching it was by ferryboat, and there was nothing on it except a bathing shack on the beach at the extreme tip, to which a few tourists occasionally repaired when the urge for sea bathing became almost too intense to be endured.

In 1913, however, when the population of Miami was only about 7500, a wealthy Indianapolis business man, Carl Fisher, came to Miami for his health. Fisher was able to see the possibilities in things which everyone else regarded as impossibilities. He had always plunged heavily on his beliefs while his friends and acquaintances stood on the sidelines and told one another what a shame it was that Carl had gone bugs. One of his plunges had been the big Indianapolis Speedway—a gigantic structure which does all its business, pays its expenses and makes its profits on one day out of the year.

In Miami he became interested in the long, narrow, jungle-grown sand spit that shut Miami off from the sea. In his feverish mind's eye he saw it covered with the greatest winter resort of modern times—with acres of beautiful homes, and hotels bowered in towering palms and scarlet-flowered hibiscus; with polo fields and golf

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55
GOODRICH
GOODRICH
GOODRICH

SETH THOMAS

She ran all the way to the station

and got there ten minutes too soon

ALL the needless rush to get ready—the panting race down the street—a trip to the city started wrong because the clock was ten minutes fast!

Surely modern life is tiring enough without the needless strain of faulty clocks. And it is *so* needless. A hundred and nine years ago Seth Thomas began making accurate clocks and putting his name on the dials.

It will add immensely to your peace of mind to have a Seth Thomas Clock in your home; and the cost, as the Jeweler will tell you, is very much less than you may have supposed. He *likes* to show Seth Thomas Clocks and tell about their service. Why not drop into his store this morning and afford him that pleasure?

At the left is one of a group of eight remarkably serviceable upright models—8-day, striking clocks in mahogany cases. Prices from $15 to $22.

There are eight small clocks, suited to desk or boudoir, in the group represented by the model illustrated below. Jeweled 8-day movement with watch escapement—a splendid timekeeper in a hand-rubbed case of solid mahogany. $23 to $34.

A Seth Thomas gift is assured a place of honor in any home.

SETH THOMAS

(Continued from Page 78)

links and tennis courts and ice rinks, with lagoons and canals and artificial islands and Venetian gondolas, with casinos and bathhouses and outdoor swimming pools that would outdo anything in America or Europe.

He let himself go with the utmost enthusiasm, and kept his imagination working on a twenty-two-hour day. His friends gave up all hope for him. "Poor Fisher!" they murmured privately behind his back. "Poor Fisher has gone completely loco. We must make arrangements to put him away quietly."

He got control of the bulk of the unnamed worthless tongue of land and went out to look it over carefully. Around its shores ran a solid wall of mangroves, whose interlaced roots rose several feet out of the water in such a confused and slimy jumble that any appreciable progress through them was a matter of hours. So he got a gang of twelve negroes and set them to work hacking a hole all the way through this jungle. Beyond the mangrove swamp was a solidly interlaced growth of cabbage palms and palmettos through which no human being could force a passage without tearing his clothes and his skin to shreds. The palm and palmetto growth filled every part of the tongue except the shores—and the shores were overgrown with mangroves.

Greatly cheered and stimulated by these obstacles, he promptly set to work on his scheme to build, almost overnight, a great American winter resort. Starting at the extreme tip of the tongue his gangs of laborers cleared off the mangroves, cabbage palms, palmettos and other scrub. They found bears in it, and panthers and countless numbers of smaller animals, and quail by the thousands. Then along the edges of the tongue they built high cement bulkheads. As the bulkheads were finished dredgers pumped sand and water out of Biscayne Bay and inside the bulkheads. The water ran off, but the sand remained and turned the swamps and marshes into solid land. This work required dredging crews of 150 men, three pumping boats, two digging boats, from ten to fifteen barges, five supply boats, two oil tugs, two anchor boats and an eighteen-inch pipe line over a mile in length. For eight months the pay roll was $4000 a day, and Fisher's friends daily became more insistent that he be put away where he could no longer throw his money into the Atlantic Ocean.

An Extraordinary Development

Canals and inland waterways were dug so that future residents might have easy access to all portions of the resort by yacht, house boat and motor boat. Palms, hibiscus and tropical plants and vines slowly crept along in the rear of the dredging operations. Fifty acres were turned into polo fields. Three hundred and twenty-five acres were set aside for golf courses. Three excellent golf courses were made, two at a cost of $200,000 apiece, and one at a cost of a quarter million.

To-day the tongue of land that was an impenetrable jungle in 1913 and a waste of sand in 1917 has become the city of Miami Beach. Its value has grown from $12,000 to $20,000,000. There may be some to question the latter figure; but the assessed value of Miami Beach property in 1921 was $5,540,112; and unimproved property was being assessed at one-quarter its valuation, while improved property was being assessed at one-tenth its valuation. It has a frontage of six miles on the ocean, seven miles on Biscayne Bay, and sixteen miles on inland waterways and canals—though a Miami Beach enthusinst would no more think of listing Miami Beach property in miles than a jeweler would think of listing diamonds in quarts. It's too precious. He lists it in feet, and tells you that the frontage on inland waterways is 85,000 feet. In a few years, if he progresses in the future as he has in the past, he'll probably be listing it in inches.

Many a water-front lot has been sold for double the price that was paid for the original jungle not so many years ago.

There are over forty miles of streets and roads, lined with palms and shrubs. Several hotels have been built. The largest is no more expensive than the big Palm Beach hotels—although that is sufficiently expensive to send the cold shivers up and down the spine of the person who hasn't become thoroughly hardened to money spending.

There are a score and more of apartment houses, and 350 private residences ranging from unconsciously simple little $10,000 bungalows up to artfully simple little $200,000 huts.

Within another six years, according to the more sane and conservative Miami Beach predicters, there will be six or seven more hotels at Miami Beach, all larger than the present ones. Fisher has another modest caravansary planned, which is to have an ice rink, covered tennis courts and a tanbark horse-show inclosure on the roof. Unless his friends lock him up he is sure to carry out his plans—which will probably be as highly successful as his past ventures.

A few of his friends no longer fear for his sanity. His former business partner in Indianapolis, James A. Allison, has even helped the good work along by building and stocking at Miami Beach an aquarium that rivals the greatest aquariums of Monaco, Naples, Honolulu and Manila. A great many of his friends, however, still shake their heads pityingly when they hear mention of hotels with ice rinks on the roof.

The dredging operations which had transferred sand from the bottom of Biscayne Bay to the top of Miami Beach had left several unsightly mud banks protruding a few inches from the surface of the bay. Fisher surrounded these mud banks with bulkheads and pumped more mud into them. The result was seven beautiful islands, most of which are already shaded by palm groves and dotted with simple but beautiful homes costing about thirty dollars a square inch. They are easy of access, since they are connected with the mainland or the causeway.

Bathing-Suit Notes

Some Miami people have likened these islands to lilies which o'erlace the sea, after the fashion of Senator Lodge quoting from Browning in an attempt to explain the islands of the Pacific to a concourse of hard-boiled hearers; but Palm Beach folk, with that peculiar jealousy evinced by the residents of one Florida resort toward everything in a rival Florida resort, say that they look more like floating flapjacks. The truth, of course, lies between; and in another two years, when all of them are covered with masses of tropical foliage, there will be nothing flapjackish about them at all. One of the islands, together with an obelisk rising from its center, was constructed solely as a memorial to Henry M. Flagler, without whose vision and foresight Florida would probably be known only as the place that Florida Water was named after. One of the largest islands has an area of sixty acres. A mile of bulkhead, with bulkheading at twelve dollars a foot, was necessary in its construction, and its total cost was half a million dollars.

The inability of 90 per cent of the human race to see how a thing is going to look when finished has cost the human race a large amount of money at Miami Beach. Not long ago, for example, an effort was made to sell a new house for $16,000. It stood on new flat land, however, and there were no trees or shrubs around it. Everybody who saw it refused to buy it; so $3500 was spent in planting grass, palms and flowers and adding walks and a boathouse. When this had been done the house sold instantly for $30,000 to one of the men who had refused to pay $16,000 for it the preceding year.

Miami and Miami Beach are now connected by a curving concrete causeway three and a half miles long. New and spacious as it is, it is often too small to accommodate the thousands of automobiles that hasten out to Miami Beach on hot Sunday afternoons in midwinter in order that their occupants may obtain an eyeful, as the saying goes, of the bathing crowds. The prudish element hasn't yet been able to make its influence felt at Miami Beach to any noticeable extent. The one-piece bathing suit is heavily displayed by engaging young women, and there are also large numbers of bathing suits which appear to be one-half-piece or even two-fifths-piece. The latter variety of bathing suit is never worn with stockings; for no stockings—so far as is known—have yet been made long enough to reach to the hips. A striking effect is frequently obtained by the wearers of these two-fifths-piece bathing suits when they stroll out on the beach in short, hip-length capes which hang open negligently at the throat. One sees nothing below the cape but several

(Continued on Page 83)

Are you building—or remodelling—a small home or bungalow this Spring? Then ask us to send you a blue print and specifications for a special hearth and brick wall facing for the Heatrola.

"Gentlemen:—
You were too modest!

—in your claims for this new heater, which looks like a phonograph and works like a furnace"

—so say letters from hundreds of men and women

THIS is to place important new heating information in the hands of owners of small homes and bungalows—with or WITHOUT BASEMENTS. Also stores, offices, halls, etc.

Simply mail the coupon below. Book of full information will be sent free and postpaid.

Take this opportunity to inform yourself on this new-day way of heating, if you have had unsatisfactory heating results this past winter, or if you are building or remodelling this spring.

New principles are embodied in the Estate Heatrola—a practical warm-air furnace, finished in grained mahogany enamel and designed like a handsome cabinet phonograph.

Thousands are in use. Back of it is our 77 years' experience in building heating devices for the home. Results are amazing. The owner or renter of a small home is now offered all the advantages of warm air heating at low cost.

What Users Write Us

Recently we wrote to hundreds of users of Heatrolas. We wanted to learn first-hand what their experience had been with the Heatrolas in their homes.

Their replies are amazing.

They tell us we are too modest in our claims.

We say the Heatrola will heat 3 to 6 connecting rooms. Many users tell us it has been doing even more than that. We have published a number of these letters in a booklet, which we shall be glad to send on request.

What we said about fuel economy, too, is multiplied. Five and 6 rooms are being heated at no more expense than heating one room the old way.

Thus it is in thousands of homes, from Maine to California. Everywhere the Heatrola arouses the greatest enthusiasm.

Supplants Stoves and Fireplaces

Installed in one of the living rooms, the Heatrola keeps the whole house warm. It heats 3 to 6 connecting rooms better than the ordinary stove heats one.

Note, particularly, that the Heatrola is not a stove. It is a furnace, which circulates great volumes of warm, moist air throughout the house.

Hence the Heatrola offers the most healthful, the most economical way of heating. And the cleanest, for it is finished in a vitreous enamel, hard and smooth as glass, that you can rub and dust with a cloth, just as you do your furniture. This finish is practically everlasting.

No black iron to polish, no nickel to shine. No going into the cellar to tend the furnace, this new way.

Where To See The Heatrola

Leading hardware stores, furniture stores and heating contractors everywhere are now featuring the Heatrola. Ask your local dealer to show it to you. Or, if you don't know him, MAIL THE COUPON for free book and local dealer's name.

For Larger Homes

Estate

WARM AIR HEATING SYSTEMS

Pipe or Pipeless Models

All cast-iron construction; many new features. 5-year GUARANTEED Fire Pot; Ball Bearing Grate, Swinging Vapor Tank; Patented Radiator Clean-Out. Made in 4 sizes. Our Engineering Department will recommend proper size and type for your home, and will furnish blue print free of charge.

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MADE BY THE ESTATE STOVE COMPANY, HAMILTON, OHIO—BUILDERS SINCE 1845 OF THE FAMOUS ESTATES. A STOVE, FURNACE AND RANGE FOR EVERY REQUIREMENT —FOR COOKING AND HEATING WITH COAL, WOOD, GAS AND ELECTRICITY

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Thirst
can't be
denied

-even by busy men

The Coca-Cola Company
Atlanta, Ga.

(Continued from Page 80)

square yards of flesh, and nothing above the cape but several square feet of flesh. It is a sight that gives one pause. When one sees it for the first time he feels that he ought to hunt up a life-saver sometime later in the day and ask him to go and speak to the young woman and tell her that she has come out without her two-fifths-piece bathing suit. But one soon becomes accustomed to seeing such things—so accustomed, in fact, that one feels disappointed if he doesn't see them.

The Hon. William Jennings Bryan has a home in Miami, and was devoting most of his time last winter to assuring his large and enthusiastic audiences that the doctrine of evolution, hitherto accepted as proved by every reputable scientist because of the overwhelming mass of supporting evidence, is no more worthy of credence than the story of Cinderella and the little glass slipper; that, in fact, it is as harmful to the young and impressionable as an unexpurgated set of Burton's Arabian Nights. The citizens of Miami Beach were highly delighted with Mr. Bryan's anti-evolution activities—not because they have anything against evolution but because they like to see Mr. Bryan interested in something that will keep him from trying to make his neighbors conform to his ideas of right, and, by so doing, spoil the bathing hour. In fact, a committee of Miami Beachers was thinking of waiting on Mr. Bryan when he had finished shooting holes in Darwin, Huxley, Wallace, Herbert Spencer and other distinguished scientists, and urging him to attack the disgusting and contemptible theory that the earth is a globe or sphere, and to come out strong for a flat earth.

There are no wheel chairs in Miami Beach, as there are in Palm Beach. The hotels tried to interest their guests in wheel chairs, but the guests would have none of them. They are successful at Palm Beach because the Palm Beachers find them useful things in which to kill time. But at Miami Beach one has no time for time-killing. There is something doing every minute. There are golf and tennis and polo and bathing and dancing and rushing over to town to see a movie or an orange grove or something, and if one tried to get around in a wheel chair he'd come down with nervous prostration in a couple of days.

The bootleggers are very active in Miami. The prices seem low to Northerners who have been paying $120 a case for stuff that is only fit for cleaning the nicotine out of pipe stems. The bootleggers get the stuff in Bimini, which is a small island only a few miles off the Florida coast. It is a British island, but the British officials evidently haven't any idea of assisting the United States to enforce her laws.

Brought From Bimini

The universal bootlegging price for Scotch whisky in Miami is fifty dollars a case. The bootleggers buy it for about twenty-four dollars a case in Bimini. The taxicab men retail the stuff to the hotel guests at ten dollars a bottle, or $120 a case, which makes a very nice profit for them.

Tourists who plan to bring back a wee nip of Scotch with them from Florida should be very careful to carry the bottles in their hand luggage. All trunks are opened on the way up, and all alcoholic stimulants carefully abstracted. Nothing else is touched. A friend of mine took three metal hot-water bottles to Florida with him so that he could bring Scotch back in them. These bottles were incased in pretty pink flannel wrappers. He filled them with Scotch as planned; but when he reached Washington again he found that his trunk had been opened and the bottles removed. The pink flannel wrappers were left behind, and nothing else had been touched.

There seems to be an idea in the North that rum running from Bimini and Cuba to the Florida coast can be easily stopped by prohibition agents. This is a mistaken idea; for the rum runner has several hundred miles of uninhabited coast line and keys on which to land his cargo. It was among these keys that the most notorious pirates of the early days concealed their vessels and their treasure, and eluded pursuit for years. It would be as easy to catch a rum runner among the Florida keys as to locate a red ant in the Hippodrome.

The Florida keys drip down from the end of the peninsula on which Miami Beach is built, and would doubtless be compared by Senator Lodge or the late Robert Browning to a necklace of jade and gold, or to mango on mango that o'erlace the sea, or something similarly poetic. Among, between and around these keys is found the greatest fishing in the world. Florida fishing is about as much like the ordinary conception of fishing as prize fighting is like fox-trotting. Instead of sitting contemplatively over a rod and reel with a pipe in his mouth and a dreamy look in his eyes, and occasionally snaking a small fish out of the water in a leisurely manner, the Florida fisherman crouches over his rod with taut muscles and enters knock-down and drag-out fights with bundles of concentrated energy that leave him as sore and limp and blistered as though he had been wrestling with the Twentieth Century Limited.

Speedy motor boats slip away from Miami landing stages and reach the fishing grounds in an hour. Over the reefs, on whose rocky peaks lie the skeletons of many an ancient wreck, wait the barracuda, sometimes known as the tigers of the sea.

Catching Big Ones

They are long, slim, silvery fish, rather like enormous pickerel, and their jaws are set with heavy dog teeth. They average between four and five feet in length; and as the fisherman sits in the stern of a motor boat with his bait spinning along thirty yards astern he can see the barracuda following, following, following along behind the bait like a thin gray shadow. The barracuda is always there and always hungry; so when all other game fish fail the fishermen turn to him. When he finally decides to take the bait he takes it with such vigor that the fisherman feels that a steamer trunk has fallen on the tip of his rod. The rods are stiff as iron and the big reels have drags on them that would stop a race horse in a hundred yards; so the average barracuda seldom fights more than ten minutes. All game fish, of course, are caught by trolling from the back of a motor boat traveling from six to ten miles an hour.

Out a little farther toward the Gulf Stream are the golden dolphins, thin and surprised-looking fish, much smaller than the barracuda, but better fighters. There, too, is the husky amber jack, that fights for twenty minutes and more in spite of the heavy drag on the reel. The prettiest welterweight fighter of the Florida waters is the sailfish, a blue-and-silver torpedo, five and six and seven feet in length, with a spear for a nose and a lateen sail for a dorsal fin. He is a finicky striker, and when he is at the bait one feels only a slight jar. The lightness of the touch usually means sailfish; and when it comes, the fisherman releases his drag and lets his line run out fifteen or twenty or even thirty feet. Then he snaps the drag back into place and hoists his rod with a mighty heave without further inquiry. Frequently the sailfish is at the end of the line, in which case the fun begins—the sensation being about the same as holding a bucking broncho at the end of a fifty-yard rope. If an amateur is holding the rod the end of the thirty or forty-five minute fight finds him calling in a weak and trembling voice for a large drink of varnish or some similar restorative, and he spends the remainder of the trip pricking and caressing the blisters on his hands.

Farther out in the Gulf Stream are the kings of the heavyweight scrappers—tuna; while between the keys and the mainland are the giant tarpon. These fish will fight for two, three and even four hours; and if, in their leapings to shake the hook from their mouths, they chance to fall into the boat, there is never any room for anyone else.

The spectacles that one sees in these Florida waters are enough to make Izaak Walton take the pledge.

During one day's fishing which I had off the keys with President James Allison, of the Miami Aquarium, and Cap'n Charley Thompson, champion tarpon tracker of Biscayne Bay, a whip ray twenty feet from wing to wing shot thirty feet into the air just ahead of our boat, falling back into the water with a crash that must have been heard a mile in every direction. Cap'n Thompson declared that this violent leaping was due to the fact that the whip ray frequently feeds on clams. When he has gathered a bushel of clams into his stomach he leaps high in the air and descends on his

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"Dollar Topkis gave me new ideas about value"

"I'D like to have the money I've wasted because I was afraid to buy an athletic union suit priced as low as a dollar. I was so sure I couldn't get anything worth while, that I cheerfully gave up double, year after year.

"I didn't know Topkis then.

"Finally, a persistent salesman in Johnson's shop argued me into trying Topkis. I thought he was foolish to urge me to spend less than I wanted to. He was—like a fox; he knew he was landing me as a life-time customer.

"My dollar never before bought me as much quality and value as I get in Topkis. Loose, airy fit that keeps me comfortable all over and lets my skin breathe. No skimpiness; no bagginess; no pinch, no pull.

"Wear? That's where Topkis shines. Keeps its size, too, no matter how often it's washed. But I could talk for a year without getting the Topkis idea across to you. Hop into a suit yourself and find out the same way I did."

Topkis Athletic Union Suits are made of best nainsook and other highgrade fabrics. Preshrunk—full size guaranteed. Be sure you get your correct size—38 if you wear a 38 coat, and so on.

No good dealer will ask more than a dollar for the Topkis Men's Union Suit—although many will tell you it's worth more.

Men's Union Suits, $1.00.

Men's Shirts and Drawers, 75c per garment. 75c for Boys' Union Suits, Girls' Bloomer Union Suits, and Children's Waist Union Suits.

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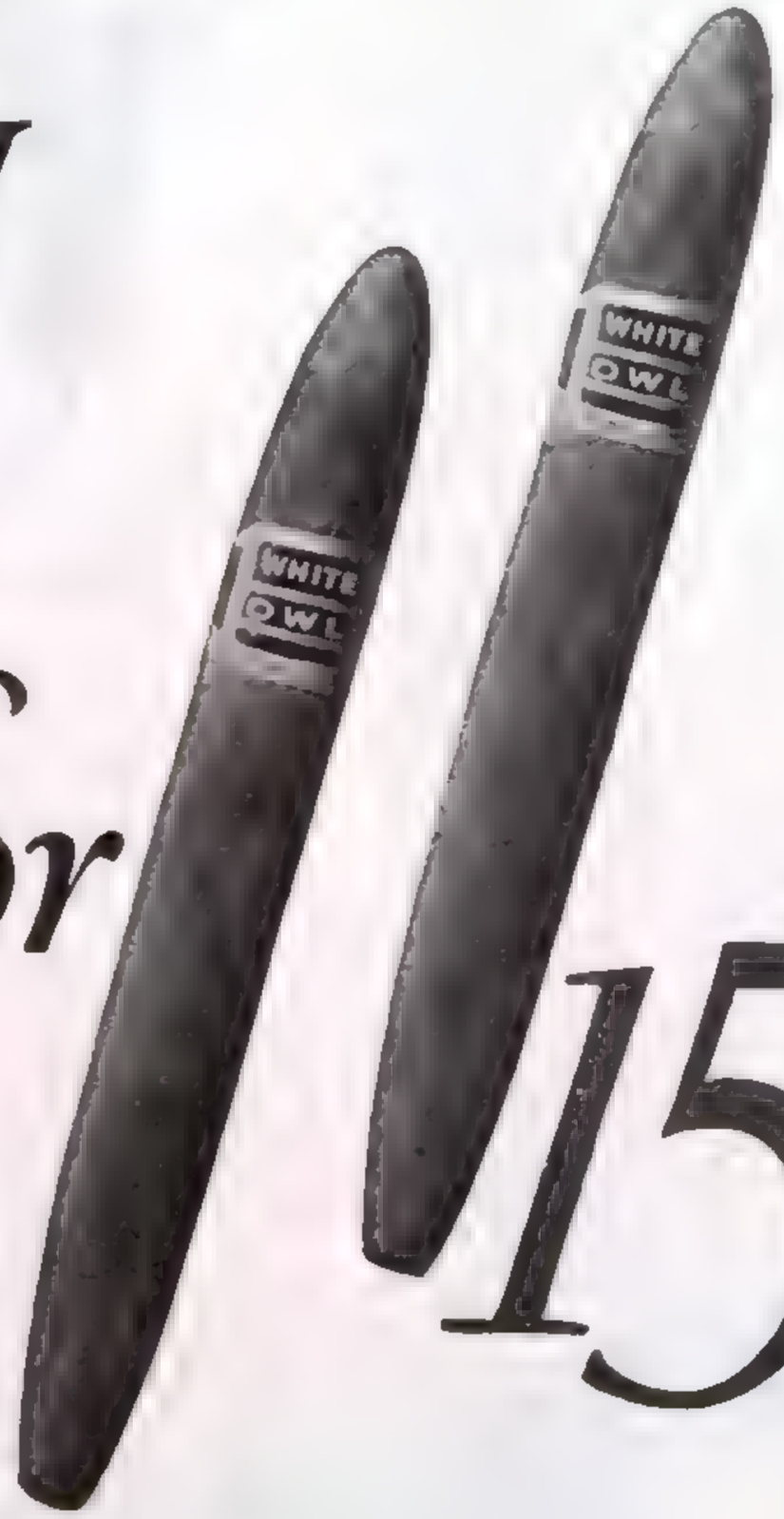


The only change is in the price

General Cigar Co., INC.

NATIONAL BRANDS

NEW YORK CITY

(Continued from Page 83)

stomach. The resultant crash breaks all the clam shells and permits the ray to digest the clams. This doesn't sound exactly right, but one should be careful about disbelieving any of these Florida stories.

A little later a giant marlin or spearfish plunged out of the water among our three lines when each line had a dolphin fighting busily at its end. Cap'n Thompson estimated his weight at 400 pounds, but three hours later he was estimating it at 700 pounds.

At the end of the afternoon, when the lines were being reeled in preparatory to starting home, an eight-foot shark surged up from nowhere and removed my bait from beneath my hand. Fortunately he removed the hook with it, and a few minutes later he was lashed fast to the stern of the boat, making a hurried trip back to Miami—where Director Louis Mowbray, of the Aquarium, spent a happy hour removing pilot fish and parasites from his nose and gills and tongue.

One can never tell what is going to turn up in Florida waters. The prospectuses of both winter and summer resorts usually lay it on a little too thick. The Miami prospectuses always sound very much too much. Starting with the bathing girls on the front cover and ending with the proud fisherman on the back cover, they always look a little too perfect. The phrasing, too, seems a trifle sappy and fat-headed. "It's June in Miami," these prospectuses declare, "where winter is turned to summer." They seem to rave overwildly. "Miami welcomes you with the smile of the tropics," rave these bits of passionate literature, "and the warmth of the unclouded sun is instilled in the hospitality of the greeting that awaits you here. Leave winter behind, fling care to the icy winds, come to Miami and play at being eternally young again. Here in Nature's most alluring out-of-doors playground, under azure skies, amid fronded palms and riotous flowers, with song of bird, the balmy air, and the benedictions of glorious sunshine, find health, happiness and contentment."

It seems like raving before you've been there. But after you've once been there you recognize that the bathing girls and the fish are as advertised. As for the prospectuses, they don't seem so violent after all. In fact, they seem pretty conservative.

Sense and Nonsense

Coming Across

DURING the early Kansas days, when the Dalton Gang was terrorizing the state, trainmen on railroads were always terrified when any of the Dalton boys boarded their train, for fear they contemplated a holdup.

One of the Dalton boys, the recognized leader of the gang, had a habit, when traveling from one point to another, of bluffing the conductors into carrying him free.

One day the Dalton Gang leader boarded a train, and when the conductor came around and demanded his fare Dalton whipped out his gun and snarled "There's my fare" as he shoved his gun into the conductor's ribs.

"All right, you ride, Dalton," coolly answered the conductor, walking on through the car.

The conductor proceeded into the baggage car and procured a sawed-off shotgun. When he returned Dalton was leaning out of the car window, so, taking him unaware, the conductor calmly walked up to him, shoved the gun into his ribs and gruffly said, "Say, Dalton, I'm ready to punch your ticket now." And Dalton came across.

Distance No Object

TAUNTING the farmer in the western section of Kansas about the absence of water on his land has been commonly practiced for years.

Last summer a party of Eastern autoists was passing through this section of the country, bound for the Pacific Coast. One of the drivers of the party, in need of water, stopped a farmer along the road, who was hauling several barrels of water on his wagon.

After negotiating with the farmer for the much-needed water the auto driver seriously inquired, "Well, my friend, tell me how far do you have to haul this water?"

"Oh, only 'bout ten miles," the farmer dryly answered.

"Land sake!" exclaimed the stranger. "Why don't you dig a well?"

"What's the use?" drawled the farmer. "It's 'bout as far one way as 'tis the other."

Took the Words Out of His Mouth

PAT had got hurt—not much more than a scratch, it is true—but his employer had visions of being compelled to keep him for life, and had adopted the wise course of sending him to the hospital.

After the house surgeon had examined him carefully he said to the nurse: "As subcutaneous abrasion is not observable I do not think there is any reason to apprehend tegumental cicatrization."

Then turning to the patient, he asked quizzically, "What do you think, Pat?"

"Sure," said Pat, "ye took the very words out of my mouth. That's just what I was going to say."

The Life of the Party

THE general manager of a large Pacific Coast concern overheard some of his employes discussing the Jap question.

Stepping up among them he jocularly interrupted, "Well, Tommy, I suppose you'll be the first to enlist if we should have war with Japan!"

"Oh, yes," Tommy nodded. "I'll go—but there'll be two other guys going too."

"Well, who are they?" inquired the boss.

"Why, the two fellows that will drag me there!" Tommy replied.

His Parting Words

A LARGE Western railroad, when its employes are injured or accidentally killed, requires the foreman to render a full detailed report of the accident. A printed form is used, which has many complexities before all detailed questions are satisfactorily answered. The company employs a large number of Mexican track laborers, and one day a push car loaded with rails got away from a Mexican, taking him on a wild ride down grade until the car hit a derail at a switch. The laborer was killed instantly.

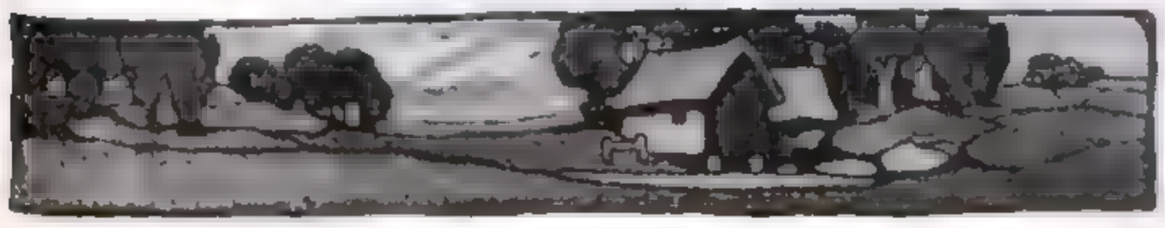
Mike Casey, an old-time foreman, took matters in hand and immediately undertook to render his accident report. In his rough scrawl he answered all the questions to the best of his knowledge, but hesitated when he encountered the last question on the printed form, namely: REMARKS.

Scratching his head for several minutes while he pondered, he finally inserted, "He never made any. He was dead."

His Method

"THERE hain't nuth'n special in the paper to-day," replied an acquaintance who had been interrogated by Tobe Wolford, of the Owl Gulch, Arkansas, neighborhood, "except that it says four million folks will starve to death in Rooshy this winter if they don't get help."

"Well, they ort to starve if they hain't got no better sense than to stick right there in Rooshy when times is thataway," was the disgusted answer. "When things get to such a pass with me that it looks like something has got to be did I hook up the hosses, pour a gourdful of water on the fire, call the dogs, and take the family over to Oklahomy to visit my wife's kin."



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THE COVERED WAGON

(Continued from Page 21)

Wingate and his wife were talking heatedly, she in her nervousness not knowing that she fumbled over and over in her fingers the heavy bit of rock which Molly had picked up and which was in her handkerchief when it was requisitioned by her mother to bathe her face just now.

After a time she tossed the nugget aside into the grass. It was trodden by a hundred feet ere long.

But gold will not die. In three weeks a prowling Gros Ventre squaw found it and carried it to the trader, Bordeaux, asking "Shoog?"

"Non, non!" replied the Laramie trader. "Pas de shoog!" But he looked curiously at the thing, so heavy.

"How, cola!" wheedled the squaw. "Shoog!" She made the sign for sugar, her finger from her palm to her lips. Bordeaux tossed the thing into the tin can on the shelf and gave her what sugar would cover a spoon.

"Where?" he asked her, his fingers loosely shaken, meaning "Where did you get it?"

The Gros Ventre lied to him like a lady, and told him, on the South Fork, on the Creek of Bitter Cherries—near where Denver now is; and where placers once were. That was hundreds of miles away. The Gros Ventre woman had been there once in her wanderings and had seen some heavy metal.

Years later, after Fort Laramie was taken over by the Government, Bordeaux as sutler sold much flour and bacon to men hurrying down the South Fork to the early Colorado diggings. Meantime in his cups he often had told the mythical tale of the Gros Ventre woman—long after California, Idaho, Nevada, Montana were all afire. But one of his halfbreed children very presently had commandeered the tin cup and its contents, so that to this day no man knows whether the child swallowed the nugget or threw it into the Laramie River or the Platte River or the sagebrush. Some depose that an emigrant bought it of the baby; but no one knows.

What all men do know is that gold does not die; nay, nor the news of it. And this news now, like a multiplying germ, was in the wagon train that had started out for Oregon.

As for Molly, she asked no questions at all about the lost nugget, but hurried to her own bed, supperless, pale and weeping. She told her father nothing of the nature of her meeting with Will Banion, then or at any time for many weeks.

"Molly, come here, I want to talk to you."

Wingate beckoned to his daughter the second morning after Banion's visit.

The order for the advance was given. The men had brought in the cattle and the yoking up was well forward. The rattle of pots and pans was dying down. Dogs had taken their places on flank or at the wagon rear, women were climbing up to the seats, children clinging to pieces of dried meat. The train was waiting for the word.

The girl followed him calmly, high-headed.

"Molly, see here," he began. "We're all ready to move on. I don't know where Will Banion went, but I want you to know, as I told him, that he can't travel in our train."

"He'll not ask to, father. He's promised to stick to his own men."

"He's left you at last! That's good. Now I want you to drop him from your thoughts. Hear that, and heed it. I tell you once more, you're not treating Sam Woodhull right."

She made him no answer.

"You're still young, Molly," he went on. "Once you're settled you'll find Oregon all right. Time you were marrying. You'll be twenty and an old maid first thing you know. Sam will make you a good husband. Heed what I say."

But she did not heed, though she made no reply to him. Her eye, "scornful, threatening and young," looked yonder where she knew her lover was; nor was it in her soul ever to return from following after him. The name of her intended husband left her cold as ice.

"Roll out! Roll out! Ro-o-o-ll ou-t!"

The call went down the line once more. The pistolry of the wagon whips made answer, the drone of the drivers rose as the sore-necked oxen bowed their heads again, with less strength even for the lightened loads.

The old man who sat by the gate at Fort Laramie, twisting a curl around his finger, saw the plain clearing now, as the great train swung out and up the river trail. He perhaps knew that Jim Bridger, with his own freight wagons, going light and fast with mules, was on west, ahead of the main caravan. But he did not know the news Jim Bridger carried, the same news that Carson was carrying east. The three old mountain men, for a few hours meeting after years, now were passing far apart, never to meet again. Their chance encountering meant much to hundreds of men and women then on the road to Oregon; to untold thousands yet to come.

As for one Samuel Woodhull, late column captain, it was to be admitted that for some time he had been conscious of certain buffetings of fate. But as all thoroughbred animals are thin-skinned, so are all the short-bred pachydermatous, whereby they endure and mayhap arrive at the manger as well as the next. True, even Woodhull's vanity and self-content had everything asked of them in view of his late series of mishaps; but by now he had somewhat chirked up under rest and good food, and was once more the dandy and hail fellow. He felt assured that very presently bygones would be bygones. Moreover—so he reasoned—if he, Sam Woodhull, won the spoils, what matter who had won any sort of victory? He knew, as all these others knew and as all the world knows, that a beautiful woman is above all things *spolia opima* of war. Well, in ten days he was to marry Molly Wingate, the most beautiful woman of the train and the belle of more than one community. Could he not afford to laugh best, in spite of all events, even if some of them had not been to his own liking?

But the girl's open indifference was least of all to his liking. It enraged his vain, choleric nature to its inner core. Already he planned dominance, but willing to wait and to endure for ten days, meantime he employed innocence, reticence, dignity, attentiveness, so that he seemed a suitor misunderstood, misrepresented, unjustly used; to whose patient soul none the less presently must arrive justice and exoneration, after which all would be happier even than a marriage bell. After the wedding bells he, Samuel Woodhull, would show who was master.

Possessed once more of horse, arms and personal equipment, and having told his own story of persecution to good effect throughout the train, Woodhull had been allowed to resume a nominal command over a part of the Wingate wagons. The real control lay in the triumvirate who once had usurped power, and who might do so again.

Wingate himself really had not much more than nominal control of the general company, although he continued to give what Caleb Price called the easy orders. His wagons, now largely changed to ox transport, still traveled at the head of the train, Molly continuing to drive her own light wagon and Jed remaining on the cow column.

The advance hardly had left Fort Laramie hidden by the rolling ridges before Woodhull rode up to Molly's wagon and made excuse to pass his horse to a boy while he himself climbed up on the seat with his fiancée.

She made room for him in silence, her eyes straight ahead. The wagon cover made good screen behind, the herdsmen were far in the rear, and from the wagons ahead none could see them. Yet when, after a moment, her affianced husband dropped an arm about her waist the girl flung it off impatiently.

"Don't!" she exclaimed. "I detest love-making in public. We see enough of it that can't be hid. It's getting worse, more open, the farther we get out."

"The train knows we are to be married at the halfway stop, Molly. Then you'll change wagons and will not need to drive."

"Wait till then."

"I count the hours. Don't you, dearest?"

She turned a pallid face to him at last, resentful of his endearments.

"Yes, I do," she said. But he did not know what she meant or why she was so pale.

(Continued on Page 89)

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The best offer of a loan I could get was $800 which I did not accept, and in talking with a real estate friend the condition of the paint came up. When I told him that the house was about four years old and had never been painted, he said without hesitation, "That is the cause of your trouble." I immediately got in touch with a reliable paint dealer, invested $42 in a standard brand of ready-mixed paint and employed an old negro "Jack of all Trades" who put two coats of paint on the house for $40.

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(signed) G. E. LENNON
Savannah, Georgia

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS
PRODUCTS
PAINTS AND VARNISHES

(Continued from Page 86)

"I think we'll settle in Portland," he went on. "The travelers' stories say that place, at the head of navigation on the Willamette, has as good a chance as Oregon City, at the Falls. I'll practice law. The goods I am taking out will net us a good sum, I'm hoping. Oh, you'll see the day when you'll not regret that I held you to your promise! I'm not playing this Oregon game to lose it."

"Do you play any game to lose it?"

"No! Better to have than to explain have not—that's one of my mottoes."

"No matter how?"

"Why do you ask?"

"I was only wondering."

"About what?"

"About men—and the differences."

"My dear, as a school-teacher you have learned to use a map, a blackboard. Do you look on us men as ponderable, measurable, computable?"

"A girl ought to do that if she's going to marry."

"Well, haven't you?"

"Have I?"

She still was staring straight ahead, cold, making no silent call for a lover's arms or arts.

Her silence was so long that at length even his thick hide was pierced.

"Molly!" he broke out. "Listen to me! Do you want the engagement broken? Do you want to be released?"

"What would they all think?"

"Not the question. Answer me!"

"No, I don't want it broken. I want it over with. Isn't that fair?"

"Is it?"

"Didn't you say you wanted me on any terms?"

"Surely!"

"Don't you now?"

"Yes, I do, and I'm going to have you too!"

His eye, covetous, turned to the ripe young beauty of the maid beside him. He was willing to pay any price.

"Then it all seems settled."

"All but one part. You've never really and actually told me you loved me."

A wry smile.

"I'm planning to do that after I marry you. I suppose that's the tendency of a woman. Of course, it can't be true that only one man will do for a woman to marry, or one woman for a man. If anything went wrong on that basis—why, marrying would stop! That would be foolish, wouldn't it? I suppose women do adjust. Don't you think so?"

His face grew hard under this cool reasoning.

"Am I to understand that you are marrying me as a second choice, and so that you can forget some other man?"

"Couldn't you leave a girl a secret if she had one? Couldn't you be happier if you did? Couldn't you take your chance and see if there's anything under the notion about more than one man and more than one woman in the world? Love? Why, what is love? Something to marry on? They say it passes. They tell me that marriage is more adjustable, means more interests than love; that the woman who marries with her eyes open is apt to be the happiest in the long run. Well, then, you said you wanted me on any terms. Does not that include open eyes?"

"You're making a hard bargain—the hardest a man can be obliged to take."

"It was not of my seeking."

"You said you loved me—at first."

"No. Only a girl's in love with love—at first. I've not really lied to you. I'm trying to be honest before marriage. Don't fear I'll not be afterward. There's much in that, don't you think? Maybe there's something, too, in a woman's ability to adjust and compromise. I don't know. We ought to be as happy as the average married couple, don't you think? None of them are happy for so very long, they say. They say love doesn't last long. I hope not. One thing, I believe marriage is easier to beat than love is."

"How old are you, really, Molly?"

"I am just over nineteen, sir."

"You are wise for that; you are old."

"Yes—since we started for Oregon."

He sat in sullen silence for a long time, all the venom of his nature gathering, all his savage jealousy.

"You mean since you met that renegade, traitor and thief, Will Banion! Tell me, isn't that it?"

"Yes, that's true. I'm older now. I know more."

"And you'll marry me without love? You love him without marriage? Is that it?"

"I'll never marry a thief."

"But you love one?"

"I thought I loved you."

"But you do love him, that man!"

Now at last she turned to him, gazing straight through the mist of her tears.

"Sam, if you really loved me, would you ask that? Wouldn't you just try to be so gentle and good that there'd no longer be any place in my heart for any other sort of love, so I'd learn to think that our love was the only sort in the world? Wouldn't you take your chance and make good on it, believing that it must be in nature that a woman can love more than one man or love men in more than one way? Isn't marriage broader and with more chance for both? If you love me and not just yourself alone, can't you take your chance as I am taking mine? And after all, doesn't a woman give the odds? If you do love me ——"

"If I do, then my business is to try to make you forget Will Banion."

"There is no other way you could. He may die. I promise you I'll never see him after I'm married.

"And I'll promise you another thing"—her strained nerves now were speaking truth for her—"if by any means I ever learn—if I ever believe—that Major Banion is not what I now think him I'll go on my knees to him. I'll know marriage was wrong and love was right all the time."

"Fine, my dear! Much happiness! But unfortunately for Major Banion's passing romance, the official records of a military court-martial and a dishonorable discharge from the Army are facts which none of us can doubt or deny."

"Yes, that's how it is. So that's why."

"What do you really mean then, Molly—you say 'That's why'?"

"That's why I'm going to marry you, Sam. Nine days from to-day, at the Independence Rock, if we are alive. And from now till then, and always, I'm going to be honest, and I'm going to pray God to give you power to make me forget every other man in all the world except my—my ——" But she could not say the word "husband."

"Your husband!"

He said it for her, and perhaps then reached his zenith in approximately unselfish devotion, and in good resolves at least.

The sun shone blinding hot. The white dust rose in clouds. The plague of flies increased. The rattle and creak of wheel, the monotone of the drivers, the cough of dust-afflicted kine made the only sounds for a long time.

"You can't kiss me, Molly?"

He spoke not in dominance but in diffidence. The girl awed him.

"No, not till after, Sam; and I think I'd rather be left alone from now till then. After —— Oh, be good to me, Sam! I'm trying to be honest as a woman can. If I were not that I'd not be worth marrying at all."

Without suggestion or agreement on his part she drew tighter the reins on her mules. He sprang down over the wheel. The sun and the dust had their way again; the monotony of life, its drab discontent, its yearnings and its sense of failure once more resumed sway in part or all of the morose caravan. They all sought new fortunes, each of these. One day each must learn that, travel far as he likes, a man takes himself with him for better or for worse.

XXIX

BANION allowed the main caravan two days' start before he moved beyond Fort Laramie. Every reason bade him to cut entirely apart from that portion of the company. He talked with every man he knew who had any knowledge of the country on ahead, read all he could find, studied such maps as then existed, and kept an open ear for advice of old-time men who in hard experience had learned how to get across a country.

Two things troubled him: The possibility of grass exhaustion near the trail, and the menace of the Indians. Squaw men in from the north and west said that the Arapahoes were hunting on the Sweetwater, and sure to make trouble; that the Blackfeet were planning war; that the Bannacks were east of the Pass; that even the Crows were far down below their normal range and certain to harass the trains. These stories, not counting the hostility of the Sioux and Cheyennes of the Platte country,

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2714

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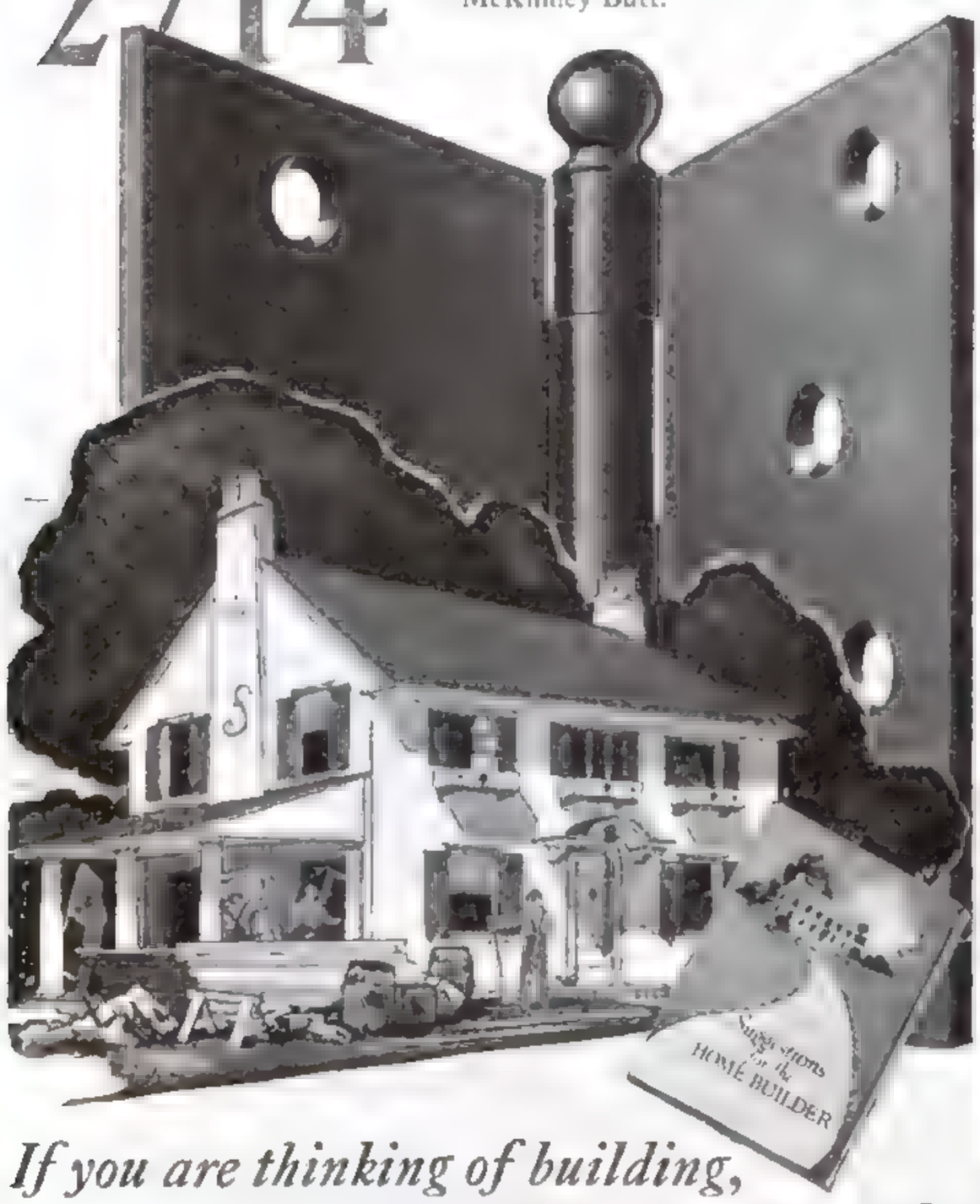

If you are thinking of building, this book will be mighty helpful

ITS aim is to suggest to you a number of little things which should be carefully considered in building a home—little things which sometimes are overlooked—but little things which go a long way toward making your home an easy-running, pleasurable place in which to live.

It is a book which will prevent a lot of regrets after your home has been lived in a while. It will eliminate such expressions as "Well, if we had to do it over again we would do thus and so!"

Ask us to send you this book. A postcard will bring it by return mail.

The book will also give you considerable valuable information about proper hardware for your home—particularly information about hinges.

It will explain to you the importance of hinges. Why they should be selected carefully; why a few moments' thought about hinges before your home is built will enable you to forget all about hinges during all the years you occupy the house.

And it will tell you why McKinney Hinges and Butts for over half a century have answered the exacting requirements of architects, builders and home owners, why they have always given such long years of service, why they have always served easily, smoothly and noiselessly.

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Garage hardware, door hangers and track, door bolts and latches, shelf brackets, window and screen hardware, cabinet hardware, steel door-mats and wrought specialties.

made it appear that there was a tacit suspense of intertribal hostility, and a general and joint uprising against the migrating whites.

These facts Banion did not hesitate to make plain to all his men; but, descendants of pioneers, with blood of the wilderness in their veins, and each tempted by adventure as much as by gain, they laughed long and loud at the thought of danger from all the Indians of the Rockies. Had they not beaten the Sioux? Could they not in turn humble the pride of any other tribe? Had not their fathers worked with rifle lashed to the plow beam? Indians? Let them come!

Founding his own future on this resolute spirit of his men, Banion next looked to the order of his own personal affairs. He found prices so high at Fort Laramie, and the stock of all manner of goods so low, that he felt it needless to carry his own trading wagons all the way to Oregon, when a profit of 400 per cent lay ready not a third of the way across and less the further risk and cost. He accordingly cut down his own stocks to one wagon, and sold off wagons and oxen as well, until he found himself possessed of considerably more funds than when he had started out.

He really cared little for these matters. What need had he for a fortune or a future now? He was poorer than any jeans-clad ox driver with a sunbonnet on the seat beside him and tow-headed children on the flour and bacon sacks, with small belongings beyond the plow lashed at the tail gate, the ax leaning in the front corner of the box and the rifle swinging in its loops at the wagon bows. They were all beginning life again. He was done with it.

The entire caravan now had passed in turn the Prairies and the Plains. In the vestibule of the mountains they had arrived in the most splendid out-of-doors country the world has ever offered. The climate was superb, the scenery was a constant succession of changing beauties new to the eyes of all. Game was at hand in such lavish abundance as none of them had dreamed possible. The buffalo ranged always within touch, great bands of elk now appeared, antelope always were in sight. The streams abounded in noble game fish, and the lesser life of the open was threaded across continually by the presence of the great predatory animals—the grizzly, the gray wolf, even an occasional mountain lion. The guarding of the cattle herds now required continual exertion, and if any weak or crippled draft animal fell out its bones were clean within the hour. The feeling of the wilderness now was distinct enough for the most adventurous. They fed fat, and daily grew more like savages in look and practice.

Wingate's wagons kept well apace with the average schedule of a dozen miles a day, at times spurting to fifteen or twenty miles, and made the leap over the heights of land between the North Platte and the Sweetwater, which latter stream, often winding among defiles as well as pleasant meadows, was to lead them to the summit of the Rockies at the South Pass, beyond which they set foot on the soil of Oregon, reaching thence to the Pacific. Before them now lay the entry mark of the Sweetwater Valley, that strange oblong upthrust of rock, rising high above the surrounding plain, known for two thousand miles as Independence Rock.

At this point, more than eight hundred miles out from the Missouri, a custom of unknown age seemed to have decreed a pause. The great rock was an unmistakable landmark, and time out of mind had been a register of the wilderness. It carried hundreds of names, including every prominent one ever known in the days of fur trade or the new day of the wagon trains. It became known as a resting place; indeed, many rested there forever, and never saw the soil of Oregon. Many an emigrant woman, sick well-nigh to death, held out so that she might be buried among the many other graves that clustered there. So, she felt, she had the final company of her kind. And those weak or faint of heart the news that this was not halfway across often smote with despair and death, and they, too, laid themselves down here by the road to Oregon.

But here also were many scenes of cheer. By this time the new life of the trail had been taken on, rude and simple. Frolics were promised when the wagons should reach the Rock. Neighbors made reunions there. Weddings, as well as burials, were postponed till the train got to Independence Rock.

Here then, a sad-faced girl, true to her promise and true to some strange philosophy of her own devising, was to become the wife of a suitor whose persistency had brought him little comfort beyond the wedding date. All the train knew that Molly Wingate was to be married there to Sam Woodhull, now restored to trust and authority. Some said it was a good match, others shook their heads, liking well to see a maid either blush or smile in such case as Molly's, whereas she did neither.

At all events, Mrs. Wingate was two days baking cakes at the train stops. Friends got together little presents for the bride. Jed, Molly's brother, himself a fiddler of parts, organized an orchestra of a dozen pieces. The Rev. Henry Doak, a Baptist divine of much nuptial diligence en route, made ready his best coat. They came into camp. In the open spaces of the valley hundreds of wagons were scattered, each to send representatives to Molly Wingate's wedding. Some insisted that the ceremony should be performed on the top of the Rock itself, so that no touch of romance should lack.

Then approached the very hour—ten of the night, after duties of the day were done. A canopy was spread for the ceremony. A central camp fire set the place for the wedding feast. Within a half hour the bride would emerge from the secrecy of her wagon to meet at the canopy under the Rock the impatient groom, already clad in his best, already giving largess to the riotous musicians, who now attuned instruments, now broke out into rude jests or pertinent song.

But Molly Wingate did not appear, nor her father or mother. A hush fell on the rude assemblage. The minister of the gospel departed to the Wingate encampment to learn the cause of the delay. He found Jesse Wingate irate to open wrath, the girl's mother stony calm, the girl herself white but resolute.

"She insists on seeing the marriage license, Mr. Doak," began Jesse Wingate. "As though we could have one! As though she should care more for that than her parents!"

"Quite so," rejoined the reverend man. "That is something I have taken up with the happy groom. I have with all the couples I have joined in wedlock on the trail. Of course, being a lawyer, Mr. Woodhull knows that even if they stood before the meeting and acknowledged themselves man and wife it would be a lawful marriage before God and man. Of course, also we all know that since we left the Missouri River we have been in unorganized territory, with no courts and no form of government, no society as we understand it at home. Very well. Shall loving hearts be kept asunder for those reasons? Shall the natural course of life be thwarted until we get to Oregon? Why, sir, that is absurd! We do not even know much of the government of Oregon itself, except that it is provisional."

The face of Molly Wingate appeared at the drawn curtains of her transient home. She stepped from her wagon and came forward. Beautiful, but not radiant, she was; cold and calm, but not blushing and uncertain. Her wedding gown was all in white, true enough to tradition, though but of delaine, pressed new from its packing trunk by her mother's hands. Her bodice, long and deep in front and at back, was plain entirely, save for a treasure of lace from her mother's trunk and her mother's wedding long ago. Her hands had no gloves, but white short-fingered mitts, also cherished remnants of days of schoolgirl belledom, did service. Over white stockings, below the long and full-bodied skirt, showed the crossed bands of long elastic tapes tied in an ankle bow to hold in place her little slippers of black high-finished leather. Had they seen her, all had said that Molly Wingate was the sweetest and the most richly clad bride of any on all the long, long trail across the land that had no law. And all she lacked for her wedding costume was the bride's bouquet, which her mother now held out to her, gathered with care that day of the mountain flowers—blue harebells, forget-me-nots of varied blues, and the blossom of the gentian, bold and blue in the sunlight, though at night infolded and abashed, its petals turning in and waiting for the sun again to warm them.

Molly Wingate, stout and stern, full bosomed, wet eyed, held out her one little present to her girl, her ewe lamb, whom she was now surrendering. But no hand of the

(Continued on Page 93)

The Open Door to Better Health-
It's in Your Home

IF a scientist from another world should come to our earth and write a book on our habits and customs, we might have a queer picture of ourselves. Among other things, he might say:

"These humans live in artificial caverns of wood, stone or brick, divided into rooms with doors between. The outer walls have doors and windows to admit light and air.

'In summer, windows and doors are open and their houses are light and airy, but in winter they close the outside openings and even the doors between the rooms, living in a stuffy, dry, heated atmosphere that is usually very uneven in temperature.

"This queer custom, that is quite generally followed even in the best of their homes, is undoubtedly the cause of much illness, for these humans are subject to many diseases of nose, throat and lungs in the winter, when they really should be more healthy than in the summertime."

We must admit that this is true. Doctors know it is true and insist on open windows and doors in the sick-room. Architects know it is true, and they design homes with wide openings between the living rooms.

But do what they will, the doctor and the architect cannot give you a completely open house with proper ventilation in winter; **only a good heating system can do this.**

The Convector Opens Your Doors to Health

The Mueller Convector heats every room in a house through one register on the first floor. It automatically circulates all the air in your home over its large heating surface and back again to your rooms.

Fresh air is warmed and mingled with all the air in the house and sent throughout every room. This healthful ventilation is going on all the time; the air is never still. There can be no stagnant air pockets, no spotty hot or cold places.

This complete air circulation, caused by the Convector, really opens doors to better health. Having a well designed open house is of little use unless your heating system gives you correct ventilation. You might keep every inner door open and still have poor ventilation with a heating system that does not circulate air.

There is no more practical and economical way of heating any home than with the clean, warm air that comes from the Convector's single register. Living rooms are entirely free of heating apparatus—no pipes, no radiators, no valves or registers scattered over the house—nothing but a constant circulation of healthfully moistened air. The Convector never makes a noise, it cannot freeze, it cannot leak.

How Nature Automatically Keeps the Temperature Even

Sometimes people ask how an even temperature may be maintained with Convector heat and ventilation—why the upstairs rooms are not cooler than the downstairs rooms—why the room or hallway in which the register is located is not warmer than other parts of the house.

They might as well ask how an even temperature is maintained with the large warm air heating and ventilating systems installed in our best schools and hospitals. They operate on exactly the same principle as the Convector, except that they must have expensive systems of fans and piping because of the large size of the buildings. With the Convector the warmed air circulates quite naturally and evenly, without these aids.

This system of circulation is so efficient that if one room becomes cooler than the others for any reason, the Convector automatically begins to send more heat to that room. Gravity causes this action, and there is nothing more positive than the law of gravitation.

There is rarely a difference of more than a few degrees in temperature in the rooms of a Convector heated home.

Interesting Facts About the Convector

It is positively guaranteed to heat all your home to your entire satisfaction.

Thousands of practical tests prove that it saves one-third to one-half in fuel.

It can be installed in any home, new or old, usually in less than one day's time.

Warmed air from the Convector is healthfully moistened. It does not harm furniture, interior woodwork and fine finishes, fabrics or musical instruments, as dry heated air often does.

The Convector is more quickly and easily regulated to temperature change than any other type of system, and it is regulated directly by the **amount of fuel you burn.** You can take the chill off the whole house in a few minutes by burning a few pounds of fuel—the Convector is noted for this economy.

It is very easily operated—two firings a day will keep all your home cozily warm. Nothing to get out of order. No expensive repairs.

Heats ample supply of water for kitchen and bath.

Sizes for homes of four to eighteen rooms. Will heat store buildings, theaters and churches. Takes small space in basement. Never heats basement. Not necessary to have full size basement for installation.'

Burns any fuel—hard coal, soft coal, coke, wood, gas, oils, lignite, screenings.

You can buy the Convector on easy terms, if desired, from a dealer near you. Send coupon now, for complete information on installation for your home.

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This book is an interesting discussion of **scientific facts** about heat and its use in homes and other buildings. It is of especial value to architects, builders, home owners and those who are about to buy or build a home.

The information in this book will enable you to save fuel and get greater comfort and efficiency from your present method of heating—no matter what system you are using.

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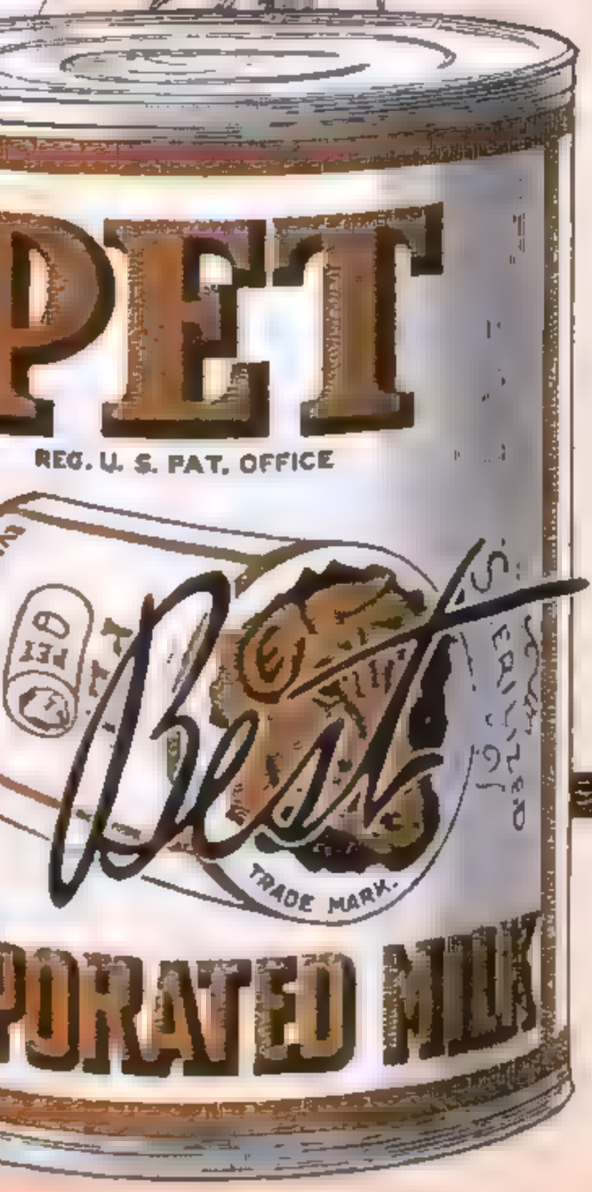
and you will never be without milk. You will appreciate the convenience and economy of using Pet Milk. For coffee, it is fine. For all cooking, it is excellent. Pet is pure, rich, full-cream cow's milk, with part of the natural water removed, then sterilized—that's all. *Milk at its Best!* Try it and you will never be without it. Your grocer can supply you. Two sizes —tall and small. For *Free* book of Pet recipes, write to The Helvetia Company (Originators of the Evaporated Milk Industry) General Offices—St. Louis.

Try this recipe

COCOA. 2½ tablespoons cocoa, 4 tablespoons sugar, 1 cup Pet Milk, 3 cups water, few grains salt. Scald milk diluted with two cups of the boiling water. Mix cocoa, sugar and salt, add a half-cup boiling water and stir to make a smooth paste, then add remaining half-cup of water and boil one minute. Pour into scalded milk and beat thoroughly with Dover egg beater just before serving.



PET

Milk at its Best

(Continued from Page 90)

bride was extended for the bride's bouquet. The voice of the bride was not low and diffident, but high pitched, insistent.

"Provisional? Provisional? What is it you are saying, sir? Are you asking me to be married in a provisional wedding? Am I to give all I have provisionally? Is my oath provisional, or his?"

"Now, now, my dear!" began the minister.

Her father broke out into a half-stifled oath.

"What do you mean?"

Her mother's face went pale under its red bronze.

"I mean this," broke out the girl, still in the strained high tones that betokened her mental state: "I'll marry no man in any halfway fashion! Why didn't you tell me? Why didn't I think? How could I have forgotten? Law, organization, society, convention, form, custom—haven't I got even those things to back me? No? Then I've nothing! It was—it was those things—form, custom—that I was going to have to support me. I've got nothing else. Gone—they're gone, too! And you ask me to marry him—provisionally—provisionally! Oh, my God! What awful thing was this? I wasn't even to have that solid thing to rest on, back of me, after it all was over!"

They stood looking at her for a time, trying to catch and weigh her real intent, to estimate what it might mean as to her actions.

"Like images, you are!" she went on hysterically, her physical craving for one man, her physical loathing of another driving her wellnigh mad. "You wouldn't protect your own daughter!" she cried out to her stupefied parents. "Must I think for you at this hour of my life? How near—oh, how near! But not now—not this way! No! No!"

"What do you mean, Molly?" demanded her father sternly. "Come now, we'll have no woman tantrums at this stage! This goes on! They're waiting! He's waiting!"

"Let him wait!" cried the girl in sudden resolution.

All her soul was in the cry, all her outraged, self-punished heart. Her philosophy fell from her swiftly at the crucial moment when she was to face the kiss, the embrace of another man. The great inarticulate voice of her woman nature suddenly sounded, imperative, terrifying, in her own ears—"Oh, Will Banion, Will Banion, why did you take away my heart?" And now she had been on the point of doing this thing! An act of God had intervened.

Jesse Wingate nodded to the minister. They drew apart. The holy man nodded assent, hurried away—the girl sensed on what errand.

"No use!" she said. "I'll not!"

Stronger and stronger in her soul surged the yearning for the dominance of one man, not this man yonder—a yearning too strong now for her to resist.

"But, Molly, daughter," her mother's voice said to her, "girls has - girls does. And like he said, it's the promise, it's the agreement they both make, with witnesses."

"Yes, of course," her father chimed in. "It's the consent in the contract when you stand before them all."

"I'll not stand before them. I don't consent! There is no agreement!"

Suddenly the girl caught from her mother the pitiful little bride's bouquet.

"Look!" she laughed. "Look at these!"

One by one, rapidly, she tore out and flung down the folded gentian flowers.

"Closed, closed! When the night came, they closed! They couldn't! They couldn't! I'll not—I can't!"

She had the hand's clasp of mountain blossoms stripped down to a few small flowers of varied blooms. They heard the coming of the groom, half running. A silence fell over all the great encampment. The girl's father made a half step forward, even as her mother sank down, cowering, her hands at her face.

Then, without a word, with no plan or purpose, Molly Wingate turned, sprang away from them and fled out into a night that was black indeed.

Truly she had but one thought, and that in negation only. Yonder came to claim her a man suddenly odious to her senses. It could not be. His kiss, his arms—if these were of this present time and place, then no place in all the world, even the world of savage blackness that lay about, could be so bad as this. At the test her philosophy had forsaken her, reason now almost as well, and sheer terrified flight remained her one reaction.

She was gone, a white ghost in her wedding gown, her little slippers stumbling over the stones, her breath coming sobbingly as she ran.

Unmindful of the Sullen Apathy of Men and Women, Jed Sang With His Cracked Lips as He Swung From One Jig to the Next

They followed her. Back of them, at the great fire whose illumination deepened the shadows here, rose a murmur, a rising of curious people, a pressing forward to the Wingate station. But of these none knew the truth, and it was curiosity that now sought answer for the delay in the anticipated divertisement.

Molly Wingate ran for some moments, to some distance—she knew of neither. Then suddenly all her ghastly nightmare of terror found climax in a world of demons. Voices of the damned rose around her. There came a sudden shock, a blow. Before she could understand, before she could determine the shadowy form that rose before her in the dark, she fell forward like the stricken creature.

xxx

THERE was no wedding that night at the Independence Rock. The Arapahoes saw to that. But there were burials the day following, six of them—two women, a child, three men. The night attack had caught the company wholly off guard, and the bright fire gave good illumination for shaft and ball.

"Put out the fires! Corral! Corral!"

Voices of command arose. The wedding guests rushed for the shelter of their own wagons. Men caught up their weapons and a steady fire at the unseen foe held the latter at bay after the first attack.

Indeed, a sort of panic seized the savages. A warrior ran back exclaiming that he had seen a spirit, all in white, not running away from the attack, but toward them as they lay in cover. He had shot an arrow at the spirit, which then had vanished. It would be better to fall back and take no more like chances.

For this reason the family of Molly Wingate, pursuing her closely as they could, found her at last, lying face down in the grass, her arms outspread, her white wedding gown red with blood. An arrow, its shaft cracked by her fall, was embedded in her shoulder, driven deep by the savage bowman who had fired in fear at an object he did not recognize. So they found her, still alive, still unmutilated, still no prisoner. They carried the girl back to her mother, who reached out her arms and laid her down behind the barricaded wagon wheels.

"Bring me a candle, you!" she called to the nearest man. It chanced to be Sam Woodhull.

Soon a woman came with a light.

"Go away now!" the mother commanded the disappointed man.

He passed into the dark. The old woman opened the bodice over the girl's heart, stripped away the stained lace that had served in three weddings on two sides of the Appalachians, and so got to the wound.

"It's in to the bone," she said. "It won't come out. Get me my scissors out of my bag. It's hanging right 'side the seat, our wagon.

"Ain't there no doctor?" she demanded, her own heart weakening now. But none could tell. A few women grouped around her.

"It won't come out of that little hole it went in," said stout Molly Wingate, not quite sobbing. "I got to cut it wider."

Silence held them as she finished the shreds of the ashen shaft and pressed to one side the stub of it. So with what tools she knew best she cut into the fabric of her own weaving, out of her own blood and bone; cut mayhap in steady snippings at her own heart, pulling and wrenching until the flesh, now growing purple, was raised above the girl's white breast. Both arms, in their white sleeves, lay on the trodden grass motionless, and had not shock and strain left the victim unconscious the pain must now have done so.

The snew wrappings held the strap-iron head, wetted as they now were with blood. The sighing surgeon caught the base of the arrowhead in thumb and finger. There was no stanching of the blood. She wrenched it free at last, and the blood gushed from a jagged hole which would have meant death in any other air or in any patient but the vital young.

Now they disrobed the bride that was no bride, even as the rifle fire died away in the darkness. Women brought frontier drafts of herbs held sovereign, and laid her upon the couch that was not to have been hers alone. She opened her eyes, moaning, held out her arms to her mother, not to any husband; and her mother, bloody, unnerved, weeping, caught her to her bosom.

STUDY THIS PICTURE A MOMENT

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UNION SUIT
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Step into the legs, slip your arms through the armholes, and you're in. You never imagined such simplicity. You have a new experience in store for you in comfort as well: comfort that conforms to the body lines and comfort of mind through the complete elimination of button bother morning and night, and no more sewing on of buttons or repairing of button holes.

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See these garments at your favorite dealer's today. He can get them for you, if we have as yet been unable to supply him, or if he is temporarily sold out. It has been a big job to keep dealers stocked up this Spring, but if you have any difficulty in getting just what you want, we shall be glad to see that you are supplied, delivery free anywhere in the United States. In ordering, please state sizes and numbers of garments required, enclosing remittance to our mill at Albany. Send for free catalog illustrating complete line of Hatchway No-Button Union Suits and Hatch One Button Union Suits photographed on live models.

Men's Nainsook Suits, $1, $1 50, $2, $3, $5 (The $5 garment is all silk).
Boys' Nainsook Suits, $1 $1 25
Men's Knitted Suits $1 50 $2, $3, $3 50.
Boys' Knitted Suits $1 $1 25.

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That is why this paint is being used today in buildings of every description—office buildings, stores, hotels, apartment houses, schools and industrial plants. Ideal also for woodwork throughout the home and for the walls of kitchen, bathroom, laundry, etc.

Made by the exclusive Rice Process, Barreled Sunlight is guaranteed to remain white longer than any gloss paint or enamel applied under the same conditions. Easy to apply. Flows freely and leaves no brush marks. Comes ready mixed in cans from half-pint to five-gallon size—barrels and half-barrels.

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Wichita, Kan.—Carl Graham Paint & Wall Paper Co.
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Save the surface and you save all

"My lamb! My little lamb! Oh, dear me! Oh, dear me!"

The wailing of others for their dead arose. The camp dogs kept up a continual barking, but there was no other sound. The guards now lay out in the dark. A figure came creeping toward the bridal tent.

"Is she alive? May I come in? Speak to me, Molly!"

"Go on away, Sam," answered the voice of the older woman. "You can't come in."

"But is she alive? Tell me!" His voice was at the door which he could not pass.

"Yes, more's the pity!" he heard the same voice say.

But from the girl who should then have been his, to have and to hold, he heard no sound at all, nor could he know her frightened gaze into her mother's face, her tight clutch on her mother's hand.

This was no place for delay. They made graves for the dead, pallets for the wounded. At sunrise the train moved on, grim, grave, dignified and silent in its very suffering. There was no time for reprisal or revenge. The one idea as to safety was to move forward in hope of shaking off pursuit.

But all that morning and all that day the mounted Arapahoes harassed them. At many bends of the Sweetwater they paused and made sorties; but the savages fell back, later to close in, sometimes under cover so near that their tauntings could be heard.

Wingate, Woodhull, Price, Hall, Kelsey stationed themselves along the line of flankers, and as the country became flatter and more open they had better control of the pursuers, so that by nightfall the latter began to fall back.

The end of the second day of forced marching found them at the Three Crossings of the Sweetwater, deep in a cheerless alkaline desert, and on one of the most depressing reaches of the entire journey. That night such gloom fell on their council as had not yet been known.

"The Watkins boy died to-day," said Hall, joining his colleagues at the guarded fire. "His leg was black where it was broke. They're going to bury him just ahead, in the trail. It's not best to leave headboards here."

Wingate had fallen into a sort of apathy. For a time Woodhull did not speak to him after he also came in.

"How is she, Mr. Wingate?" he asked at last. "She'll live?"

"I don't know," replied the other. "Fever. No one can tell. We found a doctor in one of the Iowa wagons. He don't know."

Woodhull sat silent for a time, exclaimed at last, "But she will—she must! This shames me! We'll be married yet."

"Better wait to see if she lives or dies," said Jesse Wingate succinctly.

"I know what I wish," said Caleb Price at last as he stared moodily at the coals, "and I know it mighty well—I wish the other wagons were up. Yes, and ——"

He did not finish. A nod or so was all the answer he got. A general apprehension held them all.

"If Bridger hadn't gone on ahead, damn him!" exclaimed Kelsey at last.

"Or if Carson hadn't refused to come along instead of going on east," assented Hall. "What made him so keen?"

Kelsey spoke morosely.

"Said he had papers to get through. Maybe Kit Carson'll sometime carry news of our being wiped out somewhere."

"Or if we had Bill Jackson to trail for us," ventured the first speaker again. "If we could send back word ——"

"We can't, so what's the use?" interrupted Price. "We were all together, and had our chance—once."

But buried as they were in their gloomy doubts, regrets, fears, they got through that night and the next in safety. They dared not hunt, though the buffalo and antelope were in swarms, and though they knew they now were near the western limit of the buffalo range. They urged on, mile after mile. The sick and the wounded must endure as they might.

Finally they topped the gentle incline which marked the heights of land between the Sweetwater and the tributaries of the Green, and knew they had reached the South Pass, called halfway to Oregon. There was no timber here. The Pass itself was no winding cañon, but only a flat, broad valley. Bolder views they had seen, but none of greater interest.

Now they would set foot on Oregon, passing from one great series of waterways to another and even vaster, leading down to the western sea—the unknown South Sea marked as the limits of their possessions by the gallants of King Charles when, generations earlier, and careless of all these intervening generations of toil and danger, they had paused at the summit of Rockfish Gap in the Appalachians and waved a gay hand each toward the unknown continent that lay they knew not how far to the westward.

But these, now arrived halfway of half that continent, made no merriment in their turn. Their wounded and their sick were with them. The blazing sun tried them sore. Before them also lay they knew not what.

And now, coming in from the northeast in a vast braided tracing of travois poles and trampling hoofs, lay a trail which fear told them was that of yet another war party waiting for the white-topped wagons. It led on across the Pass. It could not be more than two days old.

"It's the Crows!" exclaimed Sam Woodhull, studying the broad trail. "They've got their women and children with them."

"We have ours with us," said Caleb Price simply.

Every man who heard him looked back at the lines of gaunt cattle, at the dust-stained canvas coverings that housed their families. They were far afield from home or safety.

"Call Wingate. Let's decide what to do," exclaimed Price again. "We'll have to vote."

They voted to go on, fault of any better plan. Some said Bridger's post was not far ahead. A general impatience, fretful, querulous, manifested itself. Ignorant, many of these wanted to hurry on to Oregon, which for most meant the Willamette Valley, in touch with the sea, marked as the usual end of the great trek. Few knew that they now stood on the soil of the Oregon country. The maps and journals of Molly Wingate were no more forthcoming, for Molly Wingate no more taught the evening school, but lay delirious under the hothouse canvas cover that intensified the rays of the blazing sun. It was life or death, but by now life-and-death issue had become no unusual experience.

It was August, midsummer, and only half the journey done. The heat was blinding, blistering. For days now, in the dry sage country, from the ford of the North Fork of the Platte, along the Sweetwater and down the Sandy, the white alkali dust had sifted in and over everything. Lips cracked open, hands and arms either were raw or black with tan. The wagons were ready to drop apart. A dull silence had fallen on the people, but fatuously following the great Indian trail they made camp at last at the ford of the Green River, the third day's march down the Pacific Slope. No three days of all the slow trail had been harder to endure than these.

"Play for them, Jed," counseled Caleb Price when that hardy youth, leaving his shrunken herd, came in for his lunch that day at the ford.

"Yes, but keep that fiddle in the shade, Jed, or the sun certainly will pop it open."

Jed's mother, her apron full of broken bits of sagebrush, turned to see that her admonishment was heeded before she began her midday coffee fire. As for Jed himself, with a wide grin he crouched down at the side of the wagon and leaned against a wheel as he struck up a lively air, roaring joyously to his accompaniment:

"Git out o' the way, old Dan Tucker,
You're too late to git yore supper!"

Unmindful of the sullen apathy of men and women, the wailing of children stifling under the wagon tops, the moans of the sick and wounded in their ghastly discomfort, Jed sang with his cracked lips as he swung from one jig to the next, the voice of the violin reaching all the wagons of the shortened train.

"Choose yore pardners!" rang his voice in the joyous jesting of youth. And—marvel and miracle—then and there those lean brown folk did take up the jest, and laughingly gathered on the sun-seared sands. They formed sets and danced—danced a dance of the indomitable, at high noon, the heat blinding, the sand hot under feet not all of which were shod. Molly Wingate, herself fifty and full-bodied, cast down her firewood, caught up her skirt with either hand and made good an old-time jig to the tune of the violin and the roaring accompaniment of many voices and of patted hands.

(Continued on Page 97)

Announcing
Standardized Service
bringing reduced prices for maintenance, new economies in labor and parts, and an end to guess-work

NOW comes the long-expected introduction of Standardized Service. And Marmon is first to attain the mechanical perfections which make it possible. It is the climax of years of effort—the Marmon is a nine year development!

Since the inception of the "34" series of Marmon cars, Nordyke & Marmon Company has had but one object in view: to design and produce the most efficient and comfortable means of transportation at the lowest cost per mile.

This goal has finally been reached. Nation-wide records of upkeep costs of thousands of 1920, 1921 and 1922 Marmons, enable us to offer Standardized Service, the new-day way of reducing operating costs to a minimum.

Our plan is this:

The national organization of Marmon distributors have joined in a co-operative movement to adopt a known price for service. We are establishing uniform published prices.

We aim to prove beyond question that the Marmon, by virtue of its inherent simplicity and ruggedness of design, costs less to own and operate than comparable cars. We prove that a Marmon ranks first in economical operation, of all high-grade cars.

We have based our Standardized Service upon time studies of thousands of Marmons. The new minimums in hours of labor and material costs are entirely practical, not philanthropic. A fair profit is made on each job, but lower than ever.

For the first time in motor history, an owner knows *beforehand* just what service costs.

Higher mileage—Lowered cost

Records show that there are 16 service operations covering the average requirements and constituting 85% of all maintenance. Now these are reduced to a simple cost system: hours of labor plus price of materials.

Take the most important item, for example. We know that with reasonable care Marmons do not require rebuilding until after 35,000 to 50,000 miles of service. **This enables the Marmon distributor to give you a contract with each Marmon of the later series, agreeing to completely rebuild the motor at any time necessary, in 55 hours' actual labor. The total cost for labor and materials does not exceed $265.*** This includes complete replacement of all parts liable to wear except crankshaft bearings, as records show that they do not wear within this mileage. Read about this remarkable contract in "Modern Transportation Costs," a booklet sent to all who mail us the coupon on this page.

For the other 15 average service operations, we likewise establish actual standardized prices, based on new efficiencies. Thus we insure every owner the lowest operating costs in the history of The Foremost Fine Car.

Learn the details

Marmon is able to make this revolutionary announcement, the details of which will amaze you, because it has established positive, undisputable records for long-life, dependability and economy—due to inherent simplicity of design of its wonderful, vibrationless six-cylinder motor, due to its sturdy chassis, due to superfine materials and higher standards of manufacture.

Every car owner will be intensely interested in this startling, but inevitable, development of Standardized Service.

So we have prepared a complete booklet entitled "Modern Transportation Costs." It describes Standardized Service. We send it free to all who ask. Merely mail the coupon. The facts will give you a new basis of computing operating costs. You will learn a way of owning a finer car at a lower cost. Send for this book it does not put you under the slightest obligation—it is our contribution to a better day in motoring.

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Established 1851 : : INDIANAPOLIS

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Mail this coupon now for the most interesting booklet you have ever read on the subject of automobile maintenance economies. It shows why we are able to make this revolutionary announcement and why the Marmon is first to adopt Standardized Service. The booklet is sent free to all who ask. Fill out the coupon and mail it *Now*

NORDYKE & MARMON COMPANY
Established 1851
Indianapolis, Indiana

GENTLEMEN: Kindly send me a copy of "Modern Transportation Costs," describing in detail your new system of Standardized Service.

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Democracy! All America has come into the silk stocking class. Because of its remarkable economy, Phoenix has been an important factor in bringing hosiery elegance within the reach of all. Long strands of the sturdiest silk, woven by the Phoenix method, have given it the great mileage endurance. And for men, women and children it holds good looks to the end of its long journey.

PHOENIX
HOSIERY

(Continued from Page 94)

She paused at length, dropping her calico from between her fingers, and hastened to a certain wagon side as she wiped her face with her apron.

"Didn't you hear it, Molly?" she demanded, parting the curtain and looking in.

"Yes, I did. I wanted—I almost wanted to join. Mother, I almost wanted to hope again. Am I to live? Where are we now?"

"By a right pretty river, child, and eena'most to Oregon. Come kiss your mother, Molly. Let's try."

Whereupon, having issued her orders and set everyone to work at something after her practical fashion, the first lady of the train went frizzling her shaved buffalo meat with milk in the frying pan; grumbling that milk now was almost at the vanishing point, and that now they wouldn't see another buffalo; but always getting forward with her meal. This she at last amiably announced:

"Well, come an' git it, people, or I'll throw it to the dogs."

Flat on the sand, on blankets or odds and ends of hide, the emigrants sat and ate, with the thermometer—had they had one—perhaps a hundred and ten in the sun. The men were silent for the most part, with now and then a word about the ford, which they thought it would be wise to make at once, before the river perchance might rise, and while it still would not swim the cattle.

"We can't wait for anyone, not even the Crows," said Wingate, rising and ending the mealtime talk. "Let's get across."

Methodically they began the blocking up of the wagon bodies to the measurement established by a wet pole.

"Thank the Lord," said Wingate, "they'll just clear now if the bottom is hard all the way."

One by one the teams were urged into the ticklish crossing. The line of wagons was almost all at the farther side when all at once the rear guard came back, spurring.

"Corral! Corral!" he called.

He plunged into the stream as the last driver urged his wagon up the bank. A rapid dust cloud was approaching down the valley.

"Indians!" called out a dozen voices. "Corral, men! For God's sake, quick—corral!"

They had not much time or means to make defense, but with training now become second nature they circled and threw the dusty caravan into the wonted barricade, tongue to tail gate. The oxen could not all be driven within, the loose stock was scattered, the horses were not on picket lines at that time of day; but driving what stock they could, the boy herders came in at a run when they saw the wagons parking.

There was no time to spare. The dust cloud swept on rapidly. It could not spell peace, for no men would urge their horses at such pace under such a sun save for one purpose—to overtake this party at the ford.

"It's Bill Jackson!" exclaimed Caleb Price, rifle in hand, at the river's edge. "Look out, men! Don't shoot! Wait! There's fifty Indians back of him, but that's Jackson ahead. Now what's wrong?"

The riddle was not solved even when the scout of the Missouri train, crowded ahead by the steady rush of the shouting and laughing savages, raised his voice as though in warning and shouted some word, unintelligible, which made them hold their fire.

The wild cavalcade dashed into the stream, crowding their prisoner—he was no less—before them, bent bows back of him, guns ready.

They were stalwart, naked men, wide of jaw, great of chest, not a woman or child among them, all painted and full armed.

"My God, men!" called Wingate, hastening under cover. "Don't let them in! Don't let them in! It's the Crows!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

ONCE A SLOGANEER—

(Continued from Page 13)

Mr. Bowser frankly groaned.

"Primrose Farm! I see where I'm going to have one merry time."

"It's that or the scrap heap," the doctor assured him.

"Ned, you've got me scared," said Mr. Bowser. "I'm afraid your diagnosis is right; I have advanced sloganitis. But I don't think lying around a farm or anywhere else will cure it."

Doctor Harter made as if to leave in disgust.

"Wait, Ned!" cried Mr. Bowser. "You win. It's true. I don't own this business. It owns me. But Nothing Can Break A Bowser. I'm Going To Be My Own Boss Hereafter, Not The Servant of Phrases. Lead on to Primrose Farm!"

"That's the spirit," said the doctor, turning back from the door.

"I promise," said Mr. Bowser solemnly, "not to think of slogans for a month. My mind will lie fallow. I want to come back here Charged With The Electricity Of Life."

Automatically he reached for the thick notebook to jot down the happy phrase. With a smile Doctor Harter snatched it from him, threw it into a desk drawer, and slammed the drawer shut.

"No, you don't!" said the doctor. "From this second I hold you to your promise. Conquer this thing. Don't let sloganitis put you down and out."

"You Can't Put A Bowser Out," said the owner of that name, taking his hat—a handsome example of Handhewn Hedgear—Class Yet Dignity. "You Might As Well Try To Put Out The Sun."

"Cut that," warned the doctor.

"Sorry," apologized Mr. Bowser. "Rome Wasn't Built In A Day, Nor New York Razed In A Night."

"Cut that out," growled Doctor Harter as he hurried Mr. Bowser into the elevator.

II

J. SANFORD BOWSER was in the sixth day of his rustication at Primrose Farm, Clinton Valley, in Dutchess, fairest of counties.

In a tweed suit, shaggy as a collie, he sat at breakfast in the pleasant old-fashioned dining room with Miss Evelina Venable, who was sixty, and Miss Cornelia Venable, who was sixty-one. The air of repose was well-nigh perfect. Mr. Bowser had napped, dozed and slept liberally since his arrival, and he was calmer than when we undressed him in his office, but hardly more contented. Only that morning as he tied his tie he had to check himself in the midst of announcing to a redwinged blackbird outside his window, "Bowser Totters On The Brink Of Boredom."

The two sisters wore that look of serenity seen only on the faces of the simple-hearted. And yet on this morning, sunlit though it was, that serenity seemed to be struggling with worry. Mr. Bowser might have noticed this had he not just then been very busy with the strawberries and cream. He was flooding his second helping of berries with thick yellow cream from the blue willow-pattern pitcher. Miss Evelina looked at Miss Cornelia and sighed. Miss Cornelia looked at Miss Evelina and sighed. Mr. Bowser looked up at both of them interrogatively.

"I beg pardon?" he said.

"Oh, nothing," said Miss Evelina.

"Oh, nothing," said Miss Cornelia.

"Man Does Not Sigh For Nothing," he declared, choosing a berry as big as an egg. "What's wrong?"

The sisters looked embarrassed.

"Cornelia is worried about the berries," said Miss Evelina.

"Evelina is worried about the berries," said Miss Cornelia.

"Worried about these berries?" said Mr. Bowser. "Why, Each Is A Garden's Masterpiece."

"It's not the berries themselves," said Miss Evelina shyly. "It's the market."

"O-ho," said Mr. Bowser. It was all he could say from a berry-crowded mouth.

"You see," explained Miss Evelina timidly, "Cornelia and I—we depend on our berries."

"O-ho," said Mr. Bowser again.

"You see," explained Miss Cornelia, "if the berry market fails us again we'll have to give up Primrose Farm."

"We shouldn't like to do that," added Miss Evelina.

"What's wrong with the berry market?" asked Mr. Bowser.

"The man in New York we usually sell them to," said Miss Evelina, "won't take them this year. He says he can get them cheaper in New Jersey."

ARNOLD
GLOVE-GRIP SHOES

Put your feet at ease!

WEARING Glove Grip Shoes is like giving your feet a holiday. The Glove Grip feature *lifts up* the arches of your feet instead of pushing them down. Fatigue disappears. The *cause* of most foot aches is removed.

And the old idea—that comfortable shoes must be unconventional in shape—is knocked sky-high! Glove Grips are as good to look at as they are to wear. They combine style with comfort in a manner that cannot be duplicated in any other shoe made. The Glove Grip idea is *patented*.

Note the men's oxford shown above. Conservative in its general atmosphere but with a touch of distinction that marks its wearer as being fashionably shod.

Below is a spring model for women—the Vassar. Its graceful lines have aroused enthusiasm wherever it has been shown.

First-class dealers everywhere are now displaying these and other Glove Grip models for men and women. If your dealer does not carry them, we will gladly send you the name of one who does, together with an attractive miniature catalog.

M. N. ARNOLD SHOE COMPANY
North Abington, Massachusetts

"The Most Interesting Development in Golf
—since the rubber core ball"

The Bristol Steel Golf Shaft is the successful result of years of experiment in the effort to produce a golf shaft that would be equal to the finest hickory.

Lighter than hickory, the Bristol Steel Golf Shaft makes a better balanced club—it puts the weight where it ought to be. When you take hold of it, it feels right—it possesses the same "whip" in all weather, will not corrode and is unaffected by climatic conditions. It is a handsomely finished shaft.

"Bristol" Steel Golf Shaft

Patented Nov. 22, 1910 Oct. 3, 1911

Patented May 12, 1914 May 2, 1916

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

NOTICE: Basic and Supplementary Patents covering Steel Golf Shafts are controlled exclusively by us.

Good hickory is growing scarcer, as everybody knows. The Bristol Steel Golf Shaft is the equal of the finest hickory in every particular. Give it a trial and convince yourself. Ask your "Pro." about it. Have him fit the Bristol Steel Golf Shaft to one of your old clubs or buy a new club equipped with it.

Golf Shops and Sporting Goods Dealers: A great deal of interest is being shown by golfers everywhere in the new Bristol Steel Golf Shaft. It will pay you to investigate this new source of revenue.

Golf Clubs fitted with Bristol Steel Golf Shafts can now be supplied by The Crawford, McGregor and Canby Co., Dayton, Ohio, and The Hillerich & Bradsby Co., Louisville, Ky.

Write for our descriptive circular giving us the name of your golf club and professional.

The Horton Mfg. Co.
441 Horton St., Bristol, Conn.

If You Fish

then you know Bristol Steel Fishing Rods—you know them as the standard; the rods demanded and used by real fishermen; the rods which give maximum satisfaction in all kinds of game fishing. Every Bristol Steel Fishing Rod is guaranteed in workmanship and material.

No. 16, Cork Handle "Bristol" Trout Rod, 9 feet long, can be purchased from your dealer for $5.50, or it will be sent to you direct by us for the same price, postpaid.

Write for Bristol, Mark and Kingfisher Fishing Catalogue—mailed free on request.

"But not better," said Miss Cornelia proudly.

"I should say not!" agreed Mr. Bowser. "Best I ever put a tongue to."

He balanced a truly remarkable berry on his spoon and asked, "How much did he pay?"

"Six cents."

"A berry?"

"No; a quart."

Mr. Bowser looked horrified.

"Six cents a quart for berries like this? Why, I've paid sixty for worse."

"I'm afraid sister and I are not very good business people," said Miss Evelina, blushing.

"But they are fine berries, we think," said Miss Cornelia, also blushing.

"Why, it ought to be worth six cents just to see a quart of berries like these," declared Mr. Bowser.

"The man in New York said," remarked Miss Evelina, "that berries are berries, and that they all look alike to him."

"He did, did he?" said Mr. Bowser, and a sudden gleam, which might have been the sometimes mentioned gleam of battle, came to his blue eyes. "He did, did he?"

He ceased eating berries and leaned his brow on his hand a full minute. Then he raised his head and cried "I have it."

"You have what, Mr. Bowser?"

"The punch idea!"

He checked himself. He was thinking of his promise to Doctor Harter. He gazed wistfully at the berries. He ate one. He thought how bored he had been just doing nothing. He ate another berry. He gazed at the faces of the Misses Venable and read in them a growing concern. He ate another berry. He slapped his hand down on the table; the plates and the two sisters jumped.

"Sorry," apologized Mr. Bowser. "But really this idea is too good to lose."

"What idea?"

"About your berries."

"Our berries?"

"Yes. I know what they need."

"What? More cream? More sugar?"

"No," cried Mr. Bowser in the voice of a trumpet. "Individuality."

The sisters exchanged uncomprehending glances.

"Why, ladies," exclaimed Mr. Bowser, his nostrils distending like those of a veteran fire horse scenting smoke, "look here! These Berries Are Gems. They Belong In A Queen's Necklace. Why, New York is full of connoisseurs who'd gladly pay a dime apiece for such berries. Wait! I have it! I have it! 'The Connoisseur's Berry. A Dime Each—And Worth It. Each In Its Own Individual Container.' Look, ladies, look!"

Excitedly he rummaged through his pockets and fished out an old envelope. With fingers that trembled he tore it and folded it into a small cornucopia. Into this he popped a berry and, with a twist, sealed it in.

"There!" he cried, waving it before their astonished noses. "Behold! 'The Connoisseur's Berry. So Rare We Won't Sell More Than Twenty Berries To One Family.' Not bad, eh? We'll print that on each wrapper. Look here, Miss Evelina, Miss Cornelia, how long does the berry season last?"

"Only a few more weeks," they told him.

"We must work fast." The words were popping from Mr. Bowser so fast that they tripped on one another's heels. "Is there a printer in this town?"

"I believe Mr. Wibber, of the Clinton Valley Clarion, does printing for folks," said Miss Evelina.

"A job press. Might be worse," said Mr. Bowser, speaking crisply, incisively. All trace of ennui was gone now. "Here, you, Miss Evelina, get Wibber on the phone at once and tell him to come right up here with samples of colored paper——"

He caught himself, for he saw that the sisters were looking at him curiously.

"Oh, I beg your pardon, really," he said. "I'm very sorry. Forgot myself. Habit of mine to be bossy when I'm in a hurry. Will you please, Miss Evelina, ask Mr. Wibber to come up here as rapidly as the good Lord will let him. Ask him, please, to bring colored paper. Bright yellow preferably."

"What for?" asked Miss Cornelia.

"You'll see," said Mr. Bowser mysteriously. "Now let me have a pencil and a wad of copy paper. Please." He added this word as an afterthought.

"Doctor Harter said you weren't to have them," protested Miss Cornelia.

"Hang Doctor Harter! I beg your pardon. I mean I'm sure he won't mind, now that I'm rested up a bit."

His tone was so exigent that Miss Cornelia produced paper and pencil. He almost snatched them from her hands, and the gleam noted before grew even brighter in his blue eyes as he poised the pencil over the paper.

"The man said berries are berries, eh?" he said aloud to himself. "Berries are berries, eh? All alike, eh? We'll see. 'Most Berries Are Just Berries. Venable Berries Are Precious Jewels—Each Berry Gets A Mother's Tender Care.' Not bad that. Not bad."

He was still writing industriously when Mr. Wibber, the printer, arrived with the yellow paper.

Five days after Mr. Wibber arrived at Primrose Farm with his yellow paper, and had a long, head-to-head talk with Mr. Bowser, the roadster of Dr. Ned Harter snorted angrily up to the door of Primrose Farm, and Doctor Harter stamped angrily up the porch steps, rang angrily at the bell, and demanded angrily to see Mr. Bowser.

He found Mr. Bowser at the telephone, and at Mr. Bowser's elbow was a pile of what anyone could tell were proofs fresh from the printer and exhaling the pungent perfume of printer's ink.

As Doctor Harter burst into the room he heard Mr. Bowser saying, "Is this Parker & Rexford, Fifth Avenue's Famous Fruiterers? This is Mr. Bowser, sales manager for Venable's Connoisseur's Berries. . . . Sorry, Mr. Parker, but we can't let you have more than ten thousand. Quality product, you know. . . . No, I didn't say ten thousand quarts. You buy ordinary berries by the quart. I said ten thousand berries. . . . Yes, a nickel each, wholesale. Fixed retail price, a dime each. . . . You can use ten thousand a week till the season closes? . . . Good! First shipment will reach you to-morrow. See our ad in the morning papers? . . . Glad you liked it. . . . Thanks. G'-by."

He hung up the receiver just before Doctor Harter bounded across the room to tear it from his hand.

"What the devil is the meaning of this?" roared Doctor Harter.

"What?" asked Mr. Bowser, trying to look innocent.

For reply Doctor Harter slammed down on the table a New York morning newspaper.

"Do you think I can't read?" demanded the doctor heatedly. "Do you think I don't know the fine hand of Bowser when I see it?"

Mr. Bowser wriggled a bit sheepishly in his chair.

"Couldn't resist temptation," he murmured.

"Listen to this," bellowed Doctor Harter in a fine passion. He read from the paper:

"BERRIES ARE BERRIES," said the old-fashioned fruit man.

But he was wrong. Dead wrong!

Most Berries are Just Berries.

But VENABLE BERRIES are the Precious Jewels of Berrydom. Each berry gets a mother's tender care. That's why the new sensation is called

Venable's CONNOISSEUR BERRY

The biggest, most luscious, most delicious mouthful that ever delighted the palate of mortal man!

Each in a sanitary, dust-proof yellow wrapper, with the Venable Seal of Superiority stamped on it. None genuine without the signature,

E. & C. VENABLE,
PRIMROSE FARM.

On sale at a few of the most select of the fine fruit stores. *Look for the Berry in the Yellow Kimono.*

A DIME EACH—AND WORTH IT.

Doctor Harter slapped the paper down hard and glared at Mr. Bowser.

"Again I ask," he said, "what the devil do you mean?"

"That ad sold ninety thousand berries," said Mr. Bowser meekly.

"And gave you a relapse of sloganitis!" roared the doctor.

"It put the Venable Berry On The Map," said Mr. Bowser.

"It may put you off the map," said the doctor hotly. "Now, see here, Bowse. I'm going to cure you in spite of yourself. Primrose Farm is a failure."

(Continued on Page 100)

NEW YORK'S

COPPER

SKY-LINE

CONTRIBUTING a touch of subdued color that has a most striking effect, Copper is the predominating roofing material in New York's new sky-line. On every side is visible the old-green tone that gives the Copper roof its quiet and lasting beauty.

Of course, the element of color is only incidental. For Copper is used because it is the best roofing material.

In these prominent structures, representing the best architectural experience and the greatest thrift, Copper is the favored metal in the interior as well.

In the plumbing pipes, Brass, Copper's principal alloy, is used. In the hardware, doors, grilles, railings, Copper's greater durability and beauty are utilized in Brass or Bronze.

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The Foster Style M-88

STYLE of unusual distinction gives The Florsheim Shoe that exclusive look desired by well-dressed men. Character is expressed in every detail, and Florsheim quality gives fine style, long life.

Florsheim Low Shoes are Skeleton Lined and Non-slip—they fit the ankle and hug the heel.

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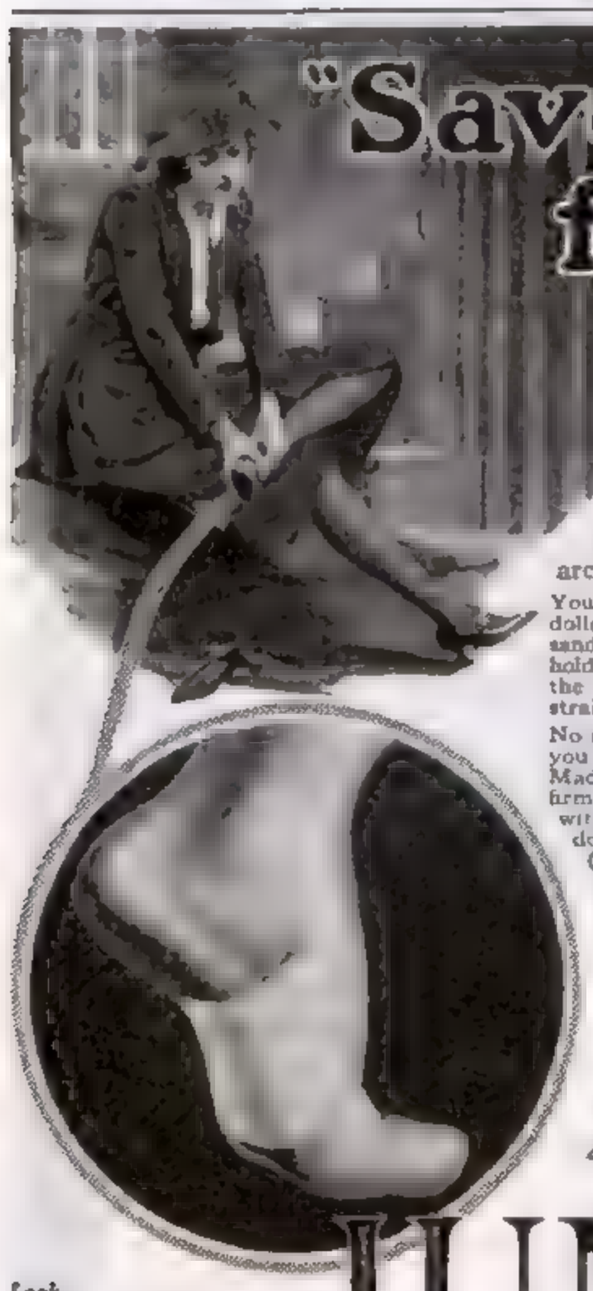

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Is Foot Comfort Worth a Dollar?

When you come home feeling miserable and all tired out, with aching, swollen feet, you probably feel as though you'd pay anything to have well feet again. Anything rather than that pain in the ankle and instep, the burning in the soles, all the troubles that come from fallen arches and weakened conditions of the feet.

You can get foot comfort easily and quickly—for only a dollar. Jung's "Wonder" Arch Braces have aided thousands of such cases as yours. They help the feet by holding in place the small muscles between the bones of the feet. They correct fallen arches. Relieve foot strain. Overcome pain in knees, legs and heels.

No matter what appliances or supports you have used, you should try a pair of Jung's "Wonder" Arch Braces. Made of special "Superlastik," light and porous, but firm and durable. Enable you to stand or walk for hours without tired and aching feet. Money back if they don't make your feet feel better. Price $1 per pair (Canada $1.50).

If your shoe dealer, druggist, surgical dealer or chiropodist can't supply you, order direct.

Write Today for Our Free Book

Contains valuable information about the feet. Illustrated with X-Ray views. Tells how to relieve and prevent foot ills and get genuine foot comfort. New edition just off the press. Send for your copy today—no obligation involved.

The Jung Arch Brace Company

462 Jung Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio

Dealers—Ask for details of our trial offer.

Look for this Trade Mark. It protects you against imitations

JUNG'S

The "Original"

ARCH BRACES

(Continued from Page 98)

"It is not," denied Mr. Bowser. "It's on the map now. Miss Evelina and Miss Cornelia are fixed for life."

"I mean as a rest place for you," returned Doctor Harter. "It's too civilized. Too near New York. Too many temptations for a weak-willed sloganeer. Pack up your things."

"Why?"

"You sail to-night for Opipee."

"What's that? Trade name?"

"No. It's an island."

"Where?"

"Never mind. It's wild and primitive. No white men there."

"No white men? Oh, doctor ——"

"Not one. The natives are bay. They don't know a word of English. But they're peaceable. You're to live there like a primitive man."

"I'm no Robinson Crusoe."

"Neither was he, till he was cast away," said the doctor grimly.

"But, Ned ——"

"What?"

"I don't believe it's rest I need, after all."

"I'm the doctor, not you. Do as I say. You promised you'd try to beat sloganitis."

"A Bowser Promise Is Like Forged Steel," said Mr. Bowser.

"Cut out that stuff."

"Sorry. I slipped."

"Come. Pack up."

"Oh, all right," said Mr. Bowser wearily. "Weeping Judas, doc, but you're masterful."

"Then you'll keep up your fight?"

"Until The Moon Falls Into Hoboken," promised Mr. Bowser.

They spun away in the doctor's car, while the Misses Venable, simultaneously tearful and radiant, waved their best cambric handkerchiefs after the departing Mr. Bowser.

III

A SERIES of successively smaller steamships landed J. Sanford Bowser on the palm-fringed coral strands of the remote and all but unknown isle of Opipee, with a vast quantity of impedimenta and a grouch.

He pitched his tent—it was a Beazleigh Tent—"Canvas of Unbelievable Durability"—and arranged his array of glittering camp utensils, took out his pipe, lit it, sat down on the sand.

"Now," he said, "for a real rest."

For a long, long time he sat there gazing out toward the horizon where his ship had disappeared.

"Now," he said again, "for a real rest."

And yet, somehow, the words did not ring right. The suspicion forced its way into his brain that for him resting was the hardest kind of work.

He got rid of this thought only by going to bed and to sleep.

Next day the mood of the night before was still with him, and despite his resolution to take things easy at any cost it was with a blue mien that he set forth for a stroll of inspection of the island, where for a month he was to be a voluntary Robinson Crusoe.

The island, clearly, was all that Doctor Harter had represented it to be in regard to primitiveness. As Mr. Bowser remarked to himself as he made his leisurely way along, "It Is As Devoid Of Traces Of Civilization As A Fish Is Of Pajamas." Nothing met his roving blue eyes but sky, sea, beach and trees. Finally he located the natives, the remnant of some tribe, very dark-brown, very aloof, and apparently of a philosophic temperament. They lived in a tiny settlement of thatched huts deep in the island jungle. They pursued, if one may use a word denoting motion, the simple life.

As a matter of fact they lay about and let the simple life come to them. Reclining on contented backs in the shade, they let Nature take its course and grow things for them to eat. Now and then with an abnormal burst of energy they overtook an earthworm in its flight, put it on a hook and let it dangle in the water, the line tied to one big brown toe. Then they slept the sleep of the virtuous until some wayward fish consumed the bait and twitched them into consciousness, whereupon they yawned, reeled in the line, yawned, and devoured the fish on the spot, spurning the formality of cooking it as an effete affectation. Mostly they slept. Their spoken tongue, indeed, resembled a series of snores. When Mr. Bowser greeted them with a loudly genial "Hello" they responded with an affable snore, and edged off deeper into the bush.

"Chummy little place," observed Mr. Bowser to a scarlet cockatoo on a breadfruit tree. It was the end of his tenth day on Opipee. Truth to tell, Mr. Bowser was finding rest and solitude not at all to his liking.

"Chummy," he said ironically, but added, "Restful. You must admit that. Really restful, for those who like to rest. 'The Place Where Sleep Was Discovered.' Not bad, that."

He continued to pace along the beach.

"A lot of men—tired business fellows—would like to know about so restful a spot as this," he observed a little later to a land crab that was scuttling along the shore. "Where Mother Nature Takes Man, Her Son, To Her Bosom. Wish I'd brought my notebook."

For the first time since his arrival a smile decorated his face.

"Nothing Here But Atmosphere," he remarked; and then, brightening markedly, "By Judas, it rimes! You could set it in two lines:

Nothing Here
But Atmosphere."

On he paced.

"No," he said a minute later. "I must cut that stuff out. I must not Fall A Victim To Verbiage."

As the words bounced against the palm trees and echoed in his ears he shrugged his shoulders with a hopeless shrug.

"Did it again," he muttered.

He marched onward along the beach.

"I'll think of the trees," he said. He eyed them defiantly, as if he dared them to inspire him. "Musical-comedy trees," he mused. Then from his mouth came the words, "The Only Sound Is The Whispering Of These Cool Green Sentinels to Nature's Paradise. Not bad, that. Could have it set in 18-point Caslon under a good half-tone of that clump of coconut palms. Jove! I've done it again."

He clenched his fists resolutely.

"I'll watch the sunset," he said between tight teeth. He sat on a rock and concentrated his gaze on the semitropical sun, very much as a cat watches a mouse hole. The sun slipped down, mingling its molten gold with the glowing pink of the clouds.

"Like Celestial Strawberry Ice Cream," said Mr. Bowser, and clapped his hand to his lips.

The sun seemed to leer at him seductively. Temptation beset him sore. A sigh shook his whole body. He was acutely miserable. Then rebellion broke loose. His mind and body seemed simultaneously to stiffen. He stood up on the rock and faced the setting sun.

"I like to make slogans," he shouted. "I like to, do you hear? And I'm going to make 'em! I'm going to make 'em!"

The cloud lifted from his brow as he pronounced the words. He looked the sinking sun squarely in the eye, and in that bell-toned voice his clients and associates knew so well he declaimed:

"Here In This Zephyr Fanned Isle Of Repose, Diamond-Studded Night Succeeds Soft, Glorious Day. When New York Streets Are Deep In Snow Slip Away To Opipee, The Magic Isle Where The Sun Is Ever Kind. It Turns That Oh-What's-The-Use Feeling Into An I'm-Glad-I'm-Alive Feeling. Write For Free Literature."

He sprang to his feet and ran down the beach as fast as he could run. He dashed up all but breathless to the native settlement. The astonished blacks, languidly munching an evening meal of breadfruit from a common pot, saw his face red from running and alive with excitement. Had they understood English they'd have heard J. Sanford Bowser shouting with all his lungs:

"Wake Up, You Black Dumb-Bells! Wake Up! I'm going to Put Opipee On The Map!"

IV

ONE month to a day after J. Sanford Bowser had for the first time swept a glum eye over the charms of Opipee, Dr. Ned Harter came to get his patient. Doctor Harter's launch lurched through the surf to the strand of Opipee, and the doctor was so violently in a hurry to catch Mr. Bowser in the act of resting that he leaped into the thigh-deep water and waded lustily to land.

"Bowser!" he boomed. "Bowser! Where are you?"

No voice replied; nowhere was there a trace of Mr. Bowser.

With anxious eye he surveyed the spot where he had left Mr. Bowser pitching his tent. Something had happened there, something sudden and violent. Where the camp had been were evidences that it had been uprooted, wiped out. There were the charred embers of the last Bowserian camp fire; there were the tent pegs still in the ground; but the tent had been ripped from them. Doctor Harter's alarmed lips framed the word "Typhoon." Then he shook his head; he knew that that tranquil isle knew naught of typhoons. An even more alarming suspicion shot across his brain. Cannibals! Had the natives by some strange stimulus been pricked from their torpor and changed, overnight, into man-eaters? It was possible.

"Atavism," groaned Doctor Harter aloud. "Poor Bowser! And I'm to blame. I'm to blame." He stood there on the beach, undecided. He lifted his eyes to the rows of coconut palms that marked the jungle's beginning. Then his eyes protruded a good half inch from his head as if his grandfather's ghost had darted into his ken. In bold relief against the dark green of the tropical trees was something that leaped out to meet his astonished eyes. It was a sign. It appeared to be made of what was once a dark-brown canvas tent. It bore, in inexpert but unmistakable letters of white, this legend:

THIS IS OPIPEE
"NATURE'S PLAYGROUND"
REST IN ITS NOURISHING AIR
ERECTED BY THE OPIPEE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE
J. SANFORD BOWSER
PUBLICITY DIRECTOR

Doctor Harter stood on the beach, incapable of motion or articulation. At one and the same second he experienced the emotions of relief, amusement and anger. He was reading the sign for a third time, and was so absorbed in it that he did not see a number of dark figures moving toward him down the beach in single file until they passed within a dozen feet of him. They were natives, brown and glistening as recently shined tan shoes, and they walked with heads high and with the step of men of importance. They were naked save for something which was not exactly a garment but which covered them from neck to knees, before and behind. To the confused brain of Doctor Harter the significance of the odd garments did not, for some seconds, become apparent. But as the natives passed quite near in dignified procession, light struck him.

They were sandwich men. Their garments were signboards!

The signs they bore were made from odds and ends of packing cases and flat pieces of driftwood, and in the same bold lettering of the canvas sign they bore various legends:

FREE
EVERY EVENING
GORGEOUS SUNSET
FREE

DRINK DEEP OF THE
STIMULATING ATMOSPHERE
NO EXTRA CHARGE

TELL YOUR FRIENDS
OPIPEE
MADE A NEW MAN OF YOU

BOOST OPIPEE—
OUTPUT
A MILLION COCONUTS
BY 1925

And there were a dozen more in similar vein, each carried by a proudly solemn native.

Doctor Harter said something between his teeth, and then strode down the beach toward the gap in the forest line from which issued the procession. Down a trail beaten through the jungle by countless bare feet, and quite recently trimmed and widened by hatchets, he could see the little clump of native huts. A sign on a tree at the trail's start caught his eye. It read:

STRAIGHT AHEAD
TO
BOWSER CITY
"WATCH US GROW"

With swift steps the doctor made his irate way toward the group of rude thatched huts. Just outside the hamlet, at the beginning of the crooked path that was the settlement's only street, was a sign on a stake:

FIFTH AVENUE
SPEED LAWS ENFORCED
AUTOMOBILE CLUB OF OPIPEE

Doctor Harter approached the first house, a tumble-down one-room hovel of straw and mud. Its door was all but obscured by a gay sign made, an acute observer might surmise, with pot black on a man's white linen shirt. This sign read:

THE MARLBOROUGH-BOWSER ARMS
"A HOSTELRY OF MARKED SUPERIORITY"
AMERICAN & EUROPEAN PLAN
J. S. BOWSER, PROP.

The next hut, more dilapidated, if possible, than the first one, bore a sign made obviously from a linen trouser leg, and lettered in clarion letters:

FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF BOWSER CITY
"RELIABLE AS THE OCEAN'S TIDES—
SOLID AS THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS"
PLANT YOUR MONEY HERE; WE'LL MAKE IT GROW

Doctor Harter shook his head partly in awe, partly in anger, and compressed his lips. The next hut bore another sign, obviously the other trouser leg. This hut was the largest in the village, and from its size presumably the residence of the chief. The sign read:

OPIPEE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE
"PROGRESS IS OUR MIDDLE NAME
PROSPERITY OUR LAST NAME"
GET ON THE BAND WAGON

A smaller sign, perhaps the sleeve of something, bore in firm letters the words:

WELCOME TO BOWSER CITY
OFFICE OF J. SANFORD BOWSER, PUBLICITY DIRECTOR
GET IN TOUCH WITH BOWSER FOR FACTORY SITES
WALK IN

Into this edifice pushed Dr. Ned Harter. In the single dim room he saw a figure so absorbed in the task of lettering another sign that the entrance of the doctor was not noticed. The figure was J. Sanford Bowser. He was clad sketchily but efficiently in a Swansofto unionsuit, having sacrificed the rest of his wardrobe in the cause of publicity, and the look on his face was utterly beatific as with a bit of burnt cork he put the finishing touches on a sign reading:

GET BEHIND BOWSER CITY
PATRONIZE THE LOCAL STORES

He looked up, saw Doctor Harter and the cork dropped from his hand. J. Sanford Bowser looked as guilty as a schoolboy caught with a Dead-Eye Dick novel in his geography. But the look changed swiftly to one of pride, of defiance.

As for the doctor, his aspect was sardonic, but his manner controlled, as he said, "Well, Bowse, at it again?"

"Yes," said Mr. Bowser. "I'm going to put Opipee on the map. Just wait till I get back to New York and spread the Message of its Health-Building Sunshine over a few hundred pages of newsprint. See. I've got a complete campaign all written."

He indicated a pile of palm leaves covered with writing made with a pin.

"Bowse," said Doctor Harter sternly, "I said I'd see you through this and I'm going to. My sporting blood is up. I demand one more chance to cure you of sloganitis. If I fail this time I'll admit my cure is all wrong."

"Guess I'm incurable, Ned," said Mr. Bowser.

"You're incorrigible," said the doctor. "Do I get the chance?"

"Yes. I gave my word."

"Good! The launch is waiting."

"Wait a second, Ned," said Mr. Bowser, "till I find a good clarion site for this poster. Then I'll be with you."

♥

WHEN the boat docked in New York, Doctor Harter bundled J. Sanford Bowser into a waiting motor car, silenced his protests, whisked him straight past the Bowser Building, and onward, ever onward, deep into Connecticut.

As the car hummed through the beginnings of the Berkshires, Doctor Harter

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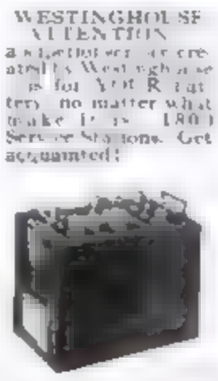

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BATTERIES

"Gold Medal" Comfort
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LIGHT in weight, yet strong and substantial, "Gold Medal" Folding Furniture will add immeasurably to the comfort and attractiveness of your summer home.

Inexpensive, simple to set up, compact when folded and easily finished to harmonize with any color scheme, "Gold Medal" is designed for service as well as restful relaxation.

ASK *for the Genuine "Gold Medal."* INSIST *on it. Reliable dealers have it or can get it for you. The name and trade-mark on every piece. Catalog on request*

GOLD MEDAL CAMP FURNITURE MFG. CO.
1736 Packard Avenue, Racine, Wis.
For 30 years makers of fine folding furniture

The "Gold Medal" Complete Line of folding furniture for camp and home includes folding cots, tables, chairs, camp stools, bath tubs, etc.

"GOLD MEDAL"
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
FOLDING FURNITURE

New and delicious

Orange-CRUSH

(big "CR" not "OR")

ice cream, ices and sherbets

101,000 gallons of ice cream and ices flavored with Ward's Orange-Crush, Lemon-Crush or Lime-Crush were sold in 1921 by one firm in one city—Rieck-McJunkin Co., of Pittsburgh. *That is over three million dishes!*

These new flavors are the same used in the well-known "Crush" drinks, only specially prepared for ice cream purposes.

Utmost care is used in selecting and compounding the pure, delicious ingredients—fruit oils and juices from oranges, lemons or limes, U. S. certified food color and cane sugar.

One ice cream firm in principal cities and towns is exclusively licensed to use the "Crush" flavors in frozen products.

Ask any retail ice cream dealer. Send for free booklet, "How Orange-Crush Is Made."

Ice Cream Manufacturers: Write for information about exclusive rights.

Prepared by Orange-Crush Co., Chicago, U. S. A. In Canada: Orange-Crush Co., Limited, Winnipeg

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BEST RETAIL TRADE
(Trade Mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. and Foreign Countries)
The B.V.D. Red Woven Label is the Trade Mark by which The B.V.D. Company assures you the far-famed comfort, long wear and dependable quality of its product.
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SOLE MANUFACTURERS OF B.V.D. UNDERWEAR
"B.V.D." Sleeveless Closed Crotch Union Suits (Pat. U.S.A.) Men's $1.50 the suit. Youths' $1.00 the suit.
"B.V.D." Coat Cut Undershirts and Knee Length Drawers, 85c the garment.

relaxed from his grim silence long enough to remark, "Charming bit of scenery we just passed."

"Wonderful site for a billboard," said J. Sanford Bowser wistfully.

Silence for a mile or two, then, from Mr. Bowser, "Would it be too much to ask, Ned, whither are we drifting?"

"Sanitarium," said Doctor Harter.

"What one?"

"Restwold," said Doctor Harter.

Mr. Bowser groaned.

"More rest?" he said plaintively.

"If this fails," the doctor returned, "I'll admit rest is not the cure for sloganitis."

A few more miles of scenery elapsed before Mr. Bowser ventured to speak again:

"What sort of place is Restwold?"

"They make you rest," said the doctor briefly.

Mr. Bowser's shrug had an aroma of utter skepticism.

Presently, after following twisting back roads, barren of human habitations, the car reached Restwold, a low, white, much-porched building in a grove of pines, having about it such an air of somnolence that Mr. Bowser yawned at the very sight of it.

"Here we are!' said Doctor Harter cheerfully. "Restful, isn't it?"

"As a Tomb," said Mr. Bowser dejectedly. Then, brightening, "How's this? Restwold—The Temporary Tomb. All The Peace Of Death With None Of Its Inconvenience."

"Bowse!"

"Sorry."

Doctor Harter turned his reluctant patient over to Doctor Downey, who conducted Restwold, and departed.

"Am I the only inmate?" asked Mr. Bowser.

"One other," said Doctor Downey. He had a deliberately restful voice.

"Business bad?"

"I never take more than two resters at a time," said Doctor Downey with sweet severity. "And I never discuss business."

Mr. Bowser sighed. There being nothing else to do he went silently to bed.

In the morning after a quiet breakfast in his gray-walled room Mr. Bowser took a seat—a yielding, cushioned seat—on the porch, and sat staring at the Berkshires. His stare was sad. He had resolved on the night before to make one more try to throw off sloganitis, and to rest, really rest. He tried to occupy his mind by counting the trees on the mountain side. He got as high as 7853 and then lost count. A frown began to form on his face. He fidgeted. He started to count the trees again. He could not help trying to figure out how much paper they would make if reduced to wood pulp, and how he would fill that paper, when converted into magazine pages, with gripping, compelling, clarion words. He lit a Marlborough-Somerset. He fidgeted again. He closed his eyes and tried desperately to rest. It tired him to do so. He stood up and went to the edge of the porch and drew deep into his chest the fresh air, so fresh indeed that it forced its attentions on him.

"The freshest air I ever filled a lung with," he said aloud, "M'm. Let's see." He fumbled for a phrase. "Air So Fresh," he began, "Air So Fresh ——"

"—— That It is An Inspiriting Blend Of Wine And Electricity!" cried an excited voice at his elbow.

J. Sanford Bowser wheeled about sharply.

"Oh, I hope I didn't startle you," said the same voice. "But I just couldn't resist the temptation to finish your phrase."

J. Sanford Bowser saw that the owner of the voice was a girl, a rather pretty girl too; not a flapper, for she had too much character in her face; thirty, thought Mr. Bowser, or maybe thirty-one, and most pleasing to the eye in her sport suit of the newest shade of lavender.

"I promised I wouldn't, you know," said the girl gravely.

"Wouldn't what?"

"Make phrases," said the girl, flushing.

J. Sanford Bowser started.

"Are you a patient here?" he asked.

"Do I look like a milkmaid?" laughed the girl.

"Oh, no. Oh, no, no, no," he replied hastily. "This fresh air confuses me. Did I understand you are being treated for phrase making?"

The girl nodded.

"So nice to discover someone who understands," she said. "Yes. I've got advanced phrase fever. Doctor Harter said so."

J. Sanford Bowser gave her a look charged with interest and curiosity.

"Will you sit down?" he said with a bow.

They took adjacent seats.

"Let me introduce myself," said the girl. "My name is Kunkle."

"Kunkle," mused Mr. Bowser. "Name's familiar. By any chance are you related to P. I. Kunkle, of Dingman, Tinney & Kunkle, "Prosperity Engineers—The Art of Advertising Wedded to ——"

"—— The Science of Selling," finished the girl triumphantly.

"You are related, then?"

"I am that Kunkle," said the girl, studying her brogue toe. "I wrote that phrase."

"You?" Mr. Bowser was incredulous. "You, P. I. Kunkle?"

"Yes, I'm P. I. Kunkle—Pandora Irene Kunkle."

"But I always thought P. I. Kunkle was a man."

"She never was," she replied.

"Do you mean to say," said Mr. Bowser with widening eyes, "that you are the P. I. Kunkle who did the Komfy-Kleen Bath Tub campaign—'Makes Every Bath A Holiday'?"

She nodded.

"And you're the P. I. Kunkle that did the Pan-American Pie campaign?"

"'Heaven In Hunks,'" she murmured with downcast eyes.

"And the P. I. Kunkle who did such wonders with the sales of Doctor Peetlie's Toni-Tonick?"

"'But, Mamma, you pwomised me for Kwismus a case of Doctor Peetlie's Toni-Tonick. It stimulates my pancreatic enzymes and settles my tummy,'" she quoted.

"Great work!" cried J. Sanford Bowser. "I've always wanted to meet P. I. Kunkle. My name is Bowser—J. Sanford Bowser ——"

"'Let Bowser Put You On The Map,'" she said, delight and awe in her soft voice.

"Shake!" he said.

They shook.

Then they talked. He was full of bottled-up talk, and now the stopper was out. He told her of his loneliness, his smashed-to-smithereens feeling, which Doctor Harter had labeled sloganitis, and of how he had tried to rest and couldn't. They talked all day. Toward dusk they had jointly worked out an elaborate plan to put Restwold on the map.

"Restwold—With Emphasis on the REST," was his contribution.

"At The Second Joyous Lungful Of Its Vimful Air You Own The World," was hers.

After dinner, beneath a gentle moon, they talked some more. Their chairs were close together. They talked about themselves; about their souls.

"To-night," he confided to her, "I telegraphed Doctor Harter that he was wrong about my case. Rest will never cure my sloganitis. And, thinking out loud, I don't believe I want to cure it—now."

There was something tender, full of meaning, in the way he said the word "now."

"Phrase fever is not so bad," she said softly, "when someone else really understands."

"After all, Pandora," said J. Sanford Bowser as he took her unresisting hand, "Love Is Understanding."

There was an interval. What happened only the moon saw.

"Shall we call the firm Bowser & Kunkle?" he asked, his arm about her.

"No, dear," she answered. "Just The Bowsers."

"The Bowsers," he repeated in ecstasy. "The Bowsers!"

"The Bowsers," she said, more softly still. "Let These Twin Go-Getters Put You On the Map."

The charm of hospitality

is not a matter of costly decoration, but rather one of quiet cordiality and good taste

For every use in a well ordered home Wm. Rogers & Son Silverplate is appropriate and desirable.

LINCOLN Pattern Flat Server: $2.00 each

Teaspoons: ½ dozen $1.75

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Wm. Rogers & Son Silverplate

Made and guaranteed by Wm. Rogers Mfg. Co., Meriden, Conn. Succeeded by

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The Underwear of A Gentleman

GOTHAM

Underwear is designed to meet the demand for finely tailored, scientifically proportioned garments that assure with the utmost in comfort the utmost in service . . . . .

GOTHAM
Athletic UNDERWEAR

Cluett, Peabody & Co Inc. Makers Troy NY

BRIGHTON CARLSBAD
SLEEPINGWEAR

SEE the Comfort

YOU can *see* the comfort in these Brighton-Carlsbad sleeping garments, just as the camera saw it (photograph unretouched). Twist and turn in them if you're a restless sleeper—they won't bind or torture you as skimped, poorly tailored garments will.

A One-Piece Pajama

At the right is our "Pajunion"—made in one piece—sensible idea, isn't it? Button and tab at ankle keeps trouser leg down.

Fabrics and styles for all, from practical grandfather to the fastidious bachelor and budding youth.

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SHALL WE FINANCE EUROPE OR AMERICA?

(Continued from Page 23)

at fancy prices finds no confirmation in the views of experts who have studied conditions, or in foreign-trade statistics.

"The prospect for the revival of American business lies in the increase of business in the domestic markets and in a foreign trade maintained along more normal lines and developed in a more normal way than is sometimes urged by the proponents of plans for artificial stimulation of foreign trade."

After picturing this background of normal trade Mr. Reynolds strikes the keynote of his theme by discussing the ill-balanced financial position of the world. "The United States," he declared, "and in much less degree Great Britain, are the only countries with an appreciable amount of capital for export. For the purpose of maintaining their own financial solidity these two countries can ill afford to supply Continental Europe with funds secured through bank expansion.

"Reports indicate that the nations of Continental Europe have made small progress in balancing their budgets. Deficits have accumulated. These nations must make serious efforts to improve public finances. This course involves stringent measures in the way of deflating inflated paper currencies. It also involves taxation of the most rigorous character. There must be retrenchment in public expenditures. . . . It is imperative that European countries work, tax, save, restrict imports to necessities, and above all reverse the mad policy of printing bank notes.

"One of the conditions necessary for normal trading between the United States and Europe is, therefore, that European countries shall themselves take clearly defined steps to strengthen their exchange position. Moreover, Europe should first help herself before seeking large amounts of new capital in the American market."

How often we have heard this same statement; so often that we, as Americans, are "full up and fed up" with the idea; but what is being done in foreign countries to-day, or, for that matter, in the United States?

Some Striking Figures

Do the American people to-day realize the extent to which European countries have been securing capital in our markets?

During the period 1915–20, according to this Mississippi Valley banker, "foreign loans floated through American bankers aggregated some $5,000,000,000. Direct loans by the Federal Government to European nations amounted to some $10,000,000,000. At the present time the unfunded debt of Europe probably amounts to somewhere between $3,500,000,000 and $4,000,000,000. In all, these figures represent an export of something like $19,000,000,000 of capital."

If capital is a form of prosperity, then we have been exporting prosperity at a get-rich-quick spendthrift rate which may be difficult to continue if we expect to enjoy and profit by some of our prosperity at home.

To illustrate the significance of his figures Mr. Reynolds makes some terrifying comparisons. "During the period 1915–20 the total reported issues of securities—railroad and traction, industrial, municipal and state, and those put out by the Federal Government, amounted to $43,500,000,000. Of that total $15,000,000,000 went to Europe. Europeans received $3,000,000,000 more than was given to all American railroads, traction companies and industries combined. They received as much as these with state and municipal issues added.

"In many statements regarding the subject of exporting capital the idea seems to be prevalent that money is the only form of capital." But this is not true, Mr. Reynolds maintains. "If the United States makes loans to France and the proceeds of the loans are expended in the United States, it is felt that Americans will be safe because the money is still here. But in such case they have parted with capital goods that have been paid for with their own funds. They will receive for these capital goods the customary evidences of debt—bonds or notes which draw interest. This is as truly an export of capital as if gold had been sent abroad. . . . American capital resources have been depleted to the same extent in either case. It is immaterial whether the recent $100,000,000 French loan was made in goods or in gold so far as this country's capital account is concerned. Thinking about the export of capital should not be confused by centering attention on money and forgetting the fact that capital goods are exported even though the money can be spent in this country.

"Much of the same situation underlies the plan for the proposed $100,000,000 foreign-trade financing corporation. It is a plan to export a large part, or all, of $1,000,000,000 of capital to Europe. It is a plan to stimulate exports, but it involves the export of capital goods in return for which Americans will receive interest-bearing promises to pay."

What is the effect of this policy?

"In considering foreign trade and the export of American capital"—to quote further from Mr. Reynolds' statements—"not only the needs or demands of Europe must be taken into account but also the capacity of Americans to export capital without seriously affecting domestic industry. Europe would not gain in the long run from the impairment of American resources and capital.

Exporting Prosperity

"No recourse to statistics is really necessary to confirm the truth of the statement so often made that American railroads have not received, for several years, adequate additions to their capital, additions that were necessary to efficient transportation service. Some idea of the situation can be gained from the fact that reported issues of railroad and traction securities from 1909 to 1914 averaged almost $1,000,000,000 each year, while from 1917 to 1920, inclusive, the average was less than $450,000,000 a year. It seems a reasonable inference that the export of American capital to Europe must have helped to stay railroad progress and development. Similarly, the export of American capital must have had an adverse effect on building operations and must have been a contributing cause to the present housing shortage. Capital needs for building are problematic. Estimates range from $1,000,000,000 to $5,000,000,000. Even the most conservative figures, however, show the need for capital in the United States if building is to play its full part in the restoration of domestic prosperity.

"Indeed, in every field of domestic endeavor the shortage of capital has been more or less seriously felt, and although the United States is now a creditor nation it must be recalled that at no time in its history, prior to the war, have the people of the United States accumulated enough capital for American needs."

In 138 years of our national independence we produced our own prosperity by a process of work and thrift. During the past eight years we have been exporting our prosperity in the form of capital savings and capital goods, but now that we are at the turn of the road financially, industrially, economically and nationally, what is to be our future policy? To what use shall capital accumulations be put? Shall they be turned in large measure to Europe or put to work in the United States?

Mr. Reynolds raises the issue. "Since savings are not indefinitely expansible, a decision is necessary as to whether they shall be spent here to furnish Europeans with capital goods, or spent here to furnish American industries with such capital goods. To what extent shall American savings be used to furnish Europe with capital goods, and to what extent used to furnish capital goods for the rehabilitation of American industries?

"One thing at least seems clear: The United States cannot export its capital and have it too.

"The scheme of financing sales to Europe would be more alluring if a revival of business on the high-price level of the first part of 1920 could be foreseen," Mr. Reynolds added, "but the maintenance of such a price level is neither possible nor

desirable. It has already been lowered everywhere. The revival of American business on the basis of lower prices is inevitable. If the price of goods is to be lower, costs must be lowered enough to give a reasonable margin of profit. This applies not only to the production of the domestic market but production for foreign markets. The lowering of costs demands a higher degree of efficiency in production. This higher efficiency must be found in capital as well as labor. There must be the use of adequate and efficient capital equipment. American transportation in particular has capital needs that must be met. It is important, therefore—in fact, of major importance—that the question of business revival be considered in relation to the problem of the extent to which American capital should be exported."

The problem of transportation and the dire need of capital to enable our railroads to begin much needed new construction was the one Mr. Hoover was discussing in Washington when he made the statements quoted at the beginning of this article.

"If we look at the national economic situation as a whole," Secretary Hoover stated, "the greatest impulse that can be given to recovery from any source whatever is a reduction of rates on primary commodities, combined with the immediate resumption of railway construction and equipment. The first depends upon reduction of operating costs, the second upon restoration of credit.

"One thing is absolute: Our transportation facilities are below the needs of our country, and unless we have a quick resumption of construction the whole community—agricultural, commercial and industrial—will be gasping from a strangulation caused by insufficient transportation the moment that our business activities resume.

"Few people seem to realize the amount of expansion in our transportation machine necessary to keep pace with the growth of the country, and an equally few seem to have any notion of the price we pay for not having it. . . . There would be no difficulty whatever, by basing such losses on the experiences we have already had, to calculate a loss to the American people of $1,000,000,000 for each one of these periodic transportation shortages.

"There is nothing that is so irrecoverable a loss to the nation as idle shops and idle men. To-day we have both," the Secretary of Commerce told the Interstate Commerce Commission. "There is nothing that will so quickly start the springs of business and employment as an immediate resumption of construction and equipment of the railways. When business does resume we shall need all of our capacity for the production of consumable goods. We shall not only find it strangled for lack of transportation but we shall find ourselves plunging into the manufacture of this very railway equipment and construction in competition with consumable goods for materials and labor. Herein lies the basic cause of destructive price inflation and booms, with all their waste and overexpansion."

Railroads in Need of Capital

If this is the condition of our transportation system, if a real program of construction would aid the nation as a whole, then why is not the capital forthcoming to finance the work? Let Mr. Hoover answer: "Surplus capital is pouring by hundreds of millions monthly into tax-free securities and foreign loans, and yet our railways are unable to finance the most moderate of construction programs."

To show how the railways are not the only businesses in the United States that are being strangled by a lack of capital, permit me to quote the latest reports of R. G. Dun & Co. on the commercial failures in this country during February. Dun's statistics state there were 2331 commercial failures with liabilities of $72,608,393 in that month of this year. In both number and amount this exceeded any other February in thirty years, and included 481 manufacturers, 1714 general stores, grocers, dry-goods merchants and traders, and 136 agents and brokers. During January of this year there were 2723 failures, with losses amounting to $73,795,780. However, during this same month of business casualties in the United States, foreign governments and municipalities obtained $94,236,000 of new capital from the American people and American banks.

In January and February there were 5054 failures, with liabilities of $146,404,173. During these same two months European and other foreign countries obtained $158,886,000 in the American market. Our failures amounted to $146,404,173, and at the same time we exported $158,886,000.

During January of this year there was an increase over last year of $42,514,000 in the amount of our capital exportations to foreign governments and municipalities alone.

"If American railways cannot earn interest on their borrowings let us throw up our hands and prepare for a second Russia," Mr. Hoover declared.

"Justification for proposals to furnish Europe with even more capital," Mr. Reynolds said, "is sought in the plea that the fortunes of the people of the United States are tied up with those of Europe. Failure, distress and disaster there will mean failure, distress and disaster here."

Furthermore, the Chicago banker continued, the "view is urged that American goods, particularly raw materials, must be sold to Europeans, not only in order to relieve the American market but also to furnish Europe the materials on which to work in the process of economic rehabilitation.

"Any proposal to furnish Europe with more capital should receive the closest scrutiny.

"If certain of the European nations are impoverished their position will not be greatly improved by America's financing sales of goods without adequate consideration of the risk involved or thought of the extent to which capital should be exported. If Europe is impoverished improvement of the condition of her peoples will not be brought about by forcing America to the same condition."

Backing Foreign Horses

"Foreign trade has been emphasized to such a degree of late that thought of business revival is largely in terms of exports and foreign financing. If it were necessary for the people of the United States to await the rehabilitation of Europe before they could enjoy a fuller measure of prosperity, they might have to wait a very long time. Just how long, no one knows! Such a prospect is far from comforting at a time when gloom enough engulfs American business. There need be no paralysis of action with the world's greatest domestic market at hand and controllable. To emphasize this point, an exaggerated statement might almost be risked, that if we take care of our 92 per cent or 93 per cent of domestic business, the 7 per cent of foreign business will take care of itself."

"A prosperous America can help the world," Charles M. Schwab, chairman of the board of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation, wrote not long ago, "but a prostrate America cannot."

The serious condition caused in the United States to-day by such large exportations of capital is what prompted the State Department, on March 3, 1922, to issue a warning to American bankers expressing the desire of the Government to be more fully informed of prospective foreign loans.

Prosperity comes in two varieties, the imported brand and the domestic product. There is a group of men who are tireless advocates of imported prosperity, the kind that is supposed to come from limitless investments in foreign countries. They say we can live and prosper on foreign profits. But can we?

Do we not as a matter of fact have to choose between imported prosperity and prosperity which is "made in the U. S. A."?

We are engaged to-day in national as well as international competition for trade. Our business depression, transportation deadlock, commercial failures cannot be exported and exchanged for the uncertain prosperity of Europe. By financing Europe's comeback and neglecting our own we are hamstringing prosperity and a sound economic revival in this country.

In the race for normalcy we have been putting our money on foreign horses because we have been told that Europe must come first and America last.

Can we afford, as a people and a nation, to wreck this country financially and industrially in order to rebuild the rest of the world?

The logical, safe and sound policy would be for the United States to put its own house in order first and then, when prosperity returns, share that prosperity with our less fortunate neighbors.

"What an Old Sea Captain says about Liquid Granite

"There she is, mate—clean, tight, and tidy as the decks must be. You can rattle your tackle on that. And if a bit of sea slops over the rail, mop it up, and no harm done."

Liquid Granite brings out the natural grain of the wood and preserves its beauty under the hardest wear. It makes a floor clean, waterproof, durable, resisting the buffetings of use, standing up under occasional hard knocks and persistent daily wear.

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Manufactured by the makers of Luxberry Enamel the finish immaculate

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DETROIT WALKERVILLE, ONTARIO

An Architect, A Painter and A Sculptress Joined in Designing This Exquisite Lamp

The lines, proportions and coloring of most of the lamps you see in these days of commercialism are the work of designing departments of large factories. They are the fruits of a deep knowledge of what makes a "popular seller." But some people, the **Decorative Arts League** committee felt sure, would like a lamp designed purely with an eye to good taste alone by a group of artists, properties and harmonies as comes a little [illegible] seeking great symmetries and beauty rather than the long experience of the salesmandesigner of what seems most in demand in retail stores.

Hence this exquisite little lamp you see pictured, "Aurora," as it has been named by an artist because of the purity of its Greek lines and tones.

A Labor of Love

For the delicate work of designing a lamp that should be a real work of art instead of a mere unit in a factory's production, and yet should be a practical and useful article of home-furnishing, the League enlisted the enthusiastic coöperation of a group of talented artists—one a famous architect skilled in the practical requirements of interior decorating, one a painter and genius in color-effects, and one a brilliant sculptress, a student of the great Rodin in Paris.

They caught the spirit of the League's idea, and the designing of a lamp that would raise the artistic standards of home-lighting became to them a true labor of love. Model after model was made, studied and abandoned until at last a design emerged with which not one of the three could find a fault.

Every Detail Perfect

One style of ornamentation after another was tried out, only to yield in the end to the perfect simplicity of the classic Greek lines. Even such a small detail as the exact contour of the base was worked over and over again until it could stand in one continuous curve with the lines of the slender shaft. The graceful curves of the shaft itself, simple as they seem in the finished model, were the results of dozens of trials.

The result is a masterpiece of Greek simplicity and balance. Not a thing could be added or taken away without marring the general effect—not the sixty-fourth of an inch difference in any moulding or curve but would be harmful. "Aurora" blends with any style of furnishing; it adapts itself to boudoir or foyer-hall, to library or living room.

"AURORA"
$3.50

In the exclusive Fifth Avenue type of shops, where lamps that are also works of art are shown, the [illegible] would cost you from $15 to $25 perhaps more. Yet the price of this lamp is but

$3.50—Think of it!

Only the Decorative Arts League could bring out such a lamp at such a price. And only as a means of widening its circle of usefulness could even the League make such an offer. No matter how many other lamps you have in your house, you will always find a place just suited for this dainty, charming little "Aurora." 16 inches high, shade 10½ inches in diameter; base and cap cast in solid Medallion metal of [illegible] brass all finished in rich statuary bronze, brass-bound parchment shade of a neutral brown tone-artistic and an old-rose reflecting surface; shade holder permitting adjustment to any angle; push-button socket; six feet of insulated lamp cord; 2-piece attachment plug. You will rarely, if ever, get such a value again.

Direct from Producer to Consumer by Mail Only

Send no money—simply sign and mail the coupon, then pay the postman $3.50 plus the amount of parcel post stamps on the package. Weight of lamp shipped is only five pounds so postage even to furthest points is insignificant. If you should not find the lamp all we say of it or all you expected of it, send it back in five days and your money will be refunded in full. Clip the coupon now, and mail to **Decorative Arts League, 175 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.**

Decorative Arts League (175 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.)

You may send me, at the members' special price of $3.50 the "Aurora" Lamp and I will pay the postman $3.50 plus the postage, when delivered. If not satisfactory I can return the lamp within five days of receipt and you are to refund my money in full. You may enter my name as a Corresponding Member of the Decorative Arts League it being distinctly understood that such membership is to cost me nothing, either now or later, and is to entail no obligation of any kind. It simply registers me as one interested in hearing of really artistic new things for home decorations. SP-11

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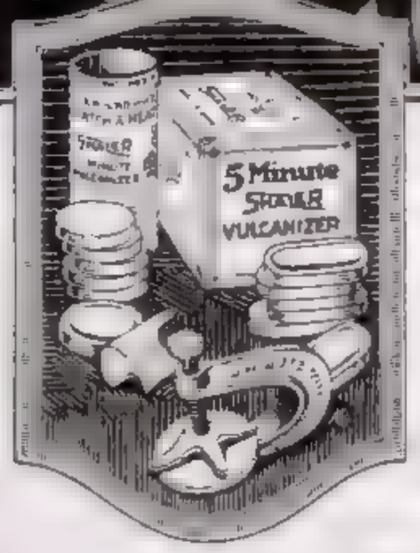

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REGGIE

(Continued from Page 7

At the end of a week Bertha, the paid cook, departed. Reggie had found her a new position. "Get another place for you, Bertha," he had said, and had started out in his casual, thoroughgoing way to make good his promise.

He had gone directly to the Kelseys'. Mrs. Kelsey, a widow, whose husband had made several millions, and then, in the good American way, had died and left them to her, was by far the wealthiest woman in town. Her daughter, Trenna, was a friend of Reggie's. He had known her for years. He called and presented his case.

"Business, Trenna," said Reggie, leaning against the wall of the Kelsey living room. "Find a position for Bertha, our cook. Letting her go. Can't your mother take her?"

Trenna, perched lightly on the arm of a purple velvet sofa—a slender, charming blond creature—swung her silk-clad legs and smiled at him.

"Of course. Mother's always looking for a cook. Send her over."

"Thanks."

The girl's wide-open blue eyes studied him keenly.

"Are you tired of her, Reg? Or ——"

"No. Fine cook. My idea, letting her go. Family thinks I ought to earn my board. Going to do the cooking from now on."

"Reggie! Are you really?"

"M'm."

She came toward him, put her hand on his arm.

"Reg! You funny old boob—can you cook?"

"M'm."

She glanced up at him appraisingly, then laughed.

"You're the darnedest man, Reg. Honestly ——"

"Don't see anything funny about it," said Reggie in his deep, drawling voice.

"You do see something funny about it. But not the way I mean. Sometimes I think you're laughing at—at all of us."

"Not at you, Trenna. Sure your mother will want Bertha?"

"Absolutely. Send her over. I'll be responsible."

So Bertha was transferred to the Kelseys', and Reggie—it was rather a mystery how he managed it—ruled serene in the Mendenhall kitchen.

III

THE extraordinary fact was that Reggie turned out to be an excellent cook. Before long the family began to admit privately that he was the best they'd ever had. Still later they took to praising him outright. "You really are a wonder, Reggie. How ever did you make that timbale?"

"Cookbook," said Reggie imperturbably.

He went to all the dances as before. If Foxboro, in the persons of its more fashionable set, looked at him curiously he did not particularly notice it. Foxboro always had looked at him curiously. Once Bert King, now a member of a famous brokerage firm in town, and still the hero of Foxboro, saw fit to poke fun at Reggie. It was at one of the Country Club dances, and a group of young people were gathered about the fireplace.

"Hear you're some chef, Reggie. Why don't you open a tearoom? Make scads of money!"

Everyone laughed and looked at Reggie, leaning against the stone mantel. He was as serious as ever—so serious, so thoughtful that it produced a little hush.

"'Fraid it wouldn't be a success, Bert. Tell me you're on a diet."

It was a subtle and telling stroke. Mr. King was known to be sensitive about his figure. They all laughed again, and rose as the music started. Bert, a trifle red about the cheek bones, gathered up Trenna Kelsey and danced off with her. He was paying open court to Trenna these days. So was Charley Bingham, for that matter; but Bert was the general favorite. They made an appropriate couple—the local hero and the local heroine. Foxboro approved the romance, sentimentally beamed upon it.

But now Mr. King, looking down into his partner's face, found it overcast with a peculiar sternness.

"You deserved that, Bert. You had no business to pick on Reggie."

"I was only joking, Trenna."

"I like Reggie. He's a peach."

Mr. King was moved to retaliate. He was rather a short-tempered young man, and Reggie's reply had smarted.

"Peach blossom!" said Bert.

Trenna did not answer. But when the dance was over she withdrew abruptly from the hero's arms.

"Headache. Going home," she announced over her shoulder, and left Mr. King standing stiffly in the center of the room. She walked over to the fireplace, where Reggie still made a graceful picture.

"I'm going, Reg. Come with me?"

"Home? Right, Trenna."

"I'll get my things. Won't be a minute. The car's parked out in front."

It was a February night, mild, with a touch of spring in the air. Trenna drove. She drove beautifully, negligently, one gloved hand resting on the wheel, the other holding together the flaps of her fur evening cloak.

"Reg?"

"M'm?"

"Aren't you painting at all now?"

"No time. Done a few etchings."

"Well, I think it's a shame. Just because you happen to be different ——"

"Got to make some money somehow, Trenna. That idea of Bert's. Tearoom. Not so bad. Believe I could make it pay."

"Do you mean it?"

"M'm. Buy an old farmhouse on the state road, just outside town. Decorate it myself. Do my own cooking. Get a Chinaman. Only run it through the summer. Make enough to paint all winter. Think?"

"I'm sure you could! Listen, Reggie! You know that old house with the two elms in front of it, about a mile from town? The one that's been empty so long?"

"M'm. Sketched it once. All queer angles. Interesting."

"Why wouldn't that do? Let's drive out and look at it."

"Now?"

"Yes. I've got a flashlight."

"Game," said Reggie.

She glanced at him, sitting slumped down beside her, his long legs in their black trousers twisted about each other in a manner that was characteristically Reggie's. She laughed.

"Reg! You funny old nut!"

"Why?"

"Just because you are," said the girl, and put her foot on the accelerator.

They reached the deserted farmhouse about a quarter of an hour later. It was dark and, in its dilapidated state, forbidding. Trenna shivered as Reggie pried up a window.

"Kind of spooky, Reg, isn't it?"

"M'm."

He climbed through the window, leaned out, picked her up casually and lifted her over the sill. She stood close to him, clutching his arm.

"See any mice, Reggie?"

"No." He was already calculating the possibilities of the place. "Put a dozen tables here. Think? Cut a door through to the porch. Maybe take down that partition."

They prowled about for half an hour, Reggie profoundly interested, thoughtful; Trenna shuddering and clinging to her flashlight.

Once a rat scuttled across the floor. She shrieked and jumped up on a broken chair, her skirts to her knees.

Reggie regarded her contemplatively, his head on one side.

"French poster," he said in a judicial tone.

Trenna laughed hysterically. It struck her as irresistibly funny that Reggie should compare her with a French poster at eleven o'clock at night, in a spooky old house that was falling visibly to pieces about them.

She was still laughing when they got back to the car.

"Honestly, Reg, you don't know how scared I was."

"Do," said Reggie. "Saw your legs quivering."

She giggled as she swung the car out into the road.

"You forget my legs, young man."

They rolled quietly along toward the lights of Foxboro.

"Fun, wasn't it?" said Trenna.

"M'm," murmured Reggie. "Believe I could do it, Trenna. Make some money.

(Continued on Page 108)

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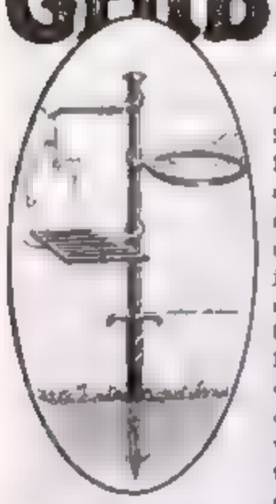

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Continued from Page 106.

Go to Paris. Paint. Come home. Make some more money. Paint."

"Yes," said Trenna, and for some reason she sighed.

IV

IT WAS Aunt Victorine who advanced Reggie the money to finance his tea house. The family were solidly against it. Their arguments, in substance, amounted to this: It wasn't respectable.

"Respectable!" said Aunt Victorine from her place at one end of the council—dinner—table. "Maybe you don't know it, but one of your ancestors, old Jacob Mendenhall, once kept a tavern on the Boston Post Road; and it didn't prevent him from being a good citizen, either. You come up to my room, Reggie, and we'll talk it over."

"Aunt Victorine," said Mr. Mendenhall sternly, "I insist that you ——"

"You can insist all you like, Peter Mendenhall. It's my money and I'll do what I like with it. If Reggie wants funds for a tea house I'll lend them to him. What's more, I'll pay a cook to take his place here. You come along, Reggie."

Foxboro as a whole, it must be confessed, agreed with the family. It did not approve of Reggie's tea house. "Reggie's career," said Bert King, "is cut out for him. He'll invent a new salad dressing, and die famous."

If Reggie heard this *bon mot* he, as usual, paid no attention to it. He was busy fixing up the old house on the state road. He had decorated the front of it with a novel and humorous design of colored patterns, which gave the place a rakish, mischievous look. The various angles of its decrepitude had been held and firmly fixed by the local contractor—who had thought Reggie quite mad. Inside, the plaster walls of the main tearoom were covered with humorous figures—a fat man balancing a teacup on his knee, a willowy lady with green hair elegantly fishing for sugar lumps with a pair of fire tongs; a juggler in a brilliant coat balancing a pile of plates on one finger. Reggie, at least, thought his decorations amusing, and Sue's two children, when they saw them, shrieked with delight. Older persons, on the contrary, stared at Reggie's handiwork and were inclined to take it seriously. They had an uncomfortable suspicion that it was intended as Art.

No, Foxboro did not approve of Reggie's venture. That fact, however, did not prevent it from turning out, practically en masse, on the Saturday afternoon of Reggie's opening, which occurred about the first of June. Of his family, all were present except his father, who had not been able to get out from town.

"We'll have to go," Mrs. Mendenhall had said. "We can't desert Reggie."

"Go?" piped up Aunt Victorine. "Humph! Of course I'm going. Wouldn't miss it for a thousand dollars."

To say that the afternoon was a success is to put it mildly. It was a polite stampede. An hour after the first guest had arrived Reggie and his lone Chinaman were hopelessly involved. The latter came panting into the kitchen, his round face glistening like the Moon of Despair.

"Allee time glest come. No good. Me squalsh."

Reggie, flushed and disheveled but still calm, thrust his head out of the kitchen door and signaled to Trenna Kelsey. She came.

"Riot," said Reggie. "What'll I do?"

Trenna cast her eye over the crowded room, nodded, and gave his arm an encouraging pat.

"Leave it to me, Reg."

In ten minutes she had organized a relief committee of volunteer waitresses. She herself returned to the kitchen, rolled up her chiffon sleeves—it was a warm afternoon—and went to work making sandwiches and cinnamon toast. The day not only was saved but glorified as well. The daughters of the first families of Foxboro were toiling for Reggie. Even his own sisters ——

"Honestly!" whispered Jane to her mother as she passed with a tray of tea and cakes, "Reggie has every débutante in town working for him. Wouldn't you know it?"

"Genius!" said Aunt Victorine, highly delighted.

When it was over, and the crowd had gone, Reggie, a cigarette between his lips, leaned against the kitchen wall and looked at Trenna washing her hands in the sink.

"Thanks," murmured Reggie expansively.

"Oh, I thought it was fun."

"Bore," said Reggie.

She turned to him a face pink with bending over the stove.

"You'll make a great success of it. I know you will. Your decorations are a marvelous ad. If you could have heard what people said!"

The ghost of a smile passed over Reggie's lips. His mouth drooped a little more noticeably.

"M'm," said Reggie.

"You'll be a plutocrat in no time, young man."

"Hope so. Going away this summer, Trenna?"

"I'm going to Narragansett in August," said the girl.

From the road in front of the house came the loud honking of an automobile horn.

"That's Bert," observed Trenna. "He said he'd drive out for me. My car's on the blink. 'By, Reggie."

"Thanks, Trenna. Saved my bacon."

"I saved your cinnamon toast, anyway. I suppose you'll be busy from now on. Going to live here, aren't you?"

"M'm. Like it better."

"Well, come see me, Reggie, or I'll be out here after you." She added lightly, putting on her hat, "Can't give you up, young man. Too much of a habit."

Again the automobile horn. She touched his hand, turned and ran out of the kitchen. He heard her call to Bert King, "Coming! Sorry to keep ——"

For the next two months Reggie saw little of Trenna. He was busy—busier than anyone, including Reggie, ever had thought he could be. The tea house proved popular, became a fad. He hired a second Chinaman, then a third. By the middle of July he had made almost as much money as Belle made in a year. But he was so easy-going, so casual about it that his family refused to be impressed. They no longer looked upon Reggie's tea house as unrespectable. Somehow Reggie had a way of making things respectable simply by doing them. They looked upon it as an idiosyncrasy, as a toy with which he amused himself. They understood that Reggie was, at bottom, thoroughly impractical.

As for Trenna, she came frequently to the tea house—she was Reggie's best customer—but always there were others with her. Bert King or Charley Bingham, or both. A number of young men were more or less in love with Trenna, crazy about her, in the Foxboro idiom; but Bert and Charley were the chief rivals. Bert and Charley had been rivals since their high-school days, when both had tried for the Graduating Essay Medal—which Reggie had won. But in the present case Reggie could be safely disregarded. He was out in the kitchen, making sandwiches.

Foxboro had decided that it would be either Bert or Charley, and probably Bert. In fact some persons went so far as to say that Charley was not really in love with Trenna, but that he meant to marry her if he could, simply for the sake of defeating his rival.

Other persons had it on excellent authority that both young men were desperately in love with Trenna.

Altogether it was a fascinating drama. Foxboro talked about little else that summer. It was understood that Trenna would announce her engagement to one or the other of the two young men when she returned from her month at Narragansett. She was leaving Foxboro August first.

A few nights previous to that date Reggie locked up the tea house and set out to walk the mile into town. He was going to call on Trenna, to say good-by to her. He met her halfway to the village, driving her car. She saw his tall figure swinging along the road in the twilight and stopped.

"Hi, Reg!"

He crossed over to her, stood leaning against the side of the car.

"'Lo. Just coming in to see you."

"Were you? Funny. I was coming out to see you. Tired of waiting for you, Reggie. Honestly, we haven't had a talk for ages. Hop in."

He climbed into the seat beside her without bothering to open the door. She laughed and let in the clutch. They drifted along, the warm night air in their faces, the road a languid black river flowing under their lights. At the first hill, however, she stopped again; they sat looking at the lights of Foxboro, twinkling at a distance.

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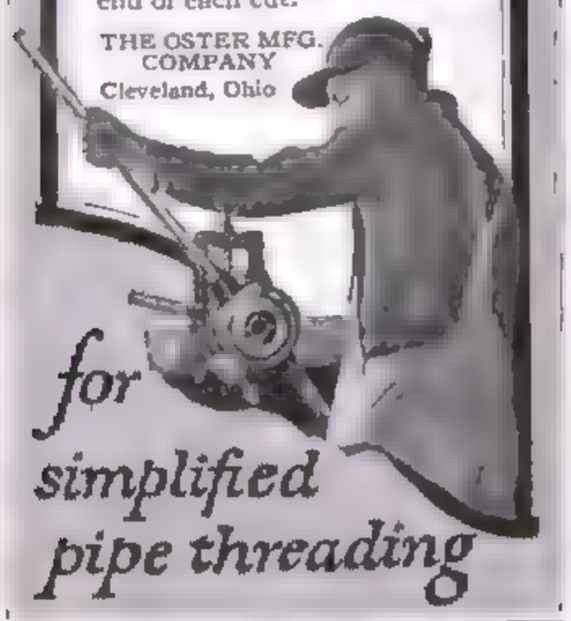

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"I feel I'm going to unburden myself, Reg."

Reggie did not answer. He was busy lighting a cigarette.

She said, murmurously: "So many lovers, I don't know what to do. Not so many really, but enough so that I feel—surrounded."

"What lovers are for," said Reggie.

"Reg! Don't be a lemon. What I mean is ——" She threw out her young arms in a gesture unpremeditated, beautiful. "I always thought it would be fun to have a lot of men—well—interested in me. I've only got two, as a matter of fact—that's a very modest number these days, I'll have you know—but they plague me, Reggie."

"M'm."

"I like them both, and I've a dreadful feeling that I'm going to marry one of them before long. You know, when a woman gets to be my age, twenty-two next September—and that's older than you'll ever be—she begins to have intuitions. She knows whether she's going to marry or not. I feel it coming on, Reg."

"Which one?" he asked.

"That I don't know."

Reggie mused, studying the hot coal of his cigarette.

"Why?" he said finally. "Mean—why ——"

"Why marry at all? That's just what I've been wondering. But—I don't know—people expect it of you, for one thing. And it is natural, isn't it? I mean—instinct, and all that. Ask Freud! He knows." Her laugh had in it a troubled note. "One day it doesn't seem to matter which man I choose, so long as he's young and sound. My mind runs to a modest mansion on Elm Avenue, full of my own things—silver and linen and furniture. Children, too. I get kind of hungry for ——" She shrugged her shoulders. "I don't know. But the next day, or more likely the same night, I want—other things. Things not so easy to name, but more—more perfect. Then I feel like jumping into the car and beating it away from Foxboro at sixty miles an hour."

"Feel that way to-night, don't you, Trenna?" he asked, looking around at her.

"Yes!"

"Let's go," said Reggie.

"Where?"

"Anywhere. Difference does it make?"

She put her foot on the starting pedal. The motor caught with a thrilling, muffled roar.

A moment later they were flying down the hill, if not at sixty miles an hour, at least at fifty. And they were headed away from Foxboro.

They got home from that drive at an indefinitely early hour. In fact, by the time Reggie had walked the mile back to the tea house the first gray feelers of daylight were beginning to creep over the sky. Even then he did not go to bed, but sat by the window in his room, smoking a cigarette and watching, with a deep contentment, the shifting colored patterns of the dawn.

▼

TRENNA came back to Foxboro in September. Reggie had closed his tea house directly after Labor Day, and was once more a man of leisure. He dropped in to see Trenna the first night of her arrival home. It was about 7:30 in the evening when he rang the Kelseys' doorbell. Trenna herself let him in.

"Reg!"

"Came early," said Reggie. "Avoid the rush."

She laughed, and putting her arm about his neck drew down his head and kissed him.

"You funny old nut. Let's sit out here on the porch. Mother's in the living room. Simply got to talk to you, Reggie."

They sat on the porch, in the warm September evening, talking. About 8:30 Bert King drove up in his car, and a little later Charley Bingham arrived.

The greetings were hearty, but somewhat forced. Charley Bingham produced a box of chocolates, which he opened with appropriate facetiousness. Still the atmosphere of the front porch continued to be charged with a slight constraint, a slight embarrassment.

Finally Reggie got up, in his languid, graceful manner.

"Go see the family," he murmured. "Night, Trenna."

"Good night, Reggie."

He nodded to the two rivals, descended the porch steps and sauntered off down the sidewalk, munching one of Charley Bingham's chocolates. In front of the Mendenhall house he stopped a moment, looking up at its discreetly veiled windows, his head on one side, his mouth drooping. Then he sighed and went in.

He found his family gathered in the upstairs living room—his mother, his father, Belle, Jane and Aunt Victorine.

"Well, Reggie!"

"'Lo. Thought I'd drop in, see how you were getting along."

His mother sketched the family state of health.

"Belle has a cold. Jane's coming down with one. My neuritis is better. Your father's been working nights at the office."

"Inventory," said Mr. Mendenhall wearily. "How are you, my boy?"

"Right," said Reggie.

"Have you seen Trenna?" asked Belle, looking at him with a peculiar animation. The light in her eyes was one almost of eagerness, Reggie wondered.

"M'm," he said.

"Tell us, Reggie," demanded Jane. "You know her best. Which one is she engaged to, Bert or Charley?"

Belle interrupted before Reggie had a chance to reply.

"It isn't Charley. At least ——" She stopped, confused, and looked appealingly at her father.

Mr. Mendenhall spoke.

"Charley's been confiding in Belle. They go in on the same train, you know—the 8:15. Eh, Belle?"

"He told me," said Belle more calmly, "that he hadn't proposed to her. He isn't sure whether he's in love with her or not. If you ask me, I think it's just because he and Bert have always been—rivals, and—everybody expects ——"

"Well, I think it's Bert!" said Jane. "Don't you, Reggie?"

"Never can tell, Jane."

Aunt Victorine spoke up.

"Humph! Reggie could have her himself if he wanted her. She doesn't look at anybody else when he's around. I watched her that day of the opening."

"But—Aunt Victorine!" protested his mother. "Reggie isn't—Reggie couldn't get married if he wanted to. He has no money."

"Have," said Reggie. "Made two thousand dollars on the tea house."

A chorus of exclamations.

"No!"

"Did you really, Reggie? I think that's wonderful."

"Very good, my boy. Very good indeed."

His mother's voice dominated the outburst. "But it isn't enough to get married on!"

"Trenna Kelsey's got plenty, and to spare!" retorted Aunt Victorine, tenaciously clinging to her argument.

"Reggie would never marry for money," said his mother with dignity.

Reggie had been leaning against the mantel, smoking. Now he straightened up, looking from one to the other with a mild and tranquil eye.

"Already have," said Reggie.

"Have!" exclaimed Mrs. Mendenhall. "Have what?"

His voice was as serene, as drawling as ever.

"Trenna," he said. "Married her. Month ago. Before she went away."

The family sat staring at him, their mouths open—a circle of round open mouths in astounded faces. Reggie felt it incumbent upon him to explain, to go into detail, to be, for once in his life, loquacious. He made an effort.

"One night out driving. Talked it over. Decided. Drove to Greenwich. Borrowed money from Trenna. Bought a ring. Minister married us. Came home." He stopped and glanced about at them, they still seemed stupefied. "Thought we'd get it over with," he said garrulously. "Announce it later."

His mother's voice was tremulous, almost plaintive.

"But—Reggie! You couldn't—without telling us!"

"Telling you now."

"But—you—where are you going to live?"

"Beauty of it," said Reggie. "Going to live in Paris. Paint there."

Aunt Victorine's triumphant pipe rose clear above the ensuing babel:

"Told you so!"

He escaped from them as soon as he could, slipping out of the room in the midst of a hot discussion as to whether a secret

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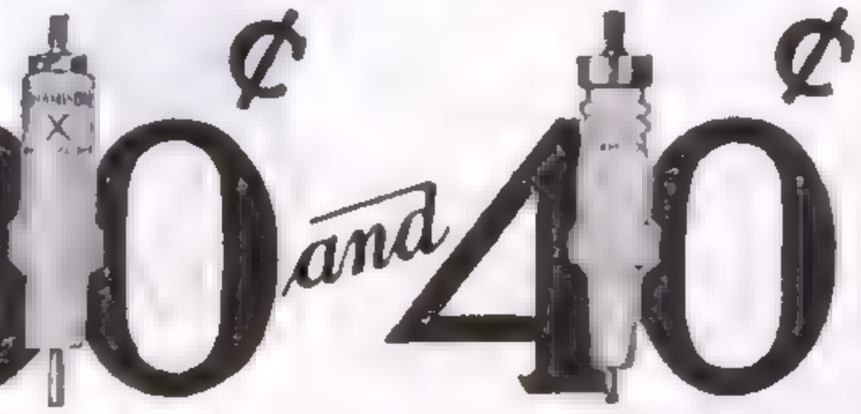

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wedding ought not to be followed by a public repetition.

Belle was the only one who observed his silent exit. She followed him and overtook him on the stairs.

"Reggie!"

He turned, aware of a strange agitation in that trim, businesslike body. Belle's hand was on his arm; it was trembling.

"Reggie, tell me. How do you do it? How do you do it?"

"Do what?"

"Get what you want?"

He looked into his sister's face. Her upturned nose, red now with the affliction of a cold, gave her an interrogative—a pathetically interrogative and beseeching air.

"Something you want, Belle?"

"Charley," she whispered; and then with a fierce choking sob: "Charley!"

He put his hand over hers and squeezed it.

"Ask him," said Reggie. "Be a damn fool. Ask him."

Belle's breath of a reply followed him down the stairs.

"I will, Reggie."

IT WAS afternoon of a day later. Reggie was alone in the tea house, packing and putting things to rights. He was glad to be done with the tea house; it had bored him excessively. Possibly Jane would run it another season. Silly of Jane to stick around home, running errands for their mother, when she might be out on her own. He would speak to Jane about it before he left for Paris. Paris!

He heard an automobile stop before the house, looked out of the window and saw Bert King coming up the walk. The latter's face had a set look; his air was one of grim determination. Discomforting.

"Trenna's told him," thought Reggie. "Wonder what he wants?"

The matter was not long in doubt. Bert King opened the door of the tearoom, walked in and planted himself squarely in front of its proprietor.

"I've come, Reggie," said Mr. King, "to punch you in the nose."

"Why?" asked Reggie.

Mr. King's jaw—it was a fighting jaw—thrust forward slightly.

"Just for my own personal satisfaction."

"Oh."

"Been wanting to do it all my life," continued Mr. King, drawing a deep breath. "All my life—and now ——"

"Minute," interrupted Reggie. "Come outside. Ground's softer than the floor."

The other opened his mouth to protest, but Reggie already was strolling across the room. Bert King, flushed with the rage of years, followed him out of the house and into the back yard, where a straggling apple orchard made sweet the autumn air.

But Mr. King was not to be moved by any sweetness, of apples or of human persuasion. He caught Reggie by the shoulder and spun him around. They stood eye to eye.

"All my life!" said Bert; and added, "You never would fight. Don't suppose you'll fight now?"

"Can't," said Reggie. "Not your way."

"Won't, you mean! Well, I'm not going to be done out of it," shouted Bert. "I've always wanted to, and I'm going to—just for my own personal satisfaction!"

He drew back his arm and shot it toward Reggie's inoffensive and rather delicate nose.

Something happened. It happened suddenly and miraculously. It happened to Bert King.

The ground dropped out from under him; an apple tree danced crazily before his eyes, and then—he was lying on his back on the thick grass, staring at the sky.

He sat up. There was nothing before him but the mild September landscape.

"Behind you, Bert," came in Reggie's deep, unhurried tone.

He spun about, sprang to his feet and made a rush toward the despised adversary.

It happened again. The treacherous falling earth, the dancing apple tree, the sense of being suspended in mid-air. Then a crash, like something being broken at a distance.

When he came to, Reggie's arm was around him and his head was resting on Reggie's knee.

"What the hell?" said Bert King thickly.

"Jiujitsu," explained Reggie. "Learned in France. Fellow in my company. All right now, Bert?"

"Uh-huh."

Mr. King stood up.

"Reggie," he began—"Reggie, I ——"

But at that moment Trenna Kelsey, who was Trenna Mendenhall now, came walking about the corner of the house, her hat in her hand, a luminous edge to her blond hair.

"Bert!" she said when she saw him, and stopped a short distance away. "What are you doing here?"

Reggie spoke up, gravely, imperturbably: "Came out to congratulate me, Trenna. Right, Bert?"

"Right," said Mr. King. "I sure—I sure do. Both of you!"

And he went away.

He strode off, his shoulders squared, walking rapidly in the direction of the highroad. They heard the sound of his motor, diminishing, growing fainter.

The girl sighed. She was standing close to Reggie now, looking up at him, her hands on his shoulders.

"I feel awfully guilty, somehow. And awfully happy. Kiss me, Reggie."

Reggie kissed her.

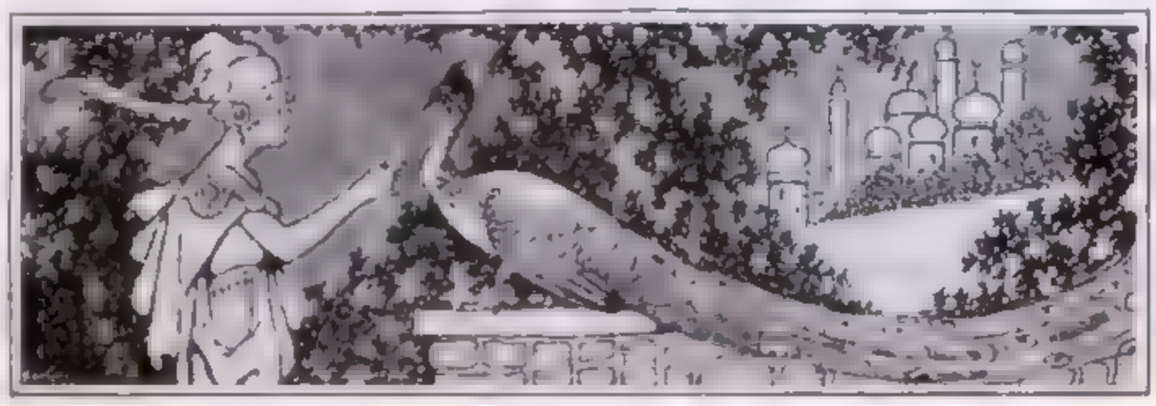
THE Mendenhalls are still a bustling family, though their situations have changed somewhat. Belle is married to Charley Bingham and has a baby, a girl, to which she devotes herself in a capable and businesslike manner. Sue is expecting her third, which doubtless will be as successful as the two others. Mrs. Mendenhall divides her time between her clubs and the housekeeping, for Jane at last has shaken off the maternal apron strings. She has taken over the tea house, and runs it the year around. She is doing very well. All the Mendenhalls are doing well. The furniture business has returned to normalcy, and is beginning to prosper again. Mr. Mendenhall catches the 7:45 with all his former gusto.

Aunt Victorine is planning to go abroad, to visit Reggie and Trenna in Paris. The family consider it most impractical of her, but she is going, nevertheless. Trenna's baby, a boy, is named Victor, after Aunt Victorine.

The Mendenhalls often speak of Reggie, and always with affection. When the news came that one of his paintings had been purchased by the French Government for the Luxembourg they made no attempt to conceal the fact, though when the painting in question was reproduced in the Sunday Times it turned out to be a most unmitigated nude.

"I see," said one of the members of the Wednesday Evening Literary Society, to Mrs. Mendenhall—"I see that Reggie's had one of his pictures accepted by the French Government."

"Yes," answered Mrs. Mendenhall. "We're all very happy about it. . . . . What say, Mrs. Carpenter? . . . Trenna? Oh, no, I don't think so. They have models for—for everything. It's not considered at all im—— What say, Mrs. Fletcher? Lucky he married Trenna? Yes, I admit that Reggie never would have been able to earn his own living. An artist, you know. So impractical. But then"—glancing about the circle with a maternal smile—"Reggie always was a delicate boy."



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Serves By Day and By Night

THE Davenport Bed pictured above gives some idea of the important advance accomplished during recent years in furniture of this type. Its low cost, good appearance, great comfort and pronounced utility are qualities shared by the products of eighty-three manufacturers who have successfully endeavored to build better and more useful furniture.

Only in purpose does the modern Davenport Bed resemble the earlier pieces that lacked the smartness of line, the harmony of design and of color and the luxurious softness now combined with mechanical simplicity. Today, the Davenport Bed is a remarkably fine piece of furniture, available in any design you might wish in an ordinary davenport, and of equal beauty and comfort. Yet it serves by day and by night.

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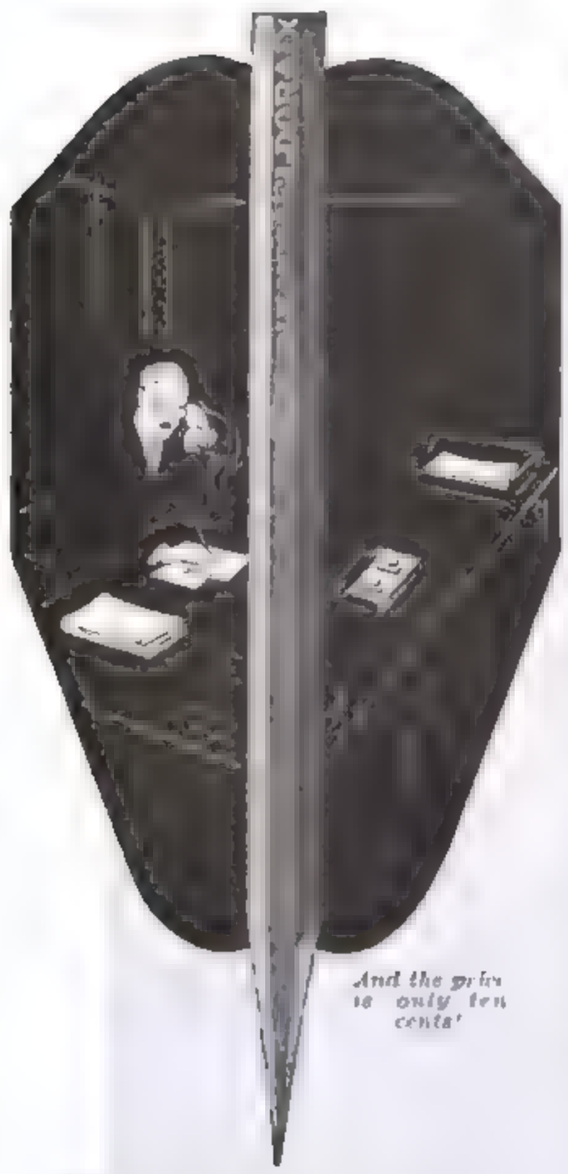

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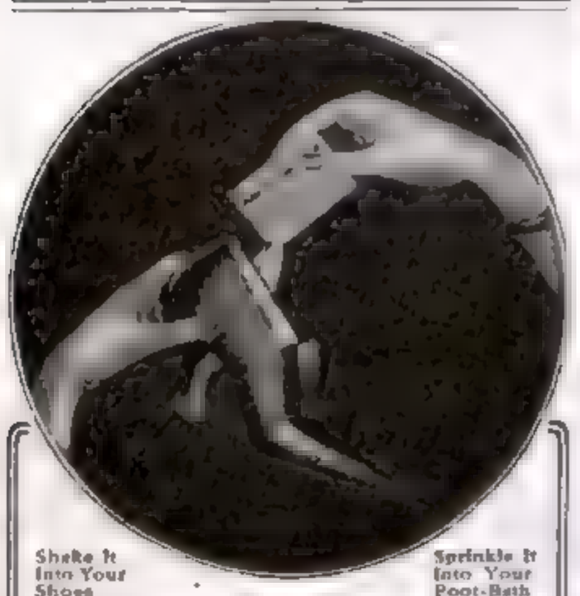

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THE GALLOPING TIGER

Continued from Page 28

any higher position than any other. Are we not all artists, and therefore equals?"

"Right!" cried Shamus. "Especially as there are no two of us in exactly the same line!"

"It fits in with my adaptive theory perfectly," drawled Edouard. "We are not sailors, but we are men with the desire to sail in our hearts: therefore we will take the material at hand and make a sailing democracy of ourselves!"

I listened to this breathlessly. Wasn't it a beautiful idea? But Ted didn't appreciate it a bit! He just busied himself with his horrid old pipe until his face got absolutely crimson over it.

"Well, come on, you folks," he said, "if you want to see the ship. This isn't an experience meeting!" And with that he led the way down the long wharf to where at the very end a big sailing boat lay snug against the piles.

The Sadie Brown of Boston was a vessel you could not help noticing, because as you approached her a distinct odor of fish—not very new fish—began to sort of emanate from her. In fact she radiated an aroma of generations of fish, as it were, and if you had once been aboard her I am sure you would always have been able to find your way back, even in the dark.

"You see she was a fishing schooner," Ted explained rather unnecessarily. "But she can quite easily be cleaned up. She's in swell shape except olfactorily."

"She's a beauty!" exclaimed Shack as we boarded her. "A ship o' dreams! What do you say she is called?"

"The Sadie Brown."

At that a howl of protest went up from the entire crowd.

"That will never do!" said Shackelton, who in spite of his declaration about having no captain in our crowd could not help rather taking the lead. This was natural enough, too; a sort of instinct after all his voyages before the mast and his volumes of sea poems. "That will never do!" said he. "We must have an inspirational name—a name which means something!"

"Let's call her the Sinn Fein," suggested Shamus.

"Not on your life!" Ted howled at once. "This is a strictly peaceful boat, even if it is a she!"

"How about The Toddle?" I suggested. "She's apt to, when we get out on the deep water, you know."

"Dear Pet!" said Shack tenderly. "Your humor is so quaint! But I think that name hardly expresses us all, if you see my point?"

"How about The Gauguin?" put in Malvina.

"Nearer, muchnearer!" exclaimed Shack. "But I think some native word would be even better!"

"Native of what?" muttered Ted, but nobody paid any attention to him.

Then Zelda, who had so far contributed nothing but cigarette smoke, took one of the books she inevitably carries about, from under her arm.

"I brought it along my copy of Murphy's book," she said, "in case it would be useful. We may find a name in that!"

"Good!" exclaimed Shack. "Let us see!" and he began turning the pages over rapidly, with familiar fingers. Ted came and looked over his shoulder.

"Shadowy South Seas!" he exclaimed. "Some book! Shadowy is right; they sure are shadowy, not to say shady!"

"Do you know anything about the South Seas, Mr. Stonewall," Shack asked coolly, "that you call them shady?"

"Sure!" said Ted. "I know the natives' favorite food is tenderfeet, but I'll be game if the rest are!"

"Nothing of the kind!" reprimanded Shack. "Their native dish is called poi!"

"Short for hoi polloi," Ted insisted. "However, why not call the boat Tahoa? I see it means a headache from thinking."

"I favor calling it the Moon and Sixpence!" said Shack.

But nobody would agree to that, and finally we compromised upon The Galloping Tiger because that expressed the entire Village, if you know what I mean, and all of us had a feeling of relief when so much was settled.

"Well, come on, now," said Ted a trifle impatiently. "Don't you want to look over the boat itself?"

"Wait!" exclaimed the pale Edouard dramatically. "Before I go one step further on this voyage another point of extreme importance must be definitely arranged. This ship has no figurehead!"

It was too true. We all went and looked over the end where the figurehead ought to be, and there was none. Ted tore his hair—rather exaggeratedly, I thought.

"What shall we do?" he exclaimed.

"Calm yourself, old chap!" said Ed. "I'll tell you what I'll do—I'll make one."

"Something appropriate and in character," I suggested timidly, for I remembered Smoke, and Shack echoed my sentiment.

"Of course!" said he. "A symbol of our errand!"

And so that was that!

"Now that we have settled the two most important psychic points," said Shack briskly, "let's have a look at the practical side—eh?"

"If you really think it necessary," said Ted, leading the way. "Well, here is the hold—we men will have to sleep down there—it's a little fishy now, but we can fumigate it."

"Sulphur candles," said Shamus.

"Oh, sulphur smells so horrid!" protested Zelda. "Why not use incense? When I took my studio over the old stable I used incense, it's so much pleasanter!"

Shack ignored her.

"I say, this will be really amusing!" he exclaimed. "Once we get it clean we will give it a coat of paint—lavender walls with a cerise trim on the bunks! Ripping—eh?"

"Just as you please," said Ted, leading us on. "Now here is the galley; the oil stove is perfectly good if it's cleaned up a bit—messy cook, I'll say they had—and then come on aft ——"

"What's down there?" inquired Shackelton, peering over the edge of a sort of skylight—hatch, I mean. He drew back hastily at the first whiff.

"Oh, it's only the tank," replied Ted. "You ought to remember that, Salts. Didn't you say you once sailed on a fishing boat?"

"Er—well, only for a short time," said Shack.

"Well then, that's the tank, where they used to put the catch," Ted went on smoothly. "You'd better start your fumigating down there. Just give a look here at the cabin—two nice little staterooms off it—see? For the girls, of course."

"Light oak!" screamed Malvina as she entered first. "Oh! Impossible! We will have to paint it all! But give me time and I will make this ship a thing of beauty! I was an interior decorator for one winter, you know!"

"That's all down below," said Ted, turning to Shack and Shamus. "Don't you fellows want to look at the rigging now? She's got almost new canvas."

"Sails!" exclaimed Malvina, her face lighting with an idea. "Sails! Oh, children, wouldn't it be wonderful if I were to batik the sails? Glorious orange and purple, say?"

"Now that you mention it," said Ted, "it would. But I think you will find plenty to do below—and on deck. And after all, white or even gray sails are pretty good, don't you think?"

"Ted Stonewall, that's the first sympathetic remark you've made to-day!" I cried.

"I'll make another now," he retorted cheerfully. "It's nearly one o'clock—why not all come over to White's and have a bite of lunch on me?"

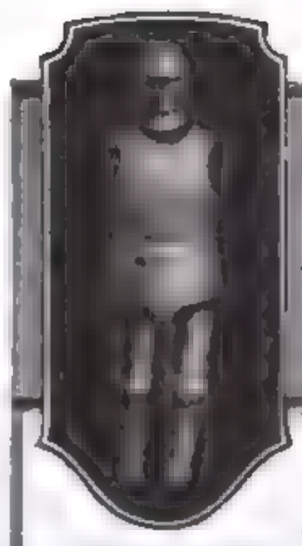
Well, everybody thought that would be splendid, only Shack could hardly bear to leave the ship.

"There is such a lot to be done!" he said with a groan. "Just one more thing before we go. Of course I think we ought to do the whole work ourselves, but as the boat is so large, and as perhaps one of us might fall ill, or overboard, don't you know, how would it be to have one—just one hired sailor to lend a hand if—if necessary?"

"I think," said Ted seriously, "it might perhaps be well. In fact I was going to suggest it. Not that we would let him really do anything—but just, as you say, to lend a hand."

If the party had been enthusiastic before, they were now wild with delight. This idea of Shack's was such a good one. That man certainly had a genius for thinking of the right thing.

"Well," said he, "will you engage one for us, Ted?"



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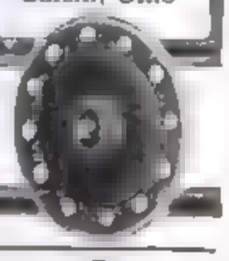

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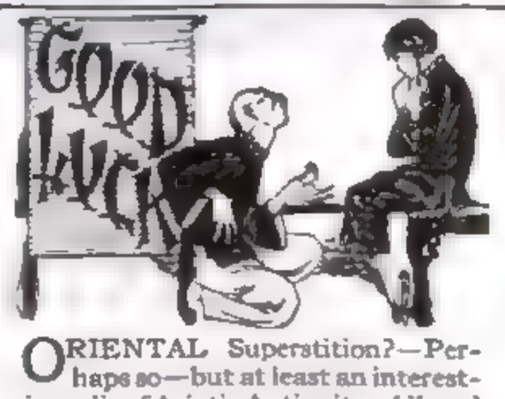

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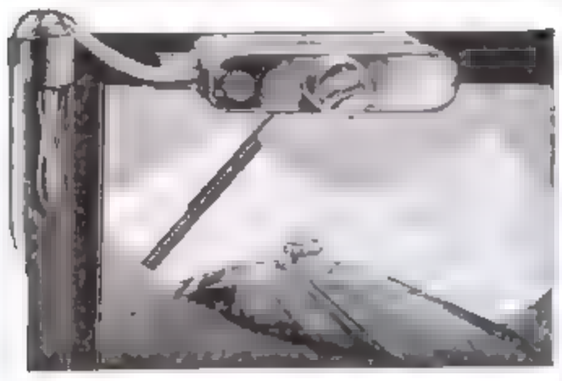

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"I certainly will, Shack," said Ted, delighted to be admitted to first-name terms. "And I guess I'll keep him away from The Galloping Tiger until about an hour before we sail. You know how sailors are—the crude things! He might not understand our preparations!"

Everything being so beautifully settled, we went off to lunch. On the way over Ted as usual got me alone for a moment, and I felt moved to tell him a terrible secret which was weighing heavily upon my mind.

"Ted," said I, "you are not the only one who will have to bring someone on board at the last moment. Don't breathe it to a soul, but mother is coming with us. She wouldn't let me go, otherwise. Isn't it awful?"

"Huh!" said Ted. "There are going to be several shocks on the big day!"

"What?" I said. "Oh, Ted, what?" But he wouldn't tell.

"Wait and see!" he said darkly. "By gollies, I never thought this bunch would go as far as actually starting, but I now believe they will. And when we sail, believe me, kid, we're going to sail right!"

"You don't know these people!" I said indignantly. "They are real; and you are only just beginning to learn it!"

I will never forget the ten days that followed. They were one continuous party, during which the boat was gradually transformed, while Shackelton Salts presided over the work like a great poetic viking. He was simply the most wonderful of men, and I began to realize more and more strongly that a rich girl like myself ought really to marry a poet and make him free to develop his genius unhampered by any financial worries. Shack seemed to think so, too, although I would not permit him to come right out and say it. I wanted to prolong the sweetness of our indefinite relationship until the end of the voyage, sailing free with him—and the rest, of course—under the swelling white wings of the ship, and then seal our betrothal with a kiss beneath the tropic moon, bathed in the scent of palely flaming hibiscus blossoms. That last sentence is Shack's. I rushed off and wrote it right down immediately after he had said it, speaking on the deck of The Galloping Tiger, as she was now called, and waving a paintbrush dripping vermilion paint as he spoke, for this tender sentiment passed between us while he was working on the modernization of the cabin hatch.

"But you will give me your answer at the end of the voyage, won't you, Leopardess?" he ended, slapping a vermilion panel into a robin's-egg-blue door. And so of course I had to promise—and I had pretty nearly decided that I meant to say yes.

When that boat was finished it really was worth seeing. You would not have known it for the same old Sadie Brown of Boston, and although I had helped a lot in fixing her up, except when I was uptown buying a few yachting clothes, I could not but wonder if it really was the same vessel, and what on earth the New England lady for whom she had originally been named would think if she could see it now!

The hull was black and the deck a soft bright yellow—a queer shade which Edouard had put on because he wanted gold, and gold leaf was dreadfully expensive, so he had to use yellow paint because it was the nearest thing at hand. The hold was lavender and vermilion, as per first thoughts, and the cabin had been redecorated in black woodwork and tangerine upholstery, while on every available wall space and door hung synthetic Gauguins of South Sea subjects, painted by Malvina; and honestly, if you hadn't been told you would not have known that they were not by the great French-Tahitian master himself, particularly one called Papeete Madonna which represented a homely colored woman with twins looking through a sliced banana. At least that's what I think it was.

Well, at any rate the cabin was lovely, and the galley simply jammed full of wonderful eats. I had a big order of cooked things sent down from the Ritz as a starter, and I had also got Tams, our butler at home, to send down a lot of tinned things in glass—every possible edible that comes put up that way. Because when we had drawn lots about the work I had been elected to cook for the first day. And as I simply could not cook anything but fudge I was afraid they might get tired of it as a steady diet.

But while the boat was a great success I think that perhaps the most interesting thing about it was Edouard Roulande's figurehead. Never will I forget the day he brought it aboard, wrapped carefully in soft sheetings, and borrowed a couple of dollars from Ted to pay the men who lifted it from the taxi to the deck. Everybody dropped their work as soon as Ed announced what it was he had, and stood eagerly waiting for him to unveil it.

"Comrades," said Edouard solemnly, "I have devoted weeks of work to developing this figurehead, and I feel that its unveiling among our intimate little group is worthy of a real ceremony. I have put my whole soul into getting just the right figure—something which would be utterly symbolic of the spirit of pure beauty and adventure which is leading us seaward. It ought to be christened properly. Has anybody got any liquor?"

Well, we couldn't dig up any wine because Tams had not brought it down yet, but Shamus after a little hesitation produced a flask off his hip, and this Ed handed solemnly to me.

"Will you be sponsor, Constance?" he asked me, using my given name, which showed how seriously he was taking this affair.

"I will, indeed!" I replied, accepting the flask and starting, of course, to throw its contents upon the shrouded figure, when a unanimous cry halted me.

"Wouldn't it be more sensible to drink it?" suggested Shack.

He is always so practical. So they drank it—a little nip apiece—to the voyage, and then Edouard allowed me to pull the string, and the figurehead stood revealed.

At first I was afraid that my eyes had something wrong with them. Yet I felt all right, so I merely rubbed them and looked again. But the figure looked just the same, only more so. It was a wooden Indian—a regular Sixth Avenue cigar-store Indian holding a bunch of cigars. True, it had been jazzed up a good deal with gold paint and bright colors. The cigars had been painted white with green tips and around the figure's middle was a hula-hula skirt made of heavy copper wire; also it wore a garland of tin flowers gracefully but firmly flung about its neck.

"Suffering cats!" cried Ted. "What in the name of ham ——"

"It is a Tahitian maiden holding a bunch of asparagus," replied Edouard with great dignity. "The asparagus is the Marquesan symbol of swift growth."

There was a little silence then, of appreciation. I felt so stupid not to have immediately seen what Edouard had intended; it was all so plain once he explained it, and as we afterward agreed—all but that tiresome Ted—it was such a splendid example of the Adaptive School of Sculpture; so much result from so little work, if you know what I mean. But Ted simply could not get the right angle on it.

"All right, all right!" he said to me privately. "If they can pull that sort of stuff, so can other people. If you like it, Pet, why, I will strive to please!"

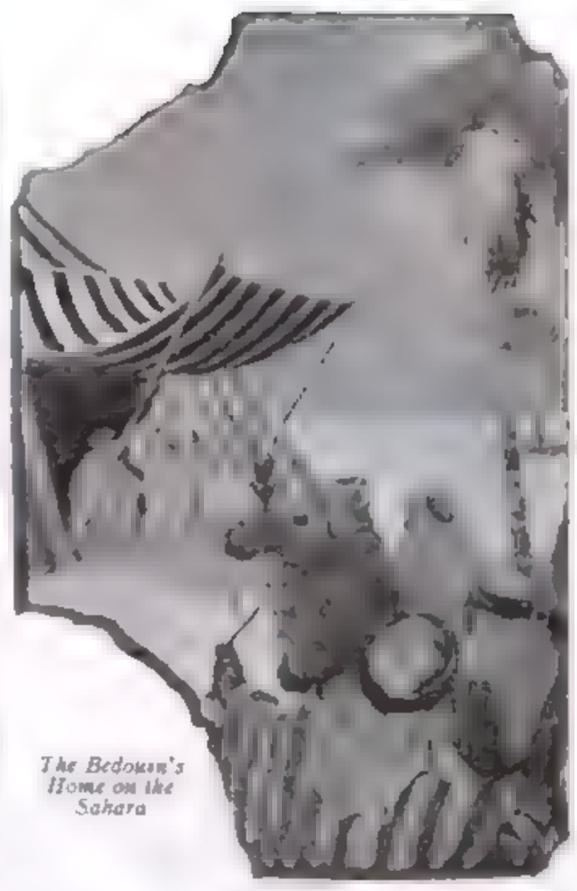
At the time I had not the remotest idea of what he meant, but on the day we sailed I got a glimmer.

The morning of that eventful day came at last, although at the beginning of our plans it had seemed as if we would never really get away. I awoke at dawn, my heart beating with excitement and anticipation. At least I thought it was dawn, but it was only overcast, and nearly ten o'clock. I jumped out of bed in a hurry, you can believe, for we were supposed to sail at one, and I wanted to be aboard before mother got there. Mother is apt to be on time for things, and her coming along was bound to be an awful shock to our little group, who had not as yet been told about her.

Well, I reached the Sadie—I mean The Galloping Tiger—ahead of the entire crowd, although I thought Ted, who lately had seemed to grow more and more pessimistic about the other man's seamanship, would surely be down, fussing and worrying over silly things like gasoline and ropes and that sort of stuff. But he wasn't, and the watchman let me aboard and then, at about 11:30, Malvina showed up carrying Poe her black cat, her dyeing outfit, and our electric curling iron. She was also accompanied by Shamus in a yachting cap, tennis shoes and a new straw suitcase.

"I thought we'd better have the electric curler, Pet," Malvina explained. "The salt air takes the curl out of one's hair so quickly. And I brought Poe along for a mascot."

"And where will ye get the electricity for that curler?" demanded Shamus. "Unless it's from sparks off the black cat itself?"



The Bedouin's Home on the Sahara

Shade in the Garden of Allah

THE BEDOUINS—that picturesque people of the hot, sand blanketed desert—long ago devised a "front porch" for their tents with a covering to shield them from the sun.

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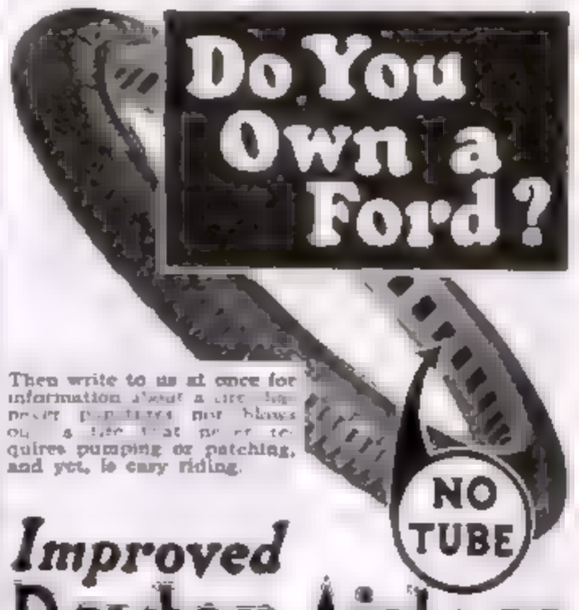

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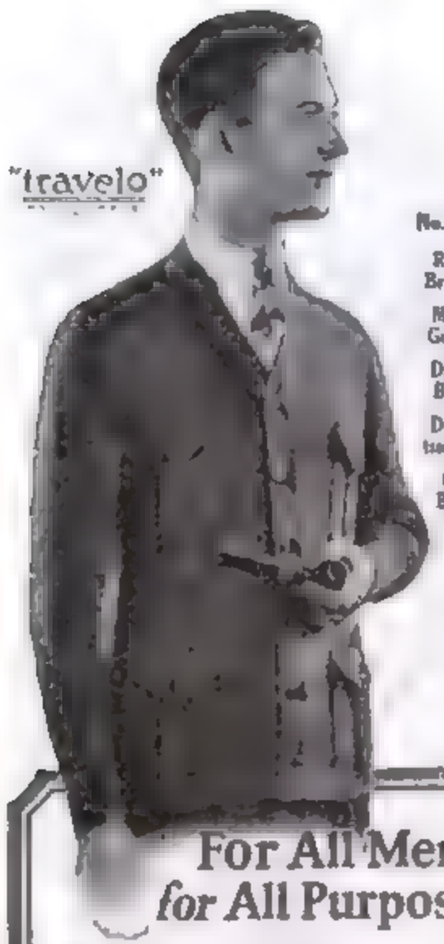

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"Oh!" said Malvina, chagrined. "That's so! I forgot we had no wiring on a sailing boat! What an annoyance! But Poe will bring us good luck, anyhow. Not that I am superstitious!"

"Sure a black cat is an evil thing!" exclaimed Shamus indignantly. "And Shack has a terrible fear of cats of any kind. Don't you know it's bad luck they bring, and no good at all?"

"It is not!" said Malvina furiously. "It's good luck, and we need something to counteract this Pier No. 13!"

Well, I did not enter into their squabbles then, for Zelda and Edouard and Shack were arriving simultaneously, with lots of luggage and in a high state of excitement. The instant Shack saw me he rushed right over and grabbed me by the arm.

"Pet, we are lost!" he whispered. "I must hide you at once until we sail. Do you know who is on the end of the dock in a motor? Your mother!"

"Well," said I, outwardly calm but inwardly trembling, "go help her with her bags. She's coming with us!"

"Pet Torrington, I thought you were a real radical!" he said solemnly. "And now you bring along your mother—your mother! I am inexpressibly shocked!"

But he fetched her, none the less, and the news was broken to the rest, and mother was really a dear to them, looking awfully smart and pretty, though large, in a blue serge coat and striped skirt, and examining the boat through her lorgnette, very amiably, making them all like her tremendously, the way she can when she wants something. There was no sign of Ted.

"Confound him!" said Shackelton, after we had finished a picnic lunch and waited around and gone ashore to telephone innumerable times, but to no avail. "Confound the man, I've a good mind to sail without him!"

"But there isn't any wind!" objected Shamus. "And besides, he was to bring a sailor. Sure and I think we should wait for the poor kid—I mean lad!"

"I should say so!" I cried indignantly. "Sail without Ted Stonewall on his own ship? Over my dead body!"

"Don't get excited, dear," said mother in that soothing way of hers which irritates me so. "There is no need to worry; Ted will turn up, I'm sure!"

And mother was right, as she sometimes is, for about mid-afternoon Ted did turn up in a state of breathless excitement. With him were two strangers, who hovered in his rear while he gave us his news; and a queerer pair I never saw.

One was palpably the hired, professional sailor: a stalwart man with stubby brown sideburns, wide-bottomed blue trousers, a short sailor jacket and a round cap with ribbons on it. He stood there, spitting behind his hand and occasionally giving a hitch to his trousers, and he was, I suppose, a typical sailing-boat sailor—a very extreme case, I judged, but competent. There was nothing queer about him except the perfection of his British-tar type, if you know what I mean. But his companion was certainly a most remarkable figure.

This other was an unusually tall, bony man with a hawklike nose and eyes and a terribly weather-beaten face. He stood with a peculiar slouch, and his glance fairly burned me up when I met it. But striking as his face was, his clothes were even more peculiar, for he wore a Russian-peasant smock belted with a bright sash, high boots, into which his trousers were tucked, and a round astrakhan cap. His long white whiskers swept across his chest. It was to this person that Ted pointed as he spoke to the assembled crew of The Galloping Tiger in a hoarse whisper.

"Friends," he said anxiously, "a most unexpected and amazing thing has happened. That's what delayed me so! An old friend of mine from Russia—a man who befriended me when I was there, in Siberia, and to whom I owe my life, in fact—has just arrived in this country, only to find that he is wanted by the police. I have brought him to you, to beg that we take him with us on our voyage!"

"From Russia?" exclaimed Shackelton. "Your friend? Bring him, of course. Who is he?"

"He is a great poet," explained Ted. "That's why I thought you would not mind, although he doesn't speak any English. His name is Andrey Kropushkin!"

"Oy! The great man!" cried Zelda. "What an honor!"

"Do you speak Russian?" asked Ted in a choking voice, whirling on her.

"Alas, no!" she mourned. "I'm afraid none of us do! But he maybe speaks a little Yiddish?"

"Well, never mind that," said Ted. "I talk Russian enough to make him understand me. I'll go fetch him and Harry Binz aboard, and then let's be off before the cops locate us!"

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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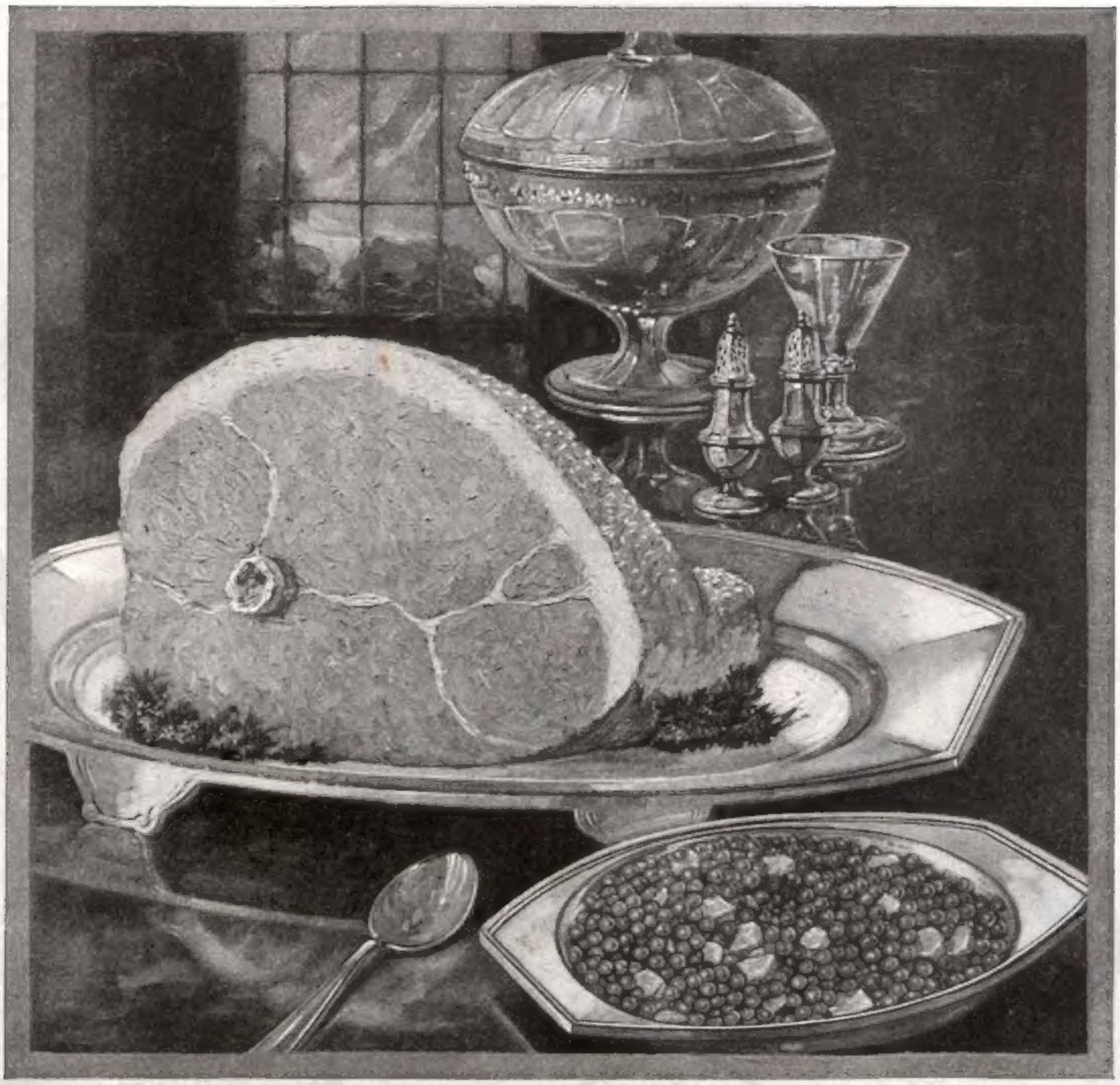

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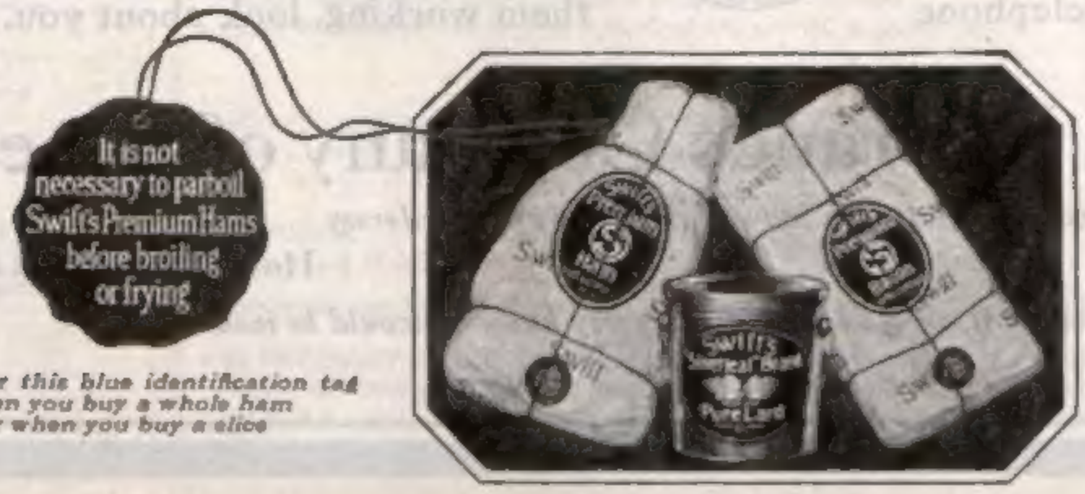

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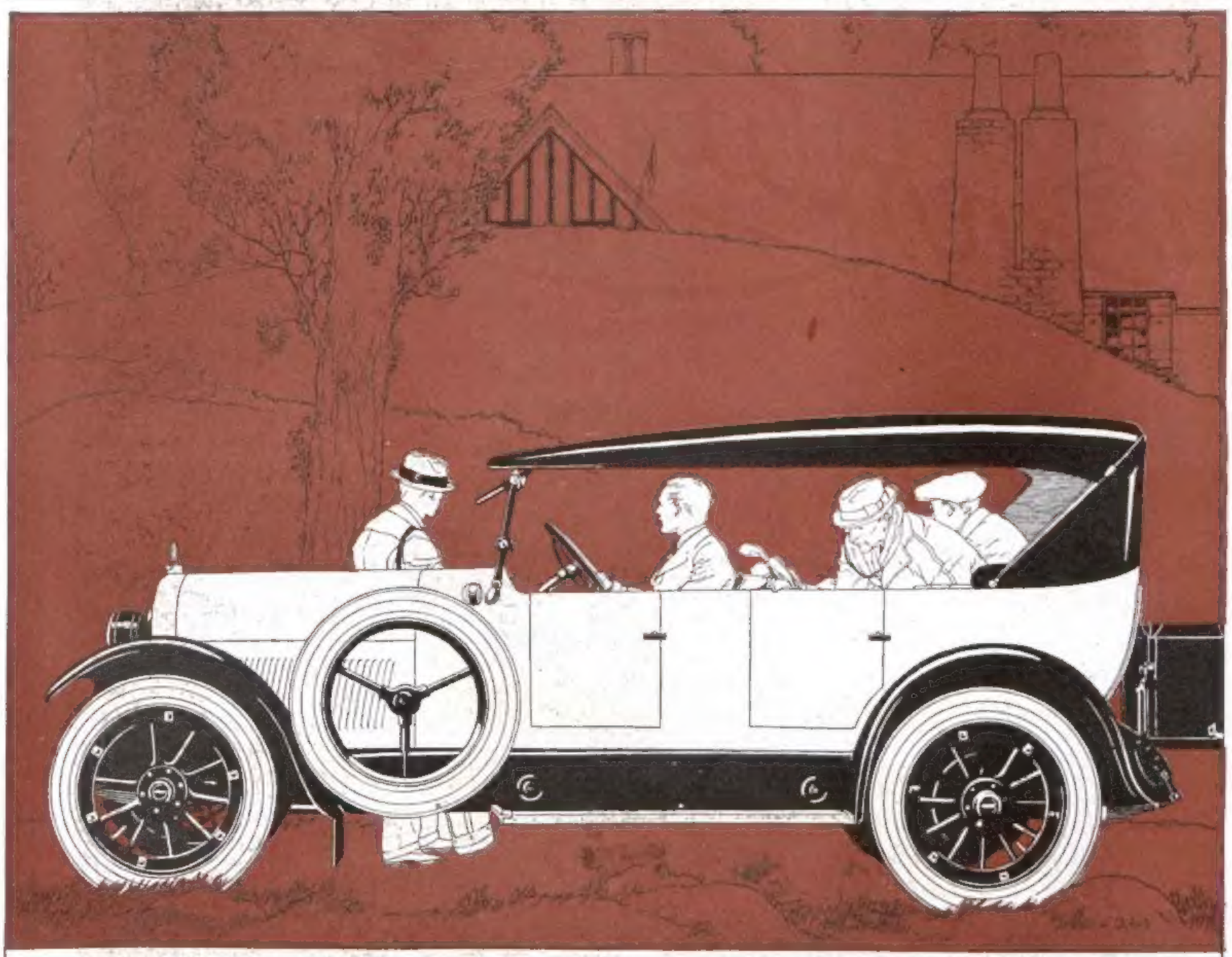

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